SUCH MEN ARE DANGEROUS!—INSANE CRIMINALS LOOK ALL RIGHT by WILL IRWI

MAR. 27,
1937

Liberty

5¢

JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

A BASEBALL ARGUMENT

by
Gus Mancuso
and
Carl Hubbell

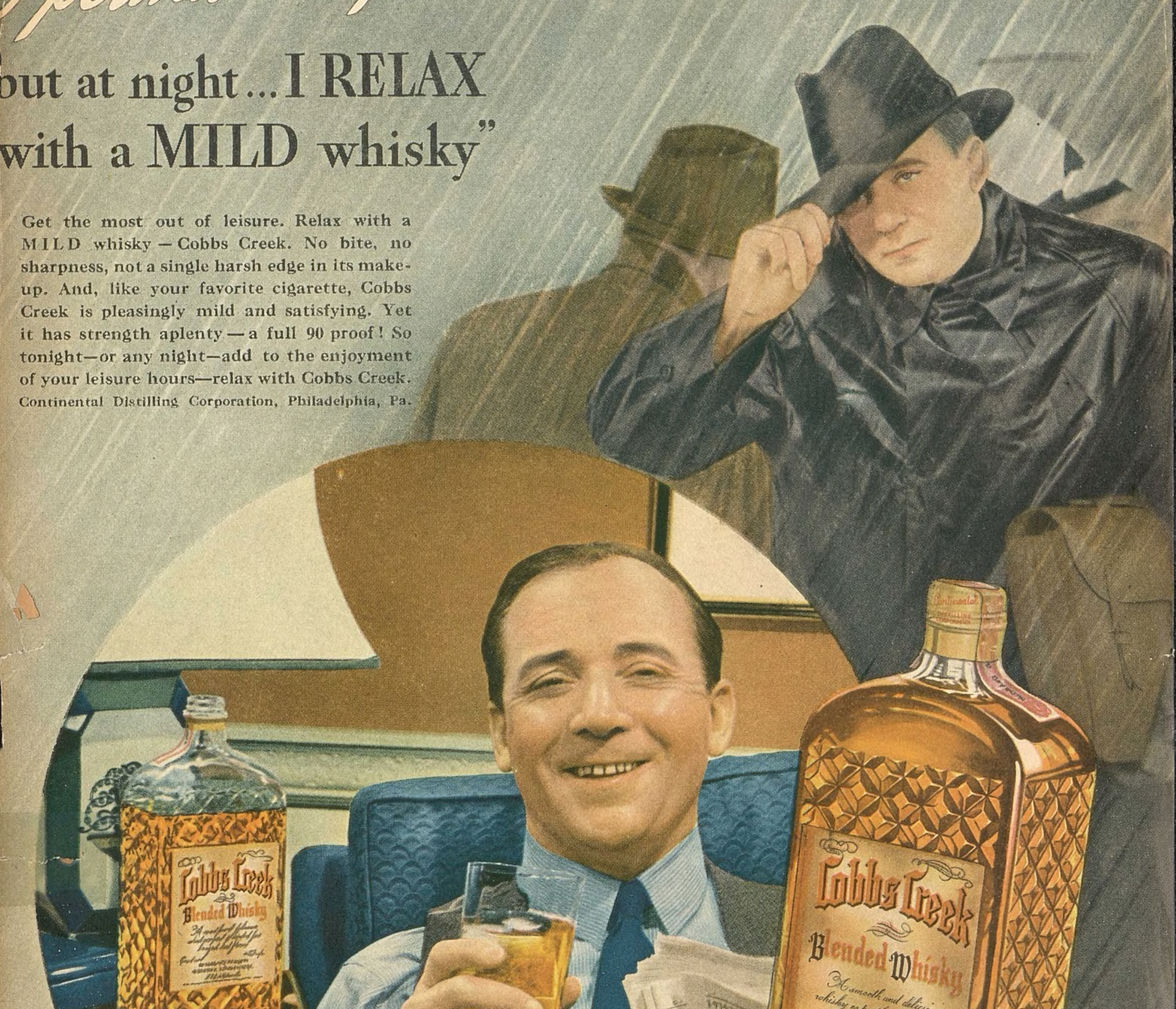
AN INSIDE FORECAST OF NEW YORK'S WORLD'S FAIR by GROVER WHALEN

"I pound the pavement all day long–

but at night ... I RELAX with a MILD whisky"

Get the most out of leisure. Relax with a MILD whisky – Cobbs Creek. No bite, no sharpness, not a single harsh edge in its make-up. And, like your favorite cigarette, Cobbs Creek is pleasingly mild and satisfying. Yet it has strength aplenty – a full 90 proof! So tonight–or any night–add to the enjoyment of your leisure hours–relax with Cobbs Creek.

Continental Distilling Corporation, Philadelphia, Pa.


Cobbs Creek
Blended Whisky
A smooth and delicious whisky expertly blended for bouquet and flavor
One Quart
90 Proof
Blended and bottled by Continental Distilling Corp Philadelphia, Pa.

75% Grain Neutral Spirits

Cobbs Creek

BLENDED WHISKY

LIKE YOUR CIGARETTE *it's Mild*

A new kind of homework for Betty since teacher taught her the benefits of gum massage

Ipana and massage help your dentist keep gums firm and teeth sound

THIS charming little lady often has difficulty with her 'rithmetic and spelling, but there is one classroom lesson she already has by heart—the importance of massage to the health of her gums and brightness of her smile!

For in these enlightened days, children everywhere are being taught to care for their gums as well as their teeth. Modern dentists, modern teachers and modern parents all stress the fact that today's soft foods rob our gums of work—deny them the resistance and exercise they need for perfect health. Naturally, gums grow weak and tender—and sooner or later flash that warning tinge of "pink."

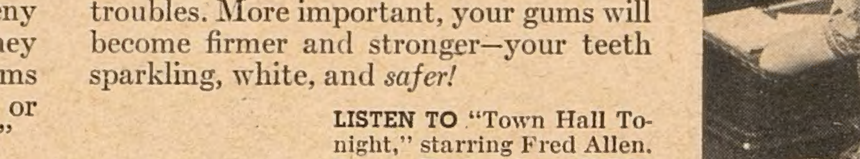
When you see "pink tooth brush"—*see your dentist!* It may or may not be the start of serious gum troubles, *but let him decide.* Usually he'll say, "It's just another lazy-gum condition—gums that *need* work, that *need* exercise"—gums that will awaken to the healthy stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

Why take chances? Each time you brush your teeth rub a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Massage them good and vigorously and you'll notice a healthier feel, a new "tingle" as your gums respond. They become firmer. Flabby tissues grow tougher. Circulation is renewed.

Try Ipana today. Make Ipana and massage your regular dental health routine, and you'll be better able to ward off gum troubles. More important, your gums will become firmer and stronger—your teeth sparkling, white, and *safer!*

LISTEN TO "Town Hall Tonight," starring Fred Allen. Every Wednesday, N.B.C. Red Network, 9 P.M., E.S.T.

● In classrooms all over the country, modern teachers are doing much to help the future oral health of their pupils by instructing them in the technique of gum massage.



IPANA *tooth paste*

MARCH 27, 1937

Liberty

VOL. 14, NO. 13

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALLACE H. CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

How Long Must We Carry This Staggering Load?

BERNARR MACFADDEN

WHILE the government is increasing our indebtedness to the tune of billions, we have hundreds of thousands of foreigners on the dole who are here illegally.

Senator Robert R. Reynolds, assisted by Congressman Starnes, has determined to stop this huge drain on the Treasury. They have introduced five bills which attack the various problems in an effective manner. They provide for the prompt deportation of habitual alien criminals and other undesirable aliens now in this country, though they have attempted to avoid unnecessary hardship or separation of families.

They provide for the reduction of immigration and authorize exclusion of any aliens whose entry would be undesirable to the United States. They have provided for the preferred employment of American citizens on all governmental jobs.

The average reader might ask why it is necessary to introduce these bills, when what we call " common law " should protect us from such injustice.

But government officials are apathetic, and laws that are definitely set forth with a view to curing these evils might bring effective action.

There are thousands of Americans capable of filling jobs that have been given to aliens. There seems to be no differentiation between American-born citizens and foreigners.

We should first of all take care of our home folks. When the members of our own families have been made reasonably comfortable, then we can afford to give attention to strangers. But American citizens should come first.

And when the taxpayers of this country are compelled to support hundreds of thousands of aliens here illegally, due to official neglect, it is indeed time to register vigorous complaints.

We have been taught that this is a government of the people, by the people, for the people. These sentiments were indelibly recorded by Lincoln, our martyred President, and they especially deserve official attention at this time.

Some months ago we called attention to some statements in the Congressional Record of June 26, 1935, which told us that we have seven and a half million unnaturalized foreigners in this country, with one and a half million on the relief roll, and that there are three and a half million foreigners who are in this country illegally and six million unnaturalized foreigners holding good American jobs.

Foreigners who are here legally and who expect to become good American citizens should be heartily welcomed. But those who are here in defiance of the law should be deported. And it is especially irritating to learn that such a large number of those unwelcome foreigners are on the charity roll. Every patriotic citizen should write to his congressman and senator, call their attention to the five bills that have been introduced, and demand their passage during this session of Congress.

Every dollar spent for such relief adds to the huge governmental indebtedness, which may some day become an unbearable load.

Sympathy for our fellow man is commendable. But we are facing serious problems at this time. The various foreign countries are fully able to take care of their citizens. We should not have to assume this responsibility.

If we were able to support these foreign visitors without borrowing money for that purpose, such liberality might be desirable. But when a charitable attitude means huge additional indebtedness it is indeed a questionable procedure.

Bernarr Macfadden

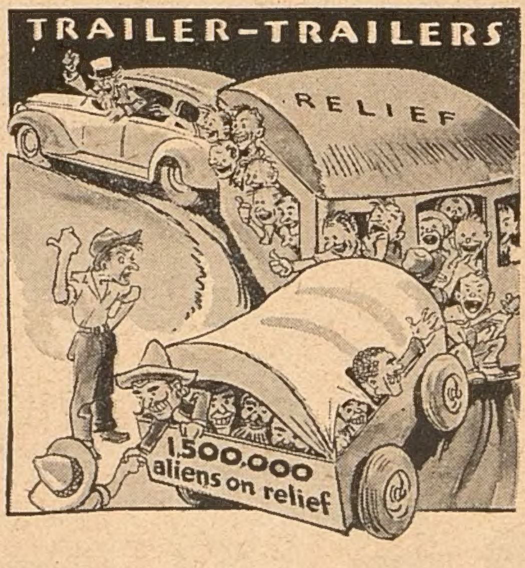


TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 74

Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1937, by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved. In the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5¢ a copy, $2.00 a year. In U. S. territories, possessions, also Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $3.00 a year. In all other countries, $4.00 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by first-class postage), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

"I found I could Switch to the Big Dodge

AS 'EASY' AS I COULD BUY A SMALL CAR!"

says **WILLIAM E. KERSTEN, NEW YORK CITY**

"I SAW that the new low 'delivered' Dodge price was just a trifle more than a similar model of the smaller car I had been considering," explains Mr. Kersten. "And now the money Dodge is saving on gas alone will easily offset that small difference in price. I'm averaging 20 miles to the gallon. What's more, I know the higher price this Dodge will bring me when I trade it in will also more than offset the difference in original cost."

Just as enthusiastic as Mr. Kersten are thousands of new Dodge owners who have switched from smaller, competitive-make cars to Dodge—and have discovered that the bigger Dodge actually costs no more in the long run to own and drive! 18 to 24 miles to the gallon of gasoline, they report... along with substantial savings on oil, lubrication, tires, and upkeep!

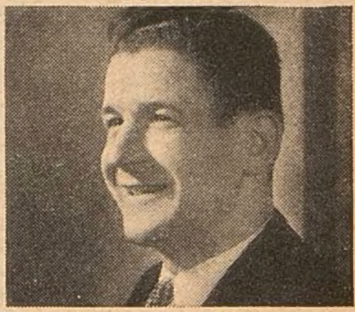
See this big, new Dodge today! Drive it! Learn how you, too, can switch to Dodge and save money!

DODGE

Division of Chrysler Corporation

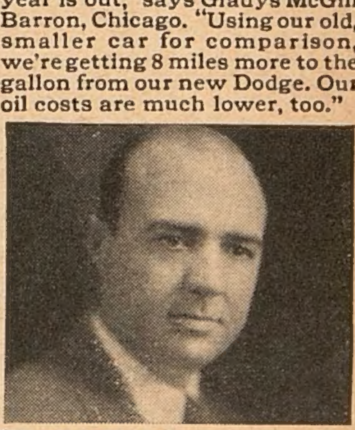
Tune in on Major Bowes, Columbia Network, every Thursday, 9 to 10 P.M., E.S.T.

READ HOW THESE MOTORISTS SAVED MONEY BY SWITCHING TO DODGE



"20½ miles to the gallon of gas," says C. B. Edwards, Glendale, Calif. "That's what I click off in my big, new Dodge. I never drove a car so economical to operate."

"We'll save $70 before the year is out," says Gladys McGill Barron, Chicago. "Using our old, smaller car for comparison, we're getting 8 miles more to the gallon from our new Dodge. Our oil costs are much lower, too."



"It didn't take me long to notice that, compared to other cars in same price range, Dodge delivered prices are lower," says J. Edward Gragg, St. Louis. "In fact, the new Dodge I switched to cost only a little more than a small car I was considering."

Switch to DODGE and Save Money!

DELIVERS NOW FOR JUST A FEW DOLLARS MORE THAN THE LOWEST-PRICED CARS.

Easy terms gladly arranged to fit your budget, at low cost, through Commercial Credit Company.

CAN UNCLE SAM CHASE DEATH FROM THE HIGHWAYS?

The Motor Toll Mounts, but There's a Way, Says the Author of Our Newest Move for Safety—Fool-Proof the Roads Themselves!

READING TIME
2 MINUTES
10 SECONDS

AUTOMOBILE accidents were responsible for more than 100 deaths a day last year. The death rate is steadily climbing; the increase has been approximately 1,000 deaths a year for the past decade. Some have suggested prohibiting the manufacture of cars capable of high speed; others, equipping cars with speed governors. Such suggestions are hardly worthy of mention.

For the benefit or hindrance of drivers, innumerable laws and regulations have been devised. Some of these have caused such a reaction of impatience with foolishness that they have proved to be hazards, not safeguards.

Of course we have our drunken drivers, speed maniacs, irresponsibles. We also have laws to cover most of their offenses, and their regulation is the problem of city and state police and municipal judges. I do not believe that very much more can be done to improve our drivers.

But we can and we must build fool-proof, crash-proof roads. Our traffic engineers have learned how. Meanwhile, testimony of highway authorities before the House Committee on Roads last year reveals that only 373,000 of America's 3,069,000 miles of road are improved with any type of surface. Only a fraction of one per cent of them were built with the safety factor in mind. When the remainder are brought up to proper safety specifications, a mighty blow will have been dealt to the Grim Reaper.

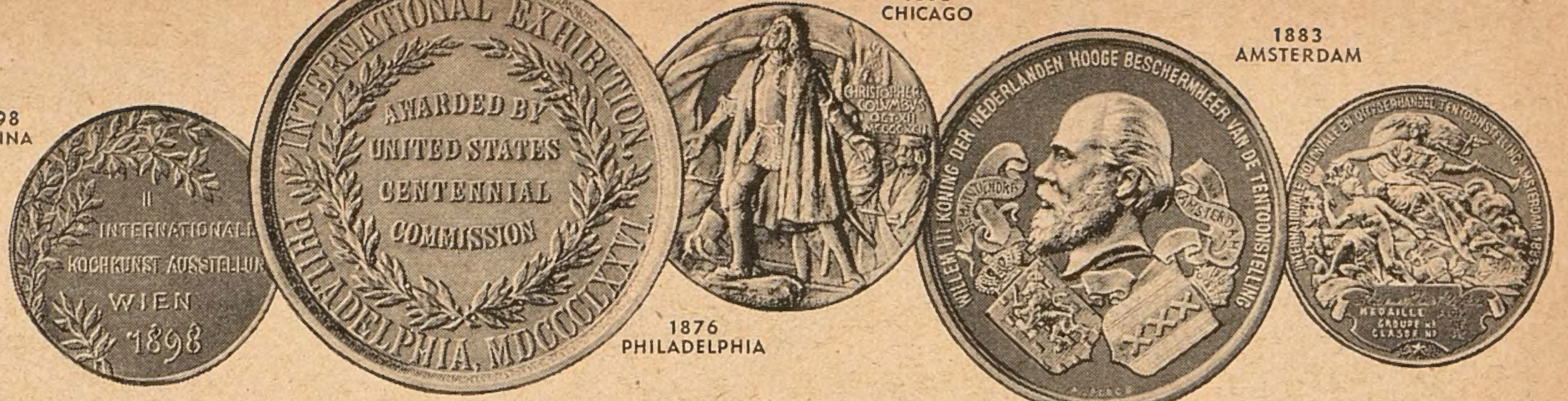
A few years ago some thought the multi-lane road a panacea for all highway troubles. But New Jersey built a four-lane "accident-proof" superhighway between the Holland Tunnel and Trenton—and found it caused more and bigger accidents than the old two- and three-lane roads. However, the Holland Tunnel itself, under the Hudson River, is a shining example of what our highways of tomorrow must be. It provides lanes for fast and slow traffic in each direction, separated by a traffic island. Of course there are no intersections, and policemen see that cars stay in line. Otherwise it is simply a four-lane limited way. Last fall over a million cars had passed through it, with less than half a dozen fatalities.

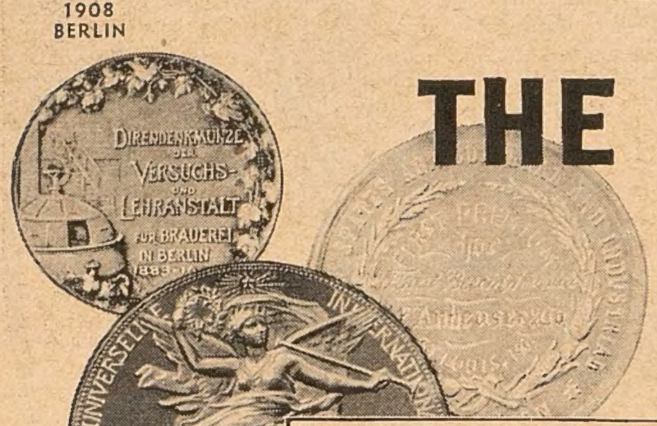
Most of our present road system "just grew," and grew in the horse-and-buggy era. Many an accident is the fault of the road, as their frequency at "death spots" proves. But the federal government, working in co-operation with the state governments, is performing a major operation. Funds have been set aside, under a bill of my authorship, to provide for study of traffic conditions and their improvement.

The report, due to be completed in June, will tell us what needs to be done. At present several activities of the administration's relief campaign are effecting improvements that focus toward safety. THE END

by WILBURN CARTWRIGHT

MEMBER OF CONGRESS FROM OKLAHOMA • CHAIRMAN OF THE HOUSE COMMITTEE ON ROADS • AS TOLD TO JACK DREW


1898
VIENNA
1876
PHILADELPHIA
1893
CHICAGO
1883
AMSTERDAM
INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION PHILADELPHIA MDCCCLXXVI
AWARDED BY UNITED STATES CENTENNIAL COMMISSION
II INTERNATIONALE KOCHKUNST AUSSTELLUNG WIEN 1898
WILLEM III KONING DER NEDERLANDEN HOOGE BESCHERMHEER VAN DE TENTOONSTELLING


1908
BERLIN
ERINNERUNGSMÜNZE DER VERSUCHS- UND LEHRANSTALT FÜR BRAUEREI IN BERLIN

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE INTERNATIONALE
1878
PARIS
REPUBLIQUE
1904
ST. LOUIS
COMMEMORATIVE MEDAL LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION
1884
NEW ORLEANS

THE JUDGES WERE RIGHT

But *your* judgment means more to us than all the medals in the world!

Year after year, critical judges of fine beer have awarded highest honors to BUDWEISER at one world exposition after another. People like you—millions of them—have proved that the judges were right. You made the BUDWEISER test . . . and constant expansion of the world's largest brewery has been necessary to care for the ever increasing calls for BUDWEISER, King of Bottled Beer. Yet, regardless of size, all the skill that created the quality that the name of BUDWEISER promises will be found in every bottle and in every can.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. • ST. LOUIS, MO.

MAKE THIS TEST!

Drink

Budweiser

FOR FIVE DAYS

•

On the sixth day try to drink a sweet beer. You will want the Budweiser flavor thereafter.

BUDWEISER BEER
Budweiser Lager Beer
Budweiser Lager Beer

As you like it

Budweiser

in bottles • in cans

Copyright, 1937, Anheuser-Busch, St. Louis, Mo.

Shaving Oddities

NO. 3

ORIENTAL OATH!

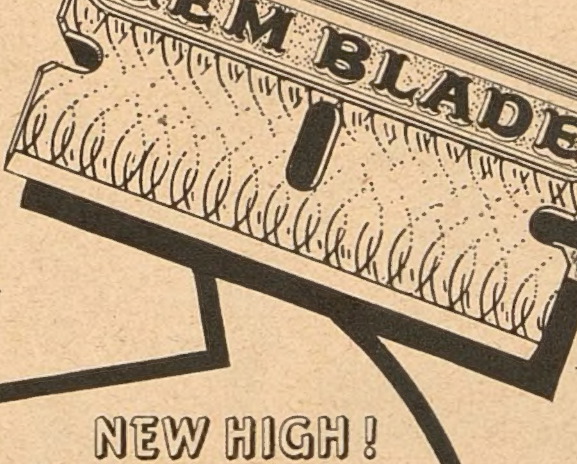
MOSLEMS SWEAR BY THE BEARD OF THE PROPHET. AFTER YOUR FIRST SHAVE WITH A GEM RAZOR AND BLADE, YOU'LL SWEAR BY GEM THE REST OF YOUR LIFE! THE TOPS IN QUICK, COMFORTABLE SHAVES!

TRAVELING BEARDS!

YOUNG ATHENIANS WERE ADVISED TO CONSECRATE THEIR FIRST BEARDS TO APOLLO, AND MANY JOURNEYED TO DELPHI FOR THIS PURPOSE. FOR LUCK WITH YOUR BEARD, JOURNEY TO THE NEAREST DEALER AND GET A PACKAGE OF GENUINE GEM BLADES!

WAY OF AN EMPEROR!

DIONYSIUS, AN EARLY GREEK EMPEROR, SINGED OFF HIS WHISKERS WITH A HOT NUTSHELL. DON'T IRRITATE YOUR FACE WITH IMITATION BLADES. USE GENUINE GEM BLADES AND ENJOY COOL, REFRESHING SHAVES!

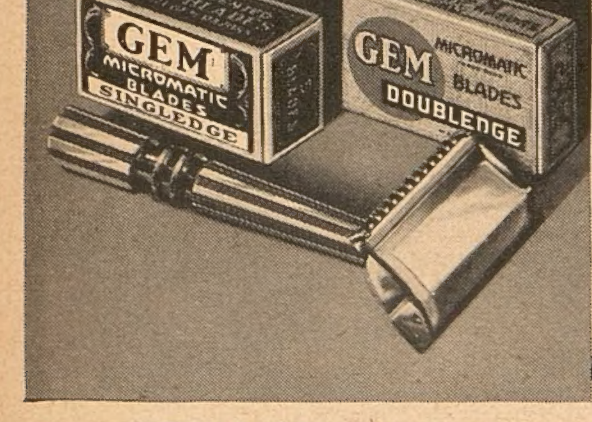


ÄFTER-THEATRE TEST!

8 A. M. HE SHAVED HIMSELF WITH A GENUINE GEM BLADE. 11:30 P. M. HE STILL PRESENTS TO HIS LADY AND A CRITICAL WORLD, A BLAND, SMOOTH, UNSHADOWED FACE! REASON: GEM MICROMATIC BLADES ARE SUPER-KEEN! THEIR 50% THICKER STEEL IS STROPPED 4840 TIMES FOR LONGER-LASTING SHAVES! PROOF IN COUPON BELOW!

NEW HIGH! $660,000 SHAVE!

THAT'S THE KIND OF SHAVE YOU GET WITH A GEM RAZOR! EXCLUSIVE GEM FEATURES COST US $660,000: FACE-FITTING BEVEL WHICH **FORCES** YOU TO SHAVE WITH MASTER-BARBER'S EASY, GLIDING STROKE; DUAL-ALIGNMENT WHICH HOLDS BLADE RIGID AT 5 POINTS. A GEM BLADE IN A GEM RAZOR GIVES YOU BETTER SHAVES! PROOF: GET A $1.00 GEM RAZOR WITH 5 BLADES FROM YOUR DEALER. OR SEND THE COUPON BELOW FOR **SPECIAL 25¢ "PROOF" OFFER!**



SPECIAL "PROOF" OFFER

Gem Division, American Safety Razor Corp.
Dept. L40, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Please send me special "Proof" set containing 1 single- and 1 double-edge Gem Blade AND THE REGULAR $1.00 CHROME-PLATED GEM RAZOR. Here's my quarter (stamps or coin).

PRINT NAME____________________
STREET____________________
CITY____________STATE________

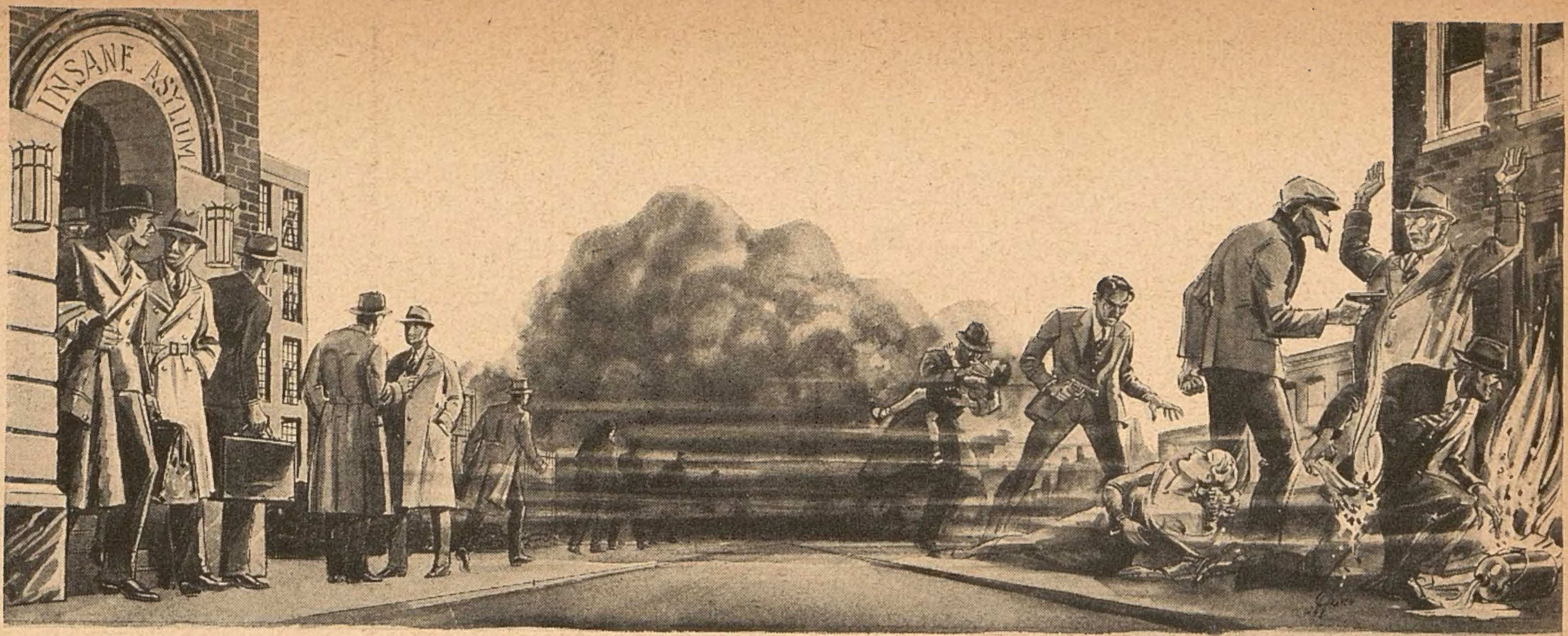
(If you live in Canada, write Mutual Sales Co., 436 Wellington St., W., Toronto, 2, Canada)

Copyright 1937, by American Safety Razor Corp.

GEM MICROMATIC RAZOR and BLADES

For perfect shaves—use a Gem in a Gem!

You can't expect your Gem Razor to give perfect shaves unless you use genuine Gem Blades.



Such Men Are Dangerous!—Insane Criminals *LOOK* All Right

The "Harmless Lunatic"—A Look at a Ghastly, Needless Peril ... Must It Always Be With Us?

by

WILL IRWIN

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

NOTORIOUSLY, we Americans have the heaviest murder rate of any country which calls itself civilized. And killings by the stark staring mad form a large item in this dismal roll. If we do not, as a country, realize this, it is probably because such murders are usually so little dramatized by the newspapers.

That, I suppose, is the reason why so many families and communities tolerate gentle crackbrains, among whom a certain proportion will develop in time some dangerous impulse. When such a person begins to go queer, his nearest and dearest either fail to recognize the symptoms or procrastinate for fear of what an alienist may find.

Often the afflicted person yields to some impulse which does not result in tragedy but does bring him to the notice of the police. He is found insane and committed to an institution. After a few months he "gets better." Sometimes this means that recovery is on the way; the psychiatrists of the institution know, however, that complete restoration depends on months or even years more of expert treatment. His family and friends find him pathetically eager to get out. He appears perfectly normal. Unfortunately, that appearance is common in the early stages of insanity. Presently some relative tries to overrule the physicians by appealing to the law. Habeas corpus proceedings follow. The attorney for the appellants, if he knows his business, always gets a trial by jury. The jurors hear the psychiatrists testify that this patient is of unsound mind, and may, if turned loose, become a menace to society. Then they observe the central figure in the case. He—or she—looks all right, talks rationally. The lawyer for the appellant does not let them overlook the horror of keeping a sane person behind bars for no fault of his own. Four times out of five they disregard expert testimony and turn the incipient lunatic loose. And in a certain proportion of cases these jurors are making themselves innocent ignorant accomplices to murder.

I write of this with feeling, since two of my personal friends have died at the hands of lunatics. The more dramatic though less typical and famous case was the murder of Ed Rothrock. He was my classmate at Stanford University. After graduation he went into newspaper work, and became city editor of the Chronicle, evening edition to the Spokane Spokesman-Review.

An Austrian, Basil Alexiev, had gone to work in a lumber camp just across the Idaho border. His English was imperfect and his manners more than eccentric. As usual in those days, the lumberjacks were a rough and merry lot. He became their butt for practical jokes.

In April, 1912, the steamship Titanic rammed an iceberg and sank with a loss of half the passengers and crew—the event of the year. The Spokesman-Review spread the story across the front page, with a picture of the ship. Alexiev could not read English. That gave one of his tormentors an idea. "This is about you," he said. "That's a picture of the ship you came over on." And he proceeded to "read" the story—as an exposé of Alexiev's stupidity, crudeness, and degenerate habits.

This started a new game in camp. Every evening, around the fire, one or another of the lumberjacks would pretend to read, from the current Spokesman-Review, further exposures of the Austrian's low character and horrible behavior—while the bunkhouse rocked with laughter. These practical jokers might have noticed that Alexiev no longer flew into rages which added zest to the game, and had become suddenly morose and brooding.

One morning, ten days after the Titanic disaster, Alexiev walked into the newspaper building at Spokane. The staff of the Spokesman-Review had not yet reported for work. That fact probably saved the life of Malcolm Glendenning, then as now its city editor. Alexiev wandered round the building until he found a floor filled with men writing at desks—the office of the Chronicle. A reporter asked what he wanted.

"To see the editor," said Alexiev.

"Sit down; I'll call him," said the reporter. Alexiev, hands in overcoat pockets, settled into a chair.

Rothrock came. "What can I do for you?" he asked.

Without a word, Alexiev whipped out a revolver and fired two shots, aimed at the heart, into Rothrock's body. As he fell, Alexiev, now in an insane frenzy, jumped on him and began striking at his head with the barrel of the gun. Half a dozen reporters overpowered the maniac. They laid Rothrock out on a table.

"Get a doctor!" he gasped—and died.

The authorities were reluctant to call Alexiev unsound of mind—it had been a most brutal murder, and Rothrock was popular. But he went, eventually, to the asylum for the criminal insane. He is there yet, "dull, incoherent, his mind quite blank," says a recent report.

The more famous case in my own circle was that of David Graham Phillips, probably the most popular novelist of his time. A bachelor, he lived at the National Arts Club, on Gramercy Park, then the literary center of New York. Among the writing men and women who haunted it in those days, Phillips was the most conspicuous figure physically. Tall, with a striking face, he emphasized his appearance by dressing conspicuously.

He had made friends with the New York police, and especially with one retired lieutenant. One evening he pulled from his pocket two or three anonymous letters.

"See what you can make of these," he said.

The lieutenant read them. "These are nut letters," he said. "The fellow who writes them has a mania of persecution. And it's fixing on you. They're always dangerous in that stage. He lives near you—look at the station letter on the postmark. Probably he's tailing you. Your play is to report this to headquarters. They'll put a counter-trailer on you and pick him up."

Very likely Phillips felt that the affair might get into the newspapers and make him look foolish. At any rate he did not report to the police. By this delay he signed his own death warrant.

For he was being trailed by a young man of aristocratic bearing and pleasant manners who as a rule appeared to be anything except a dangerous lunatic.

Fitzhugh C. Goldsborough belonged to an eminent family of Baltimore and Washington. He had made a brilliant record in preparatory school. He entered Harvard, but dropped out at the end of his freshman year, apparently because of his absorbing interest in music. He was a violinist. Going abroad, he finished his training in that instrument, gave several concerts which the European critics treated more than kindly, and composed a few short arias which are played even yet.

SUDDENLY he returned to this country—mad, as we know now, though no one appreciated the fact at the time. First, he broke with his family and went to live alone in a small apartment whose windows swept Gramercy Park. Second, he lost all ambition for music, and day and night he wrote fiction—impossible manuscripts with the unmistakable rhythm of insanity. They came back from the magazines and book houses, of courses. Then he began to besiege the literary agents, with no better luck. Toward the last he was affixing insane letters to these manuscripts—scribblings which declared that a conspiracy of authors was keeping his work out of print—and making scenes in the reception rooms.

Why his disordered mind fixed on Phillips as head and front of the conspiracy, none ever knew. After the tragedy the newspapers recalled that one of Phillips's novels touch critically on a fictitious family of Washington, and created the theory that Goldsborough identified this family as his own. That is possible; and papers which the killer left behind tend to bear out the theory. It is more likely, I have always thought, that Phillips's conspicuous appearance caught the eye of the lunatic and fixed his mania, and that the "insult" was an afterthought. But the lieutenant of police was right. Daily Goldsborough was quietly, stealthily following the novelist and marking his habits.

Every afternoon Phillips began a long walk by calling at the Princeton Club for his mail. One fine January afternoon he found a telegram. It read:

> David Graham Phillips;
> You will be shot today.
> David Graham Phillips.

One who saw him read this telegram remembers that he laughed nervously, thrust it into his pocket, started for the door. It is quite probable that he was starting to get the threatening anonymous letters and report the facts to the police. If so, it was too late. As he walked down the brownstone steps of the club, a young man who had been loitering on the pavement poured five shots from an automatic pistol into him. Before passers-by could seize the killer, he had pressed the muzzle to his own head and blown out his brains.

Phillips, fighting hard for his life, lingered for two or three days. "If it had been only one bullet!" he said at the last. "But five are too much."

ONCE I nearly drew the black spot myself. I was Sunday editor of the San Francisco Chronicle. On a busy Monday morning, Tommy, our imperturbable office boy, entered with a visitor's slip bearing a Spanish feminine name, together with a paragraph clipped from my supplement of the day before. This was a harmless little digression in a syndicated story to the effect that the beauty of a Latin woman blooms early and fades early.

"Well, what of it?" I asked Tommy. "Did she say why she wanted to see me?"

"Yes, sir," said Tommy, never blinking an eye. "She says she's come to kill you!"

I laughed—and then stopped. "Stay here, Tommy," I said. And by house telephone I called our day watchman, a stalwart experienced ex-policeman.

"Lock the door, keep the kid with you, and stay where you are," he said. "I'll get her so quiet she'll never suspect."

Two minutes later I heard a struggle and feminine screams. Tommy and I ran outside. The watchman had an expert grip on a big handsome dark-eyed woman. The police, called by telephone, found a remarkably long and sharp stiletto up her sleeve. They identified her as a mild lunatic, "perfectly harmless," who had long walked abroad in the Latin Quarter—and put her where she belonged. But for her insane whim to confide in the office boy, I might have gone the way of Rothrock.

The cases of Alexiev and Goldsborough differ from the typical "nut" killing in that they had never gone to an asylum. The tragical death of Daniel F. Moore, the eminent inventor, whose creations, they say, sped up the development of television by five years, adheres to the regular pattern. It happened last year, in New Jersey. Moore, an elderly widower, lived with his daughter, Beatrice, at East Orange. One Sunday night the doorbell rang. A young man whom Miss Moore noted for his pleasant courtly manners stood on the piazza asking for Mr. Moore. She summoned her father. When, ten minutes later, he passed her door on the way to his bedroom, she called out:

"Who was it?"

"Oh, just that nut from Brooklyn," he laughed.

Miss Moore had never heard of any nut from Brooklyn. She made a mental note to ask her father about him later. But she never saw her father alive again.

Mr. Moore rose very early next morning, for he was due at a funeral in a remote town. He went to the garage for his car. A next-door neighbor was wakened by a man's voice raised in violent angry conversation. There followed a little explosion, "like a light bulb breaking"; then, after a measurable pause, another. Setting it down as a quarrel between belated Sunday-night drunks, the neighbor went to sleep again. An hour later Moore was found lying dead before the garage, his ignition key in his hand and two 22-caliber bullets in his brain. A discharged 22-long shell lay on the gravel beside him.

On Tuesday morning a handsome young man with grave pleasant manners emerged from a patch of woodland near East Orange, knocked at the door of Mrs. H. Jones, and asked for a newspaper. She handed him one.

"But it's yesterday's," he objected. "I want today's." And his manner changed suddenly from pleasant to sinister. Mrs. Jones, frightened, explained that this morning's paper hadn't come yet. The stranger turned abruptly and vanished down an abandoned wood road.

Now, Mrs. Jones's husband was a special policeman in a factory. He had told her of the murder in detail. Could this be the man? She called up her husband. He came, with two other policemen. At the end of the abandoned road stood a car. On its running board a young man brandished what looked like a rod. As the police approached, he put one end of this instrument to his head. There was a slight explosion, and the stranger toppled over dead. The weapon was a 22-caliber target rifle from which he had removed the stock. The bullets in Moore's body matched with the bore. The case was solved.

He was Jean Philippe Gebhardt, of Staten Island, New York, an electrician with a passion for improving television. A few years before the tragedy he became palpably insane and his family had him committed. In the asylum his condition improved. "But it's not safe to let him out yet," said the doctors. In face of this, one of his circle brought action and did get him out. He found work as a roving salesman for electrical devices, and continued to mull over inventions of television. He did not succeed with them. His mind fixed on Moore. This leader of his craft had formed a conspiracy against him—or was perhaps stealing his ideas. With insane patience and persistence, he stalked his man, studied his habits, and found the moment when murder would be most secret.

The Noel case, also in New Jersey, was just as unnecessary and much more harrowing. The son of brilliant parents, Harrison Noel was considered brilliant himself before the affliction struck him. He "went queer" in the university. His parents sent him to a private institution. Pronounced cured, he returned home. Then, one night, he tried to murder his father with an ax. So they sent him to an asylum. "Catatonic dementia praecox," said the physicians. A year later he was very much better. At this juncture he escaped and appeared at his father's apartment. The elder Noel telephoned to the asylum. One of its personnel, answering, said that the boy might as well stay at home—he was so much better. All he needed was kindness and a regular life.

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

It is a terrifying picture which Mr. Irwin presents in this important article. Yet my friend Mr. Thatcher Colt, legendary police commissioner of New York City, would say that, far from being an exaggeration, it is probably an understatement.

People with double personalities, men in whom the goodness of Dr. Jekyll and the fiendishness of Mr. Hyde live side by side, walk our streets, run our elevators, deliver parcels into our homes.

Two recent murders of women in New York apartments could have been prevented if we had dealt wisely with men who "acted queerly" before their strange behavior culminated in the horrible deaths of their victims. The police agencies of the United States are slowly awakening to the need for a more intelligent approach to this menace. In the meantime, the public needs to understand the nature of the problem. If you have a relative who acts queerly, watch him closely and confide your suspicions to a physician. Very often an examination can be made without the patient becoming aware of its true purpose. That examination may clear the patient of any suspicion of schizophrenia, dementia praecox, or other mental diseases with high-sounding names.

On the other hand, the doctor may find certain symptoms which, taken in time, may prevent another in our long series of senseless crimes committed by insane persons not known to be mad—women and children strangled in the fingers of a madman, or hacked to pieces with an ax, or done to death with slow, indescribable tortures. This is not a pretty subject for any of us, but it is important enough for every reader of this magazine to think about seriously.

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3 P. M., E. S. T.

LESS than a month later, young Noel shot and killed Raymond Pierce, a Negro taxicab driver. Then he went home, took the family car, and drove to the country place of Joseph A. Bower, an affluent resident of Montclair. Three children were playing before the gate—children of a hard-working mechanic of the neighborhood. Noel caught up Mary Daly, six years old, threw her into his car, drove away. John Sandine, the Bower chauffeur, jumped into his own car and pursued. Noel fired from the window a shot which grazed Sandine's head and knocked him out. Turning into the woods, Noel stopped his car, drove the crying, terrified little girl into a deep thicket, and there shot her twice in the back of the head, killing her instantly. Driving on, he telephoned to Mrs. Bower, making an illogical rambling demand for $4,000 ransom, and calmly went home. Some one had taken the number of his car, and the police got him. The affair was so atrocious that the authorities did their best to prove him sane and responsible. But the facts were all against them. He is back in an asylum, serving a life sentence in the insane ward.

Finally, there is the case of Charles J. Guiteau, who murdered President Garfield. More than one alienist has declared privately that if Guiteau had murdered any one but a President he would probably have ended his life in the criminal ward, not on the gallows. He gave plenty of evidence during the last two or three years of his life. He was lecturing in Boston. Suddenly he glared at his audience, threw his notes down, and walked out of the hall. During the campaign of 1880 he haunted Republican headquarters, trying to get a job as a speaker. "His conduct on these occasions was such as to cause grave doubt of his sanity," says a chronicler of the time. Rejected, he made eccentric, illogical speeches at street corners. Opportunity came that morning in the Union Station, Washington, when Guiteau fired two shots into Garfield from behind.

Few who had anything to do with the Guiteau trial doubted that the defendant was insane, in the medical sense. But law asks only, "Was he capable of understanding the nature of his act?" In other words, could he tell right from wrong? Guiteau, who insisted on serving as his own lawyer, maintained at his trial that God told him to do it. If he really believed that, he was insane in the legal sense. "He's shamming," said the prosecutor to the jury, which agreed. Yet in the crazy show which he made on the gallows, when it was all too late for shamming, Guiteau continued to maintain that he was acting as the agent of God.

READING the record, any one can pick a dozen spots where a citizen with a little enlightenment and initiative might have had this wild crank locked up. His fellow boarders in Washington regarded him as "cracked." Yet they saw him at target practice in the back yard and did nothing. Finally, when he invaded the President's office and was thrown out, no one took the trouble to follow him up and find out about him.

Most wonderful of all, for twenty years after the Garfield tragedy we denied our Presidents that protection against regicides practiced by every other civilized nation. Only when McKinley fell before the bullet of Czolgosz did we wake up and do the sensible thing.

Guiteau differed from most maniacs of this class in that he looked the part. So did Alexiev, who killed Rothrock. Every editor who dealt with Goldsborough's manuscripts probably recognized that he was insane. Yet he continued to haunt Gramercy Park and to plot murder. Moore, in that laconic remark to his daughter before he died, revealed that he knew his murderer and knew him for a crackpot. Afterward Moore's sister remembered that a year before the inventor had spoken of an anonymous threatening letter in his morning mail. "I'll get you yet," it said. Yet Moore did nothing about it.

Further, Gebhardt had been in an asylum—and had been released. And the story of the Noel case writes its own moral.

Note especially that these are not exceptional cases. Since I sat down to write this article, my morning newspaper has printed, briefly, three repetitions of the old story—killings or attempted killings by "harmless lunatics" or persons "got out" of an asylum.

Watch such persons. If you have a crackpot in your family, have him looked over by the best alienist you can afford. If the alienist recommends confinement, keep him there until medical authority just as good declares he is again of sound mind.

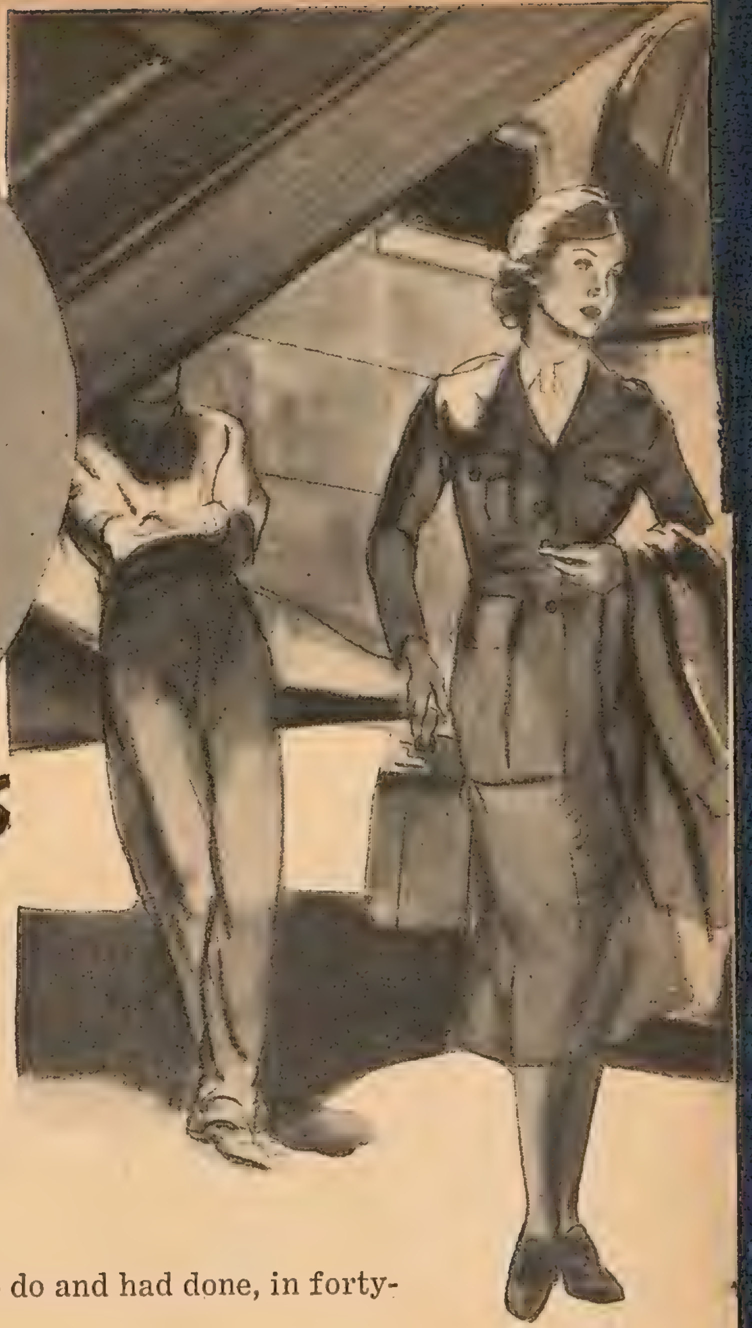
If you receive an anonymous threatening letter, send it at once to the police.

Of course, not every "harmless lunatic" will break loose and kill. But you never can tell. Take no risks!

THE END

LOVE Has Wings

by ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS



READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THE baton swept down, sharp and vivid, to bring the last chord to its triumphant close. A red light flashed.

A man behind a pane of glass made signals. The announcer stepped before the microphone.

It was ten o'clock on the nose. The Maurice Chavelin hour was over.

Applause burst from the audience that packed the big radio studio. The dark lean young man on the platform swept them a splendid bow, threw them a smile that was mischievous and appealing and gay, and was gone.

Maurice Chavelin did all things swiftly and he never did anything by halves. His long, dark car bore him swiftly and without regard for traffic laws toward the ramp that led down Manhattan Island.

At his feet were shining and elegant pieces of airplane luggage. Beside him was a broad and placid young man in a bowler hat, and ahead of him was a uniformed chauffeur who handled the big car like a magician.

Chavelin looked at his watch. It was a flat platinum watch, and though the young man beside him could not see it at the moment, he knew that upon the back of it was an inscription, passionate and intimate, and signed by the first name of a glamorous lady. There were few things the placid young man, whose name was Jacob, did not know about Maurice Chavelin. He had been Chavelin's secretary for four years—which was exactly as long as the radio idol had had a secretary.

Maurice pulled the brim of his gray hat over his right eye, and said, " If I should miss that plane—"

In the Holland Tunnel he said, " Jacob, I do not like tunnels. What would happen if this tunnel should suddenly decide to cave in on us? "

" You wouldn't have to worry, whatever it was," said Jacob.

" If Valerie only knew," said Maurice Chavelin, " this tunnel is almost more difficult than the whole trip by aeroplane. I like aeroplanes—but I do not like tunnels."

They swept into New Jersey, and the dark young man looked at his watch again.

" We'll make it," said Jacob patiently. They were making the journey from Radio City to the Newark airport as fast as it could be made, exactly as they had done every Friday night for five weeks. They were making it, as they had to do and had done, in forty-five minutes.

The car wheeled into the space before the airport station on one wheel, and Chavelin was out and on the ground before it stopped. A colored porter dashed forward, a young man in air-line uniform rushed up, the place was suddenly active and excited. That did not at all surprise Jacob, who went his methodical way to the ticket office. It always happened when Maurice Chavelin appeared anywhere.

The big plane stood on the ramp, its motors turning. The night about it was bright with huge floodlights. The porter had the bags out of the car, the young man in uniform was following closely. While Jacob at the ticket window attended to the last details, they had weighed the bags, had presented Chavelin with a huge cardboard envelope, and placed inside it the smart little dressing case that held Maurice Chavelin's elegant pajamas and dressing robe and shaving articles.

Maurice Chavelin said, " Send Valerie a telegram. Say —remember, Jacob, exactly—say, ' At last I'm on my way to you once more. It will be '—Jacob, find out exactly in minutes how many it will be—' It will be so many minutes before I see you. I shall count every one of them—' "

" She knows," said Jacob, " that you're taking a sleeper plane."

The young man in uniform said, " All aboard but you, Mr. Chavelin."

Maurice said, " I am right there very quickly. But you are right, Jacob. Say, ' I shall count every one of them, even in my dreams. And each one of them will make me love you more.' Is that all right, Jacob? "

" I guess it's all right for you," said Jacob.

Maurice Chavelin mounted the steps. The doorway framed the gray-uniformed figure of a slim young stewardess. Jacob noted that her hair was red under her jaunty cap.

" Send that one from the airport," said Maurice. " Then she will know I wrote it just before I left. Then, when you have seen the plane take off, send one signed

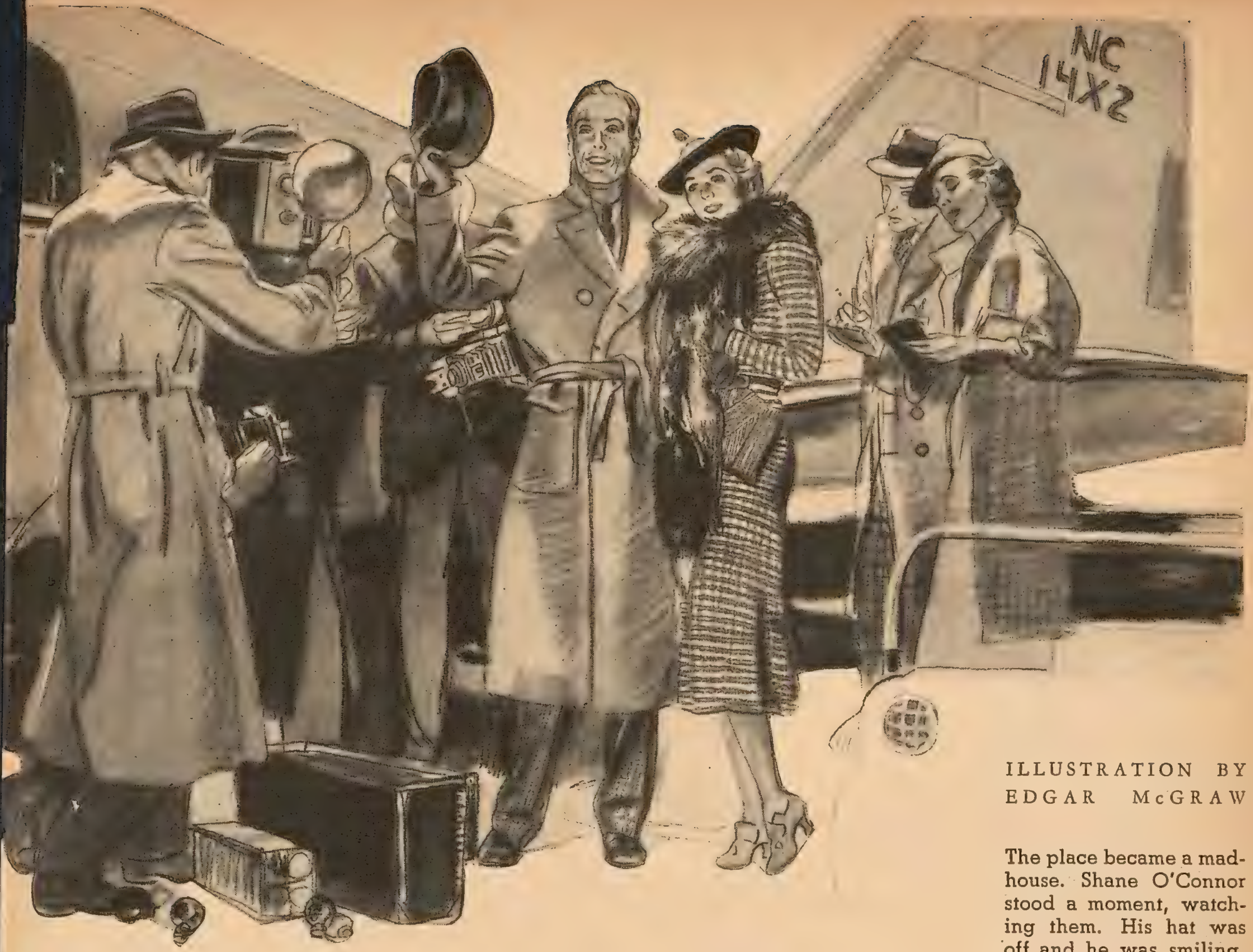


ILLUSTRATION BY EDGAR McGRAW

The place became a madhouse. Shane O'Connor stood a moment, watching them. His hat was off and he was smiling.

by you that I am gone. Then she will know for sure that I am gone. Good-by, Jacob. I will be back Tuesday morning." He stood on the steps an instant. "California and back over the week end," he said. "It is miraculous."

The door shut behind him.

Jacob watched the plane vanish into the sky. He went back to the sleepy telegraph boy and began writing out two telegrams to Miss Valerie Furness at an address in Beverly Hills. The one which he signed "Maurice" caused him mingled feelings. Some embarrassment, for he could not himself have written such words to any woman, no matter how much he loved her. And some gentle envy, since he supposed it must be magnificent to know so vivid an emotion. True, he had sent other telegrams in four years and signed them "Maurice." But none, in his recollection, like these that went daily—daily? Four and five times a day!—to Miss Valerie Furness in Beverly Hills. They had grown, he thought, in fervor and impatience. Absence, in this case, had made the heart grow considerably fonder.

"It's funny," he said to Roberts, as they drove at a safe and stately pace toward the Airport Bar and Grill across the road—where upon these hectic Friday nights they were wont to solace themselves with a nightcap; "it's funny. I never thought he'd get in such a state about any woman. Flying all the way to California *every* week to see her. He didn't act up like that when she was right here."

Roberts, who had also known four years in the service of Maurice Chavelin, said, "It's more than I expected. But then, she's different."

They thought of Valerie Furness, who had crossed their horizon for three brief weeks. They saw her, so amazingly tall and slim and elegant, with her sleek golden head and her long, strange eyes and her provocative mouth. They remembered her as they had seen her on the stage, an actress who charmed unforgettably. They were both thinking perhaps of the night she had gone to Hollywood. Maurice Chavelin had suddenly not wanted her to go to Hollywood. And Jacob and Roberts, in the front seat of the long, dark car making the first of its many trips to the Newark airport, had heard him plead with her, had heard her soft throaty laugh, her husky voice saying, "It is not so far. Perhaps you will miss me. If you miss me, you can fly to see me."

Which was all very well, thought Jacob at the time—and of course any man would fly to see her if he could—but how could a young man with two broadcasts a week and rehearsals besides, be flying off to Hollywood betweentimes? No, she would go to Hollywood, and there she would stay for three months to make a motion picture, and by the time she came back to the stage—well, three months was a very long time in the life of a man like Maurice Chavelin.

That, as Jacob, sitting over his highball in the Airport Bar and Grill, remembered well, was on a Wednesday. At five o'clock on Friday, when he came down from the

A VIVID STORY OF ROMANCE LOST ON EARTH AND FOUND AGAIN IN THE SKY

platform after the final rehearsal, his dark hair standing on end, his forehead wet, his face tense with excitement as it always was after a rehearsal, Chavelin said, "Get me a ticket on that plane tonight. I am going to Hollywood. Have my bags packed."

Jacob had stood staring at him. He was used to almost everything, for when you serve a young man who knows no half measures you must get used to almost everything, and it was seldom that Jacob said anything. But on this occasion he ventured to speak. "You can't do that," he said. "How can you?"

"Can't?" said Chavelin, and put back his head and laughed. "Can't? Of course I can. I have it all figured. I will be back in time for rehearsal. I will be back Tuesday morning. Go quickly. Don't argue. It makes me nervous."

It was cutting things pretty fine. Broadcasts were broadcasts and they went on at exactly nine o'clock every Tuesday and Friday nights. For five weeks the Chavelin luck had held. But the law of averages, in Jacob's estimation, usually caught up with you eventually. He had hoped, much as he admired Miss Valerie Furness—as who did not among men?—that each week would be the last. Maurice Chavelin had no habits, not even that of faithfulness. But each week his feverish impatience for Friday night—for the sight of the great plane waiting to bear him across the country—had grown.

"I don't like it," said Jacob.

The waiter hovered beside him. Jacob lifted inquiring eyebrows. "One more wouldn't do us any harm," said Roberts. They held up their full glasses. "Best of luck to him, anyhow," said Roberts. "Yes," said Jacob; "but something will come of all this flying around in airplanes."

By that time the great plane had climbed swiftly and noiselessly and leveled off for its night flight from one ocean to another. Inside, the curtains were drawn. The berths were made up—all but one.

The stewardess paused beside the compartment where the light still glowed.

"You call me any time you're ready, Mr. Chavelin," she said.

The dark young man who had been staring out the window into the night turned and smiled at her. It was a boyish, friendly smile. It grew suddenly into a delighted laugh.

"I am becoming what you call a commuter," he said. "I am old friends with everybody now. Everybody knows me. It is funny. Five weeks ago I didn't know there was such a thing as an air line. Now I know every stop, and the pilots, and all about the ship, and you—how many times, now, did I cross with you?"

Shane O'Connor said, "This is the fourth trip."

"You remember?" he said, openly pleased.

"Oh, yes," said Shane O'Connor, and the dimples for which she was famous all over the air line flashed at him. "I remember. It's great fun having you on board. I've listened to you for a long time, you know."

"LOOK," said Maurice Chavelin, and he narrowed his eyes and peered about the dark plane. The other passengers were already in their berths. "Look. I cannot sleep. I am too excited."

"I know," said Miss O'Connor. "You're counting the hours until we get to Burbank. Will Miss Furness meet you? I almost died of excitement the time I saw her there. I never saw anybody so beautiful."

Chavelin's face lit with a flame that startled the girl. He said, "Sit down and talk to me."

The stewardess said, "I don't think—"

"If you do not, I will write a terrible letter to the company—you have no idea what terrible letters I can write—Jacob writes them—and tell them you are a very bad stewardess. I shall tell them you do not know how to make beds and that you put salt in my coffee—"

Shane sat down. She had taken off her cap, and, seeing her there, opposite him, he realized how pretty she was. Irish eyes, set in with a sooty finger and eyebrows that winged over them. He had a complex about eyebrows. "I could *not*," he had once told Jacob—"I could not kiss a woman with those shaved—or plucked—or whatever you call them eyebrows. To shave, it is for a man; to pluck, it is for a dog—not a woman." This girl's eyebrows were like swallow's wings.

"How long have you been flying?" he said. "How many miles?"

It was the most irresistible thing about him, that real warm interest of his.

"I've flown about half a million miles," Shane O'Connor said.

"No!" He was amazed. "A half million miles—a little thing like you. You have had adventures?" His voice dropped. "Do you know, if I was sixteen and not yet had picked out my profession—I would be a pilot! Tell me, what has happened to you? Have you been lost, or made—what is it they say?—forced to land? Have you ever had a gangster with a gun on your plane, or anything?"

"Oh, no," said Shane O'Connor, and the third dimple, which was in the left-hand corner of her mouth, came to life. "Oh, no. Things like that only happen in the movies. Of course—yes, I had one forced landing. It was wonderful—nobody was hurt. But that's not very interesting. Tell me about you—about Valerie Furness. We—of course everybody on the air lines is all excited about it. It's—a great romance, and we get a kick out of seeing it at firsthand."

"I will make a bargain," said Maurice Chavelin. "You be a good girl and get us some coffee, very large and black, and then we will tell each other everything. It is much too early to go to bed."

THEY landed exactly on time, so that the number of minutes Jacob had so carefully figured out was accurate to the second. Valerie watched the plane come down with half-closed eyes and a lazy smile. Probably she wouldn't have noticed, under any circumstances, the girl in her plain gray uniform and cap who stood in the doorway saying good-by to the passengers. Valerie Furness seldom noticed other women. And on this particular morning the place was swarming with reporters and cameramen. Somewhere the tale of these week-end flights had leaked out.

From the moment that Maurice Chavelin jumped to the ground the place became a madhouse.

Shane O'Connor, coming into the station with her bag in her hand, stood a moment, watching them. His hat was off and he was smiling with sheer exuberant joy. Beside him, smiling *her* famous lazy smile, wrapped in furs, polished and exquisite, was Valerie Furness. They didn't see her. Shane O'Connor felt a sudden poignant loneliness, like a little cold wind, blow over her. Perhaps it would have been better not to sit up all night listening to Maurice Chavelin.

In the luxurious scented car on its way to Hollywood, Maurice Chavelin said, "Valerie, I can't stand this. When I am away from you, I go crazy. I can't wait to get on the aeroplane. You seem so far away. When I am flying to you, I am in heaven. When I am flying away from you, I am in hell. They—those reporters—they want to know if we are going to get married. Let's tell them yes."

It was the first time he had said anything like that. Valerie's heart did something it hadn't done in a long time, something that she had been afraid it would never do again. But when she looked at him, her eyes were half closed and that mysterious smile of hers was more mysterious than usual. Whatever was happening to her heart had not stopped that cool and calculating brain. It had not wiped out her accumulated knowledge of men, the knowledge of men that she thought was infallible, nor destroyed her complete conviction that men wanted only what was difficult to get.

She said, "Let's not talk about that yet, darling. Let's just love each other—and be happy—now."

She thought, He will ask me again. It is never wise to say yes the first time. . . .

It was two weeks later, on the seventh trip, going back to New York, that the plane was grounded at Las Vegas. There was, it appeared, some snow falling on the Salt Lake airport.

Maurice Chavelin said, "But I have never been grounded before. How long are we likely to be here?"

Shane O'Connor, who was very busy with all the passengers who wanted to know exactly the same thing, said, "Maybe not long. Come into the station and I'll see what I can find out."

"I don't like this much," said Maurice, and then he smiled at her. "But I know it is not your fault."

I don't like it much either, thought Shane O'Connor. If we're going to be here long, I'm glad it's Las Vegas. At least there is something to do and see here, she thought, and remembered other places where she had been grounded with irate and impatient passengers where there was actually nothing to do.

The pilot was standing beside the operations manager, reading the weather sequences. They were talking in low voices. Shane came up and put her hand on his arm. They were old friends, real friends. It happens sometimes. "How long are we going to be here?" she said.

"Looks like it might clear after midnight," the pilot said.

"Not before?" said Shane.

"Not a chance," said the pilot. "Everything will be all right if it clears at Salt Lake. Looks like they might get a wind shift there pretty soon."

"Shall I take 'em into town?" Shane asked.

The pilot cast a cool and experienced eye over the fourteen people who stood or prowled or sat about the little station.

"Better," he said. "They'll get restless out here, and we might not get out before morning."

Shane agreed with him.

"I'll call you at midnight," she said.

Turning, she had a quick flash of delight that startled her. She was glad they were grounded, because Maurice Chavelin was on the trip.

Get Your Breakfast-Table News the Night Before!

Paul Sullivan, rapidly becoming one of the best known and most widely followed news commentators, speaks over WLW from Monday to Friday nights at 11 P. M., E. S. T., and 10 P. M., C. S. T. Get the latest news before you go to bed by tuning in on WLW, Cincinnati, the nation's station, 700 kilocycles on the dial.

Don't Miss Liberty's New Radio Feature!

When the cars came out from Las Vegas he climbed in beside her.

"So now, how long are we going to be here?" he said.

"The pilot thinks we'll get out around midnight," Shane said in her softest voice.

His eyes went very black. "Then we get to New York—when?"

"Probably somewhere around six o'clock tomorrow afternoon," she told him.

"I have to telephone," he said, and was silent the rest of the way into town.

He telephoned. It seemed to Shane O'Connor, diplomatically arranging her passengers, looking up picture shows, giving locations, that he telephoned practically everybody in New York City. He telephoned Beverly Hills, too. Then New York called him back. It was very exciting.

HE hung up at last and came over to her. To her amazement, his face was blazing with fun.

"Now, Miss Shane O'Connor," he said, "I have done it all. I am, you understand, very much worried. I am disturbed. I have prided myself that not once in four years have I missed a broadcast. Still, if you listen with your ear to the ground you may hear that this Maurice Chavelin is a little mad—more mad even than most orchestra leaders. *But,* I am like a clock for my broadcast. *But,* now I have done all I can. I have arranged that some one else takes the rehearsal. I have explained I will get there if I can. Is it, I ask you, any use that I should sit here and be miserable? Can I stop that snow? Can I make the plane fly? No. Therefore—until it is midnight we shall forget all about it. What shall we do? I understand that you—when you wear that cute little uniform—you cannot take a drink, no? But we could gamble a little, or dance, or something?"

When the clock struck midnight—It always strikes midnight for Cinderella, Shane O'Connor thought—they had done Las Vegas. Gaily, recklessly, childishly, from one end to the other. They had played roulette, they had bowled, they had danced in a Western dance hall that was like something out of the movies. They had drunk coffee in a bar where the bartender, with a long, drooping mustache, had told them tales of the days when the West was the West. And all the time they had laughed.

Then the clock struck midnight.

Shane called the field. She went into the lobby of the hotel and told them, "We're flying. It's cleared at Salt Lake."

When the plane was quite dark and every one was asleep, when the plane flew through a white unreal world of snow, she sat on her little jump seat and thought about it all. Well, I have that to remember, she thought. Her blood was still tingling. I will always have that to remember. I am glad of that.

But in the morning she was not so sure.

They were a little late getting out of Omaha. Had to wait for one weather sequence, to be sure of things ahead. They were never delayed long; the weather seemed to be clearing a trail ahead of them. But the hours that they were late mounted dangerously for Chavelin.

The woman with the baby got on at Chicago. She was a slim pale young woman in a rather shabby coat. The baby was a very small baby. The woman—she wasn't much more than a girl—looked frightened.

"I've never been on a plane before," she said, and tried to smile. "The baby—will he be all right? They told me he'd be all right."

SHANE put one arm around the slim shoulders. "Babies love it," she said with a warm soft laugh. "They thrive on it. Sit down and relax and don't worry."

In Shane's arms the baby opened very wide blue eyes. They smiled at each other. "He's a lamb," Shane said. "If you've a bottle, I'll warm it for him, so he can have it, and then he won't notice at all when we climb up."

"I wouldn't take him," the young woman said, "but my mother's never seen him, and she—they say she can't get well, so I thought— We had to hurry, and maybe even then— That's why I took the plane. It's the only way I could get there— It's awful—"

Shane nodded. The plane was taking off. She looked up and saw Maurice Chavelin standing there. He said, "You get the bottle. I will talk to her."

It would be, Shane thought, the roughest trip we've ever had. Even the powerful Douglas couldn't withstand the shock and surge of the winds that blew. Oh, it was safe enough. But it was like a storm at sea. Outside the sky was black and purple, it was violent and threatening and majestically beautiful. The great cloud masses jammed and boiled and fought the winds and were driven back and forth, and the plane went on breasting it, fighting its way through undaunted. But it was tossed from side to side, the great wings dipped and dropped, and the shock of it was like a ship hitting an angry wave head on.

"Such a thing I have never seen," Maurice Chavelin said. His eyes were bright and black, they were fearless and angry. He stared defiance at the storm, but it was admiring defiance. Once, when the hail beat upon them, hail that was as big as eggs and that was bright blue, as though an angry god were showering them with giant sapphires, he laughed out loud.

The little woman with the baby—Maurice still sat beside her—looked at him in amazement over the head of the sleeping baby. She said, "You like it, Mr. Chavelin?" Shane had introduced Maurice to her. It would, she felt, help to keep her mind off things if she knew that she was traveling with Maurice Chavelin, that he was talking to her, helping her with the baby.

"I like it," he said. "It is like—like Wagner's music. It is the ride of the Walküre. And we—we little pygmies of men—in this little thing we have made with our hands—we defy it. We are its conquerors—its masters. I like it."

He looked up and met Shane O'Connor's eyes. They were as black as his own—the pupil had wiped out the iris and met the black rim of them.

"You like it too," he said.

"Yes," said Shane.

"We'll get down all right?" the little woman said.

Shane smiled at her and touched the sleeping baby with one finger. "We'll get you down all right," she promised.

Newark was open. The last hour was better. But time had crept up on Maurice Chavelin, radio time that was his master. Roberts would have to drive it in less than forty-five minutes. They had asked Newark over the radio for a police escort. When the wheels touched the ground, Shane handed him his hat and coat.

He didn't smile now. He was too tense. Excitement whipped him. He said, as they taxied swiftly across the field, "I'll make it. And this is my last trip. She's coming back to New York next week."

Simply, as though it didn't mean anything.

Shane said steadily, "I'm glad—for you. Thanks so much for helping me with the baby—it was kind."

A passenger spoke to her and she moved away.

The plane stood still, quivering. She flung open the door. The whole airport crew was waiting. There was the long, dark car and two policemen ahead of it on motorcycles. Chavelin said, "Good-by—thank you—excuse me—" and leaped down the steps. The big dark car opened its door, the sirens screamed, the motorcycles exploded, a horn shrieked and they vanished, whirling out of the airport at a speed that on the ground seemed dangerous and terrible. . . .

A green light flashed. A baton raised, quivering and vibrant. It swept down gently and drew the first chord of melody. The lean dark young man smiled at his orchestra.

It was nine o'clock on the nose. The Maurice Chavelin hour was on the air.

Shane O'Connor, in her little hotel room at Newark, sat very still, listening—seeing—remembering. . . .

Jacob, in the big studio room of the apartment overlooking Central Park, sat watching Maurice Chavelin. It was Saturday night. And upon this Saturday night Jacob was having difficulty in understanding Maurice Chavelin. The tall thin young man who helped Maurice arrange his orchestrations was wiping the sweat from his brow. The butler tiptoed in with hot coffee. The room was filled with danger and dynamite.

Chavelin said, "It is cockeyed. Why do I have eight violins—why—if you only use two—" He tore stacks of paper in little bits and scattered them in the air. "The whole thing," he said, "is imbecile."

The telephone rang and Maurice glared at it. Jacob said, "It's Miss Furness."

Maurice lowered his head. His face was hot with annoyance. "Tell her," he said, "that I'm not here. Tell her I've gone away for a month. Don't sit there like a fish. Tell her something."

AS well as he could, Jacob told her Mr. Chavelin was not there. She knew that he was lying, and said so. But Jacob repeated himself as patiently as a cuckoo clock, and she hung up.

"I expect she'll come up here now," he said. "She didn't believe me."

Maurice made a sound, a groan. He said, "Go away—all of you. Go away. I've got to think." Then, "No, you, Jacob, come back here. We have to do something."

Jacob came back and sat down patiently while Maurice paced the floor.

"I take it," he said, "you don't want to see her. You haven't seemed to want to see her so much since she came back to New York. Is that—permanent, your not wanting to see her?"

Chavelin stood still and looked at him. "She tried to play games with me," he said suddenly. "Such old games, too. Saying no when she meant yes; running away so I will run after her. Does she think I am a—a—high-school boy, to be taken in by such stuff? *Me!* Playing games—like kindergarten. Bah! Does she not know that when you have seen as much of all that silly nonsense with women, all you want is something real, something honest, that is so big it will not let you play games? Does she think I am a fool? If she had said yes—yes—yes—joyously, Jacob, big to give and receive love—then I would know she is the woman I have sought. But that little no with the lips and yes with the eyes—bah!"

Jacob looked at him steadily. He could always tell when Maurice was telling the truth. He was telling it now, but not all of it, Jacob thought. When she had been far away, it had held glamour and excitement and suspense. When all the excitement was gone—the mad dashes to the airport, the wild tension and excitement of that last flight back, the thrill of those journeys to her side, the reporters and the cameramen—that had been part of it.

Love had had wings.

He said, "I think she's coming up here."

"Then we will go somewhere else," said Maurice Chavelin and rang the bell. . . .

The long, dark car slid through the park.

"Roberts," said Maurice Chavelin, "we will drive out to the airport. I would like to see it again. I have not seen it for two weeks. I will go and watch the ships come up and down."

It looked just the same. Chavelin prowled about; he stood watching the great ships that took off and landed. A young man in uniform came out, hurrying on some business and stopped at sight of him.

"HELLO, Mr. Chavelin," he said. "We haven't seen you in a long time. Going out tonight?"

"No," said Maurice Chavelin. "Me, I do not go anywhere. I am an earthworm. I sit by the fire and knit. The whole thing is imbecile."

The young man stared at him. He didn't seem to know what to say.

He thought a minute. He said, "You remember a little redheaded stewardess you flew with a couple of times—O'Connor?"

"Of course I remember her," said Maurice Chavelin. "She—" He stopped. His face looked strange and confused for a moment. He said, "She was part of the air, as some women are part of the earth. She could talk to a man all night—and take care of people—and she wasn't afraid of storms—"

"She's sick," the young man said. "Pneumonia or something—out in a hospital in Salt Lake. Awful nice kid. Everybody likes her. She's pretty sick in Salt Lake."

"Jacob," said Maurice Chavelin. "Jacob. Get me a ticket. I am going to Salt Lake. In"—he looked at his watch—"in exactly one half an hour. You will put my bag on the next plane."

. . . . .

In the white hospital bed she looked smaller than he had remembered her and her hair was bright and beautiful.

Maurice said, "You are sure—sure—that you are not sick any more?"

Shane said, "I know I'm not. I think I've just died and gone to heaven."

"When I heard you were sick," Maurice said, "I had to fly to you—waiting out here all alone. When you are well, you will come back and I will meet you at Newark and we will do lots of things."

"But I won't be coming back to Newark any more," Shane said. "You see, I was only flying the whole trip through because we were short of stewardesses and a lot of the girls hadn't had experience on the new sleepers. I only fly now from Salt Lake to Los Angeles."

Maurice's face lighted. "Then," he said, "I will fly out here to see you. That will be splendid. And when we are married—"

At a faint sound she made, like a sob, he stopped. "You will marry me, won't you?"

"Oh, yes!" said Shane. "Oh, yes, yes, yes!"

"Well," said Maurice, "when we are married, maybe you will fix it so you fly from Chicago to New York—and then sometimes I will fly to Chicago to get you, and sometimes you will fly to New York—to me. I will like to think of you flying. You—have wings."

Shane said, "Love has wings."

THE END

SCARECROW

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

by

PAUL JONES

READING TIME
5 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

EDDIE GANN was hiding out after the Unionville Bank job when he came along the rutted yellow road by Herkimer's farm and bargained a week's food and lodging against the repair of a rusty tractor. That evening he walked ten miles to get off a telegram to Nosey Flynn, so that Nosey would know where to send him some money and the address where the gang would meet again.

He expected an answer in three days; but the R. F. D. carrier passed on the third morning without a sign. Meanwhile he had learned that Herkimer was deputy tax collector for the district, and, following a new idea, he killed Herkimer with a heavy wrench as the farmer stooped over a water pail.

When Eddie opened Herkimer's wallet, he found ninety-one dollars and a statement of tax receipts showing that sum as the total collected. Eddie almost laughed. He expected two Gs from Nosey Flynn. This wouldn't do him any good.

He'd still have to wait for the letter. That meant the body had to be hidden. But where? Gann thought desperately of a dozen places, his small mean eyes darting over house and barn. The well? Too obvious. Under the hay in the loft? Anybody would think of that at once. The body ought to be buried, but the ground was dry with drought and any fresh digging would show immediately. Except in the cornfield! That was it. Herkimer had cultivated the rows only the day before; the earth was freshly turned. It would be easy to make a shallow grave.

There was only a little blood, and that was matted into Herkimer's thick blond hair. Gann hoisted the body over one shoulder and carried it through the farmyard into the green sea of corn. The place to bury it, he thought, was well beyond the scarecrow, up by the wood lot.

The soft earth made hard walking with a heavy weight, and when he came to the scarecrow, Gann let the body down while he caught his breath in gasps. At that moment he heard a car humming at the valley grade, and was panic-stricken. But his terror inspired him. After a moment's hesitation, he ripped the scarecrow from its stout upright and crosspiece, and pulled the ragged coat over Herkimer's torso. Then he set the corpse up on its feet, braced the stiffening arms over the crosspiece and jammed the felt hat over its face.

When the strange car pulled up at the farm gate, Eddie was getting a drink at the well curb. A tall, loose-jointed man got out of the new black sedan and walked over.

"Herkimer around?" he asked.

"He's away on a trip."

"When'll he be back?"

"He didn't say." Under the other's cool gaze, Eddie offered further explanation: "I'm just here working on his tractor."

"Funny. He's supposed to have some tax money for me. Guess I'll wait for him. I'm the road commissioner."

"Suit yourself."

Eddie went back of the barn and pretended to work while the afternoon wore away. The scarecrow was not a hundred yards from where he stood, and the more he looked at it the more his confidence grew. Nobody could tell the difference. He could stay until morning, make sure of his letter, and make a clean getaway.

At sundown, going through the barn to the house, he saw that the stranger had run his sedan under cover to protect the finish, and a brilliant idea struck him. The black sedan was just what he needed for a fast break in the morning. He detached a wire from the ignition and put it in his pocket.

For dinner Eddie and the commissioner ate bacon and bread and drank black coffee. "I can't figure where Herkimer got to," the stranger complained.

"Maybe he skipped with the tax money."

"I don't think so."

"I was only kidding," Eddie said hastily.

When the commissioner gave up hope of seeing Herkimer and went to his car, he was unable to start it. "Stay all night," Eddie urged. "Herkimer'll turn up, and I'll fix your car for you when I can see what I'm doing."

"Guess there's nothing else I can do. I'm fifty miles from home."

"Sure; stick around."

Back in the house, Eddie thought of another angle. This guy was collecting taxes. He might have a lot of jack on him. Might be a nice bit of business to knock him off while he was asleep. But he abandoned that notion when he saw that the stranger had an automatic on the table by his bed.

It was funny, what little things gave him the jumps. For just a minute Eddie wondered if the guy did think something was screwy about Herkimer's being away. But why shouldn't a collector of taxes carry a rod? He'd be a sap if he didn't.

In the morning Eddie awoke with a secret assurance that he identified as a lucky hunch. Today's the day, he thought. Today the letter comes. He felt hot. Nothing could go wrong now.

When the R. F. D. carrier pulled up at the gate, Eddie and the commissioner were standing there waiting for him. The commissioner had his face turned toward the cloudless blue of the sky.

"Here's your letter." The carrier handed an envelope to Eddie. "Herkimer around?"

"He went away on a trip."

The mailman got out of the car to stretch his legs. "Over to see his sister, I reckon. Heard she was poorly. What you looking at, commissioner?"

The feel of the letter told Eddie it had money in it.

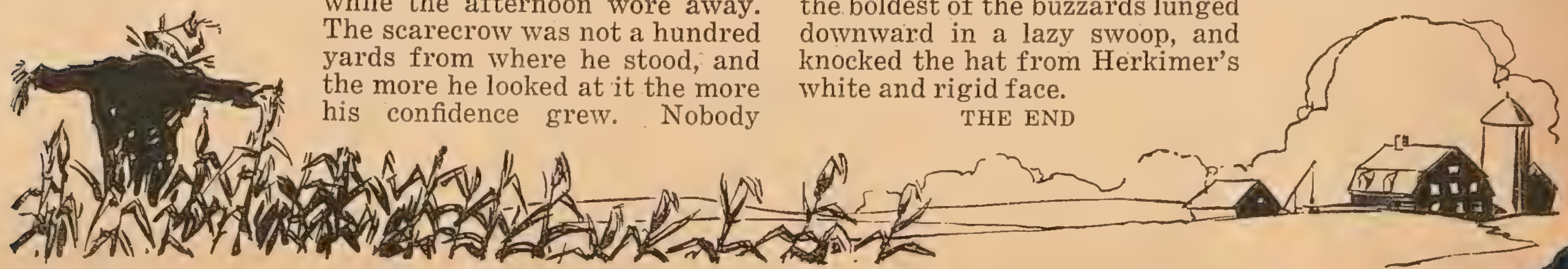
The other two were staring upward. Just like a couple of corn-feds, Eddie thought. Always trying to guess the weather, like a ticket speculator on the day of a big game.

"That makes twelve of them," the commissioner remarked.

"Thirteen, I make it—and there's two more!"

They continued to stare. Eddie looked up carelessly—and stiffened with fear. A flock of wheeling birds went round and round over the scarecrow. And as he watched, the boldest of the buzzards lunged downward in a lazy swoop, and knocked the hat from Herkimer's white and rigid face.

THE END



READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

An Inside Forecast of NEW YORK'S World's Fair

by GROVER A. WHALEN

TO begin at the beginning, the New York World's Fair is different because it *is* a World's Fair. It is different because it is a dynamic, not a static affair. It is an invocation to the future, not a benediction of the past. It will bring the states of the Union and the nations of the world together to chart a common course toward tomorrow. It will not lack the color and scope and opportunity both for entertainment and service which come only through participation by the nations and races of the world.

The Fair, which will be held in 1939 to celebrate the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the inauguration in New York of George Washington as first President of the United States, will have that world-wide participation.

President Roosevelt, through Secretary of State Cordell Hull, has sent official invitations to foreign governments to be represented. Already, two years before the gates of the Fair are to open on April 30, 1939, thirty-seven nations have informally indicated their desire to accept these invitations. Five of the Great Powers are already discussing the types of buildings they will erect to house their exhibits.

The International Convention Bureau, composed of seventeen European and four other nations, at a meeting in Paris, allocated the year 1939 to the New York Fair. The Convention's rules provide that only one international exposition shall be approved for any one year, and approval carries the support and participation of the signatory nations. The New York Fair, therefore, has exclusive ranking as the one "international exposition" of 1939.

Reports from our commissioners who have been visiting South American capitals indicate that these great nations, in a constructive effort to continue the good feeling established by our President's recent tour, will erect important buildings and send lavish exhibits.

High officials both here and abroad have stated that this proposed world gathering will do more than any number of peace and disarmament conferences to maintain world amity in these war-troubled times.

"It is an inspiring thing," President Roosevelt told the sponsors of the Fair, "for nations and communities to have high objectives, to unite their energies in self-appraisal, and boldly plan for the future."

New York State's Governor Lehman has personally sent invitations to the governors of every state in the Union not only to participate but to make the Fair their own. The response has been unanimously favorable. A National Advisory Committee of 10,000 members, drawn from all forty-eight states, has been launched.

Altogether, the 1939 Fair will give a compelling impetus to that which President Washington referred to in his inaugural address as "the discernment and pursuit of the public good."

No fair in history has had so significant and exhilarating a purpose. To fulfill this purpose, the directors have conceived a fair that will not only present the great achievements of modern art, science, and industry, but will make clear their significance to the average man. By setting forth what *has been* beside what *is*, the Fair of 1939 will predict, may even dictate, the shape of things to come.

Perhaps the best way to explain this novel theme is by a comparison which is not intended to be odious. In 1933-34, in Chicago, a wonderful fair was held that looked back over a century of progress. In New York in 1939 we will look forward to a century in the making. We are going to the far corners of the earth to gather the things of *today*—both material and spiritual—which are significant contributions to our well-being and which point the way to *tomorrow*. In its broad aspects, the New York World's Fair is a crystal ball into which man may gaze to see the outlines of the *world of tomorrow*.

Quite definitely, we shall not consciously set out to guess the specific shapes which the tangible things of today will assume in the world of tomorrow. And yet we are supremely confident that we shall give a significant and revealing preview of the future.

It is our hope that scientific discoveries still on laboratory shelves can be put into actual use on a major scale; for example, that the specially designed and somewhat revolutionary illumination of the Fair will result in the development of new and improved methods and equipment that will live long after the Fair has closed.

Meanwhile, in the midst of a rich and colorful festival, the Fair will give the average man a vision of what he may attain for himself and for his community by planning toward the better life of the future.

The site selected—now known as Flushing Meadow Park—lies but a short distance east of the theoretical center of population of New York. It is in almost the exact geographical center of the city. The tract spreads over the entire valley of the Flushing Creek in Queens—1,216½ acres. The northern edge, on Flushing Bay, is three and one half miles from the southern boundary at Kew Gardens, and the grounds are a mile and a quarter across at the widest point.

The spectacular and imposing building which we call the Theme Center is planned to dominate the whole. It will dramatize the interdependence of the fundamental factors of twentieth-century society. Radiating from this Theme Center will be ten separate yet related areas, or zones, devoted to man's basic interests and activities. The Fair Corporation has charted the site, and exhibitors may not pick their own locations. Space will be allotted according to the zone in which any individual exhibit belongs. All goods, devices, or projected ideas will be classified and placed in order. Nothing will be haphazard.

Clothing, Shelter, Education, Health, Recreation, Sustenance, the Arts, the Basic Industries, Public and Social Services, Government and Co-operation—each of these will occupy a zone. Each zone will have a focal point interpreting in simplest terms its history, its part in the general scheme of things, and, as far as possible, its future. Expanding from the focal exhibit in a given zone will be the private exhibits of industrial enterprises which have to do with that particular phase of life.

The Transportation Area will be devoted primarily

HOW 1939's BIG SHOW WILL BE "DIFFERENT"—ITS PRESIDENT REVEALS ITS STIRRING PLANS

to land, sea, and air transportation. Shelter will include only housing and the activities which stem from it. The Communications Area will be dedicated to such achievements of man as the telephone, telegraph, and radio. And so with each of the other zones.

This dramatic co-ordination of exhibits—which is unprecedented—will permit the visitor to concentrate his attention on those areas of particular interest to him. And by this orderly and colorful inventory of the material and spiritual resources of the entire modern world the New York World's Fair of 1939 will present its answer to the three questions: What kind of world *have* we built? What kind of world *are* we building? What kind of world *can* we build?

I have emphasized the thoughtful purpose of the Fair, but you may be sure it will not lack for gaiety. Strategically located throughout the Fair grounds, in the midst of the exhibit zones, will be an endless variety of entertainment: theaters, museums, playgrounds, cinemas, sophisticated night clubs—at the visitor's disposal wherever he may happen to be.

In addition, a mile-long area, bordering the Meadow Lake and close by one or more of the main Fair entrances—it might be called the Merry Mile!—will be devoted solely to amusement; and a modern amphitheater, its stage set upon the lake itself, is being designed to provide for colorful pageants, water sports, and dramatic and musical open-air performances.

FOR the first time in the history of great fairs, parades, military maneuvers, calisthenic drills by thousands of school children, sports events, exhibitions of horsemanship by such renowned groups as the Northwest Mounted Police—all such spectacles will have extraordinary display on a most spacious parade ground.

In short, the New York World's Fair will be festive in a new and different way. It will have novelty, flash, speed, color, rhythm. It will be a popular fete and a great spectacle.

Fifty million persons are expected to attend it in 1939. This number is two and a half times the attendance at Chicago's A Century of Progress Exposition during 1933; it exceeds by eleven million Chicago's combined total attendance for 1933 and 1934. It is greater than the combined population of the British Isles, including the Irish Free State, and is thirteen times the total population of the United States in 1789, the year of Washington's first inauguration.

The exposition now rising in Flushing Meadow Park entails an investment of $125,000,000. The City of New York, through land acquisition, various basic improvements, and its exhibit; the State of New York, through parkways and bridges and an exhibit building; and the federal government, through channel and harbor improvements and an exhibit building, will account for about $35,000,000. This gives an official backing and participation never before achieved.

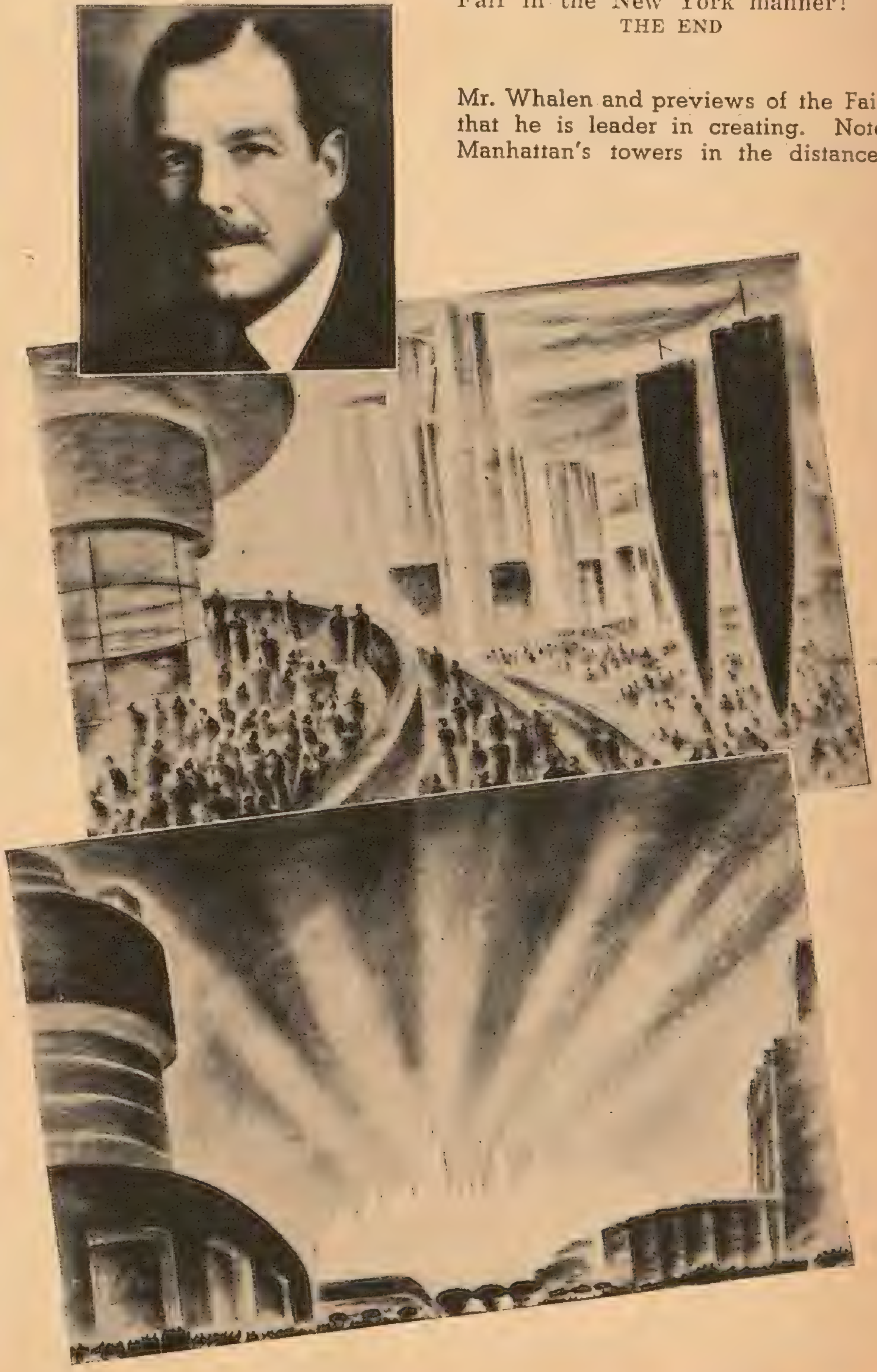
The Fair itself plans to spend about $30,000,000 in the erection of administration and exhibits buildings and in preliminary developments. In addition, it is estimated that private exhibitors, commercial concerns, housing operators, and foreign governments will invest more than $60,000,000. All of these figures far exceed those of any fair in history.

Transportation facilities are being arranged on a scale to accommodate 160,000 persons an hour, and a maximum daily attendance of 800,000. The average daily attendance has been set at 250,000. There are to be parking areas for automobiles to the number of 35,000.

There will even be garden spots for those who bring their houses—their auto trailers.

Yes, the city of the towering sky line, of the dramatic spectacles of Broadway, of the money marts of Wall Street, greatest American port, center of American arts and sciences, and world mecca—New York, in short—will have a World's Fair in the New York manner!

THE END



Mr. Whalen and previews of the Fair that he is leader in creating. Note Manhattan's towers in the distance.

Presenting Something New in Sport Closeups—With the New York Giants' Famous Battery in Action, Liberty Listens In on a Baseball Argument

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

Hi, Carl!

by GUS MANCUSO

HUB, I've talked with you under the showers, in hotel lobbies, and out there between the pitcher's box and home plate, but this is the first time I've talked with you in type.

It was you that asked me about this catcher's-eye view that I get through my mask, wasn't it, Carl? Well, it's the best seat in the ball park. I can see the face of every man on the field—that is, with the exception of the plate umpire behind me. But who wants to see his face? And not only that: I can see what they all do and when they do it.

I've watched infielders, outfielders, and base runners so much from my place back of the rubber that they are like men on a chessboard. When one is out of place, it is a discord to me. I know all their idiosyncrasies. Some are amusing and some can be capitalized. It always handed me a laugh to watch little superstitious Hughie Critz pick up pebbles around second base and stuff them in his back pocket for luck, and I never failed to get a kick out of the way Blondy Ryan would switch his position back and forth trying to be in two places at one time. Things like that are funny, but there are others that mean either the winning or losing of a ball game.

As an outstanding example, Carl, take the World Series of 1920. Burleigh Grimes was pitching for Brooklyn, the team he now manages, against the Cleveland Indians. All season long Burly's famous spitball delivery was his best pitch; but for some reason or other the Indians were connecting with it every time for base hits. Why? Well, it came out later that Pete Kilduff, the Brooklyn second baseman, had developed a habit of rubbing his fingers in the dirt to be ready to handle the moist ball every time the signal was on for a "spitter." (That's the legend, anyhow.) The Cleveland coaches spotted this and were able to give the batter the high sign every time a spitball was coming.

I've noticed pitchers' arms sag, tipping me off that they are tiring. I've felt that extra ker-plunk in the mitt and knew that my pitcher was getting warmed up and improving. And then again I've noticed the slightest flaw in the batter's stance and had my partner pitch to it. In my "seat" it's easy to study the speed and habits of opposing base runners and at the same time keep an eye on the coaches for stray information about the next move on the base paths.

It is elemental that we have to handle the pitcher, signal him for fast ball, curve, change of pace, inside, outside, high and low pitches to each batter; watch the base lines like a hawk, ready to catch runners stealing or napping; be prepared for the hit and run, bunt and double-steal plays, and help the manager see that the fielders are placed correctly for the type of pitch that is coming up next.

Then, of course, a catcher must back up plays at first and third base when the occasion arises—which means on every put-out at first, and always be ready to block the plate when the runner comes thundering home. And, incidentally, every now and then during a ball game the catcher gets time to go to the plate and take a cut at the ball himself, when he isn't busy catching fouls in the wind. Why, there's nothing to it, Carl. Whatever made you think that pitching was the whole ball game?

All the way from my kid battery mate at Magnolia Park Grammar School, back home in Houston, Texas, to you, Carl, I've squinted through my mask at a strange conglomeration of hurlers. Why, you don't realize how some of you fellows have to be nursed, petted, talked to, and "bulled" along. Some are lazy, some are nervous, and others have an operatic temperament; but to me they are all pitchers and must be handled to get the best out of them.

It was a grand experience handling that famous Giants Big Four of 1933. Fitzsimmons, Schumacher, Parmelee, and yourself. That was the year you fellows won seventy-one games between yourselves and we won the World Series. Catching one after another was an entirely different adventure, although all had one thing in common—all were more or less "downer" pitchers, with the ball coming in low. Catching that type of ball is my forte. And catching for you was never work: it was fun.

I think I've covered the ground pretty well. However, I do believe that the placement of fielders is all-important in itself. Naturally, they know where to play for certain batters; but it is my job to watch out that the pitch we have decided to use fits in with their positions. Time and again the fans will see both the infielders and outfielders walk a pace or two to their right or left for a certain hitter. In that case it is just a matter of that particular batter being a decided left- or right-field hitter. Who can ever forget the infield and outfield defense put up for Babe Ruth? Two second basemen, two right fielders, no third baseman, and no left fielder, and still he'd ride them through the infield, if not over the fence.

No, sirree, Carl, I don't have to go to the theater for my drama. I get it all right through the mask, and I love it! How do you feel about it?

Hi, Gus!

by CARL HUBBELL

GUS, you think that the catching job is something. Well, let me tell you, there's nothing like being a pitcher. Give me pitching every time. That's baseball! I started my regular pitching job back in high school at Meeker (Oklahoma) High at about the same time that little Lloyd Waner was pitching for East Central High School of Ada, Oklahoma. And who do you suppose was the first National League batter I pitched to when I walked out on the mound at the Polo Grounds in midsummer, 1928? That same Lloyd Waner, who by that time was the lead-off man for the Pittsburgh Pirates. Why, I felt right at home from the very first batter. Take down those big grandstands and we were back home in Oklahoma.

You're telling the folks, Gus, what you see through the mask. Well, when I look down at that mask I see just one pair of sharp eyes after another and a deadly-looking bat wagging up and down and waiting. Don't you think it's something, matching wits with each separate batter that comes to the plate? I know I have you back there and seven others in the field on my side, but somehow I always more or less feel like it's up to me.

A pitcher has to keep his eyes and ears open every single minute. Relax for a minute, and bingo!—you're out of luck. As a matter of fact, from the pitcher's angle you don't get any second guesses—once the ball leaves your hand, that's that.

It is a matter of using your head at all times. Perhaps this point is more pronounced with the Giant ball club than with others, because we have been in the habit of stressing a tight defense. That means deft skill instead of brute power. Think! That's what the game of baseball calls for today, and the first one to think about each play is the pitcher.

I never really got started as a winning pitcher until I learned to field my position. My big fault was on the turn-around throw for a force-out at second base after fielding bunts. The books show a no-hit game for me in 1929, but the thing that gave me a big kick that day was making a perfect play on that bugaboo turn-around throw for a double play in the ninth inning.

Another thing about this pitching job, Gus, is that we all keep trying to learn something new every day. No pitcher can ever have too much stuff. As late as the middle of last season I worked out a new curve. I can't blaze a ball like Van Mungo, for instance, and have to resort to craft.

In the 1934 all-star game I was lucky enough to fan five in a row. I doubt that I would have done it in an ordinary game. That day I was scheduled for just three innings. Accordingly I didn't have to pace over nine rounds but could cut loose right at the start. Gauging speed and pace is just one of the intricacies of the game. Dizzy Dean, to my mind, has the finest change of pace I've ever seen. Diz always has a Sunday pitch, faster than anything he has shown all day, up his sleeve for the tight pinch.

As a member of the St. Louis Cardinals Alumni Association, you are used to the heat of the Middle West in summer—eh, Gus? It occurs to me that this item, taken so much for granted, is vastly important in the equipment of a pitcher—he must be able to work in turn in the terrific heat out there in the West.

I've heard football players sympathized with because they play in rainy and cold weather; but that's easier than pitching against Joe Medwick with the scoreboard reading 2 to 2 and the thermometer 110°.

They kid us pitchers and say they're babying us when we get on base on a cold day and a bat boy or a lackey comes running out and drapes a sweater over our bric-a-brac forms. Which reminds me of the rookie who was cautioned one day not to take any chances catching cold in the cold damp spring air. "You're another Mathewson," they gibed him, "and it's good-by to the pennant if anything happens to that soupbone of yours; so be sure and let us fix you up with a sweater if you should get on base, so you won't take cold running bases." Well, the rookie got hold of one and slammed it against a deep fence, good for three sacks with good running; but what does he do but pull up at first base and call for his sweater before he started to run around the bases.

Yes, sir, Mr. Mancuso, this baseball *is* a game. In my estimation, there isn't a major sport today that can compare with it.

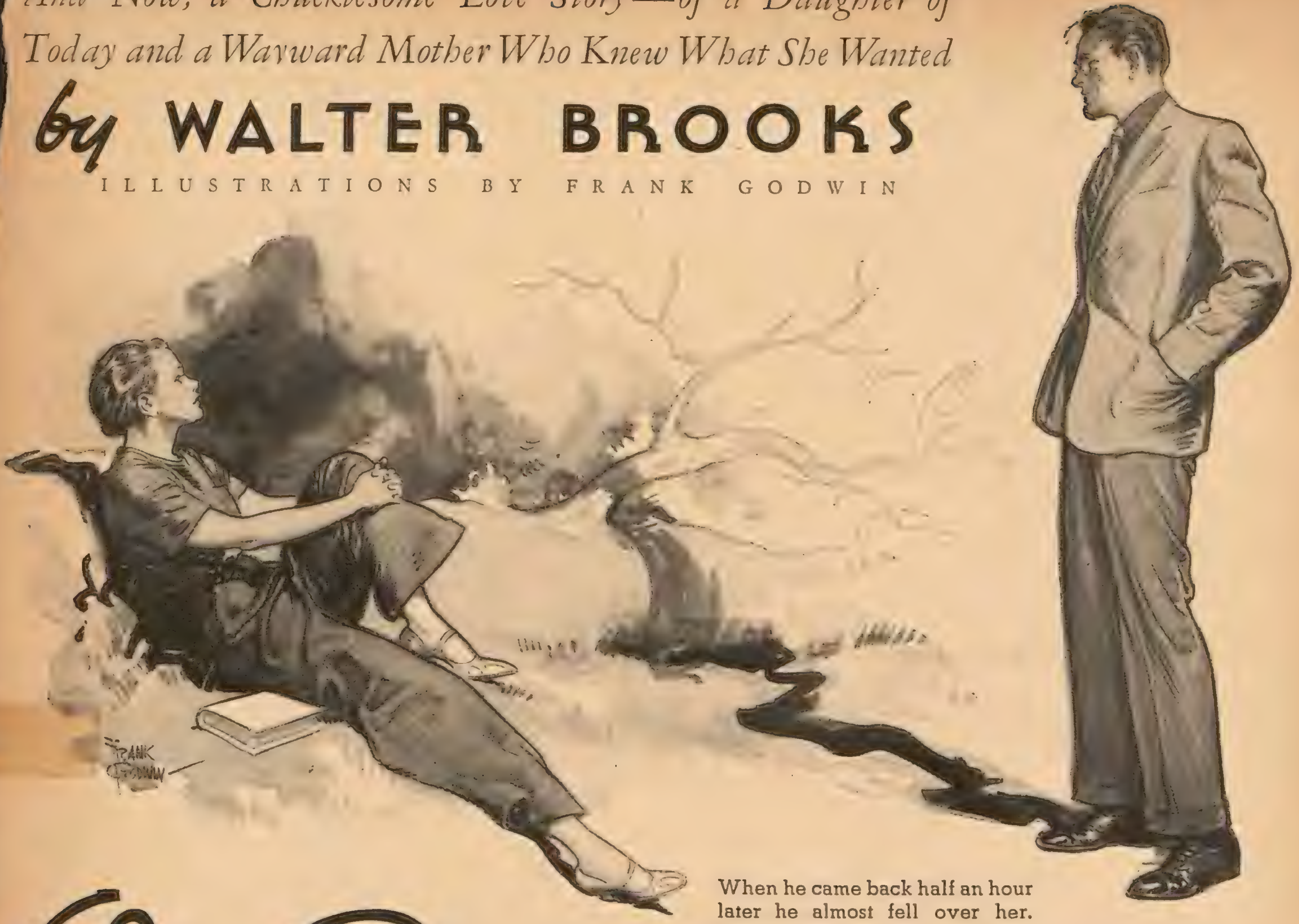
Like yourself, Gus, I can hardly wait to hear that familiar cry, "Ladies and gentlemen, the batt'ries for today's game—" and then to throw one down the alley to catch the outside corner for a called "*Strike!*"

THE END

And Now, a Chucklesome Love Story—of a Daughter of Today and a Wayward Mother Who Knew What She Wanted

by WALTER BROOKS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK GODWIN



When he came back half an hour later he almost fell over her. O, she said vaguely, it's you.

One Does WHAT ONE CAN

READING TIME
12 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

ONCE upon a time there was a Mrs. Ainslie who had a daughter named Damaris. Mrs. Ainslie was 42 and looked ten years younger and Damaris was 22 and looked ten years older and Mr. Ainslie was dead. So they were very gay and their Long Island house was always full of noisy and amusing people except when they went off to some expensive Mediterranean resort for what they called a change. But though they both saw the same people and said the same things and wore practically the same clothes there was a considerable difference between them for Damaris had no illusions about men while Mrs. Ainslie although she also had lost hers at an early age had had time to acquire a new set. And this made things a little difficult for both of them. For Damaris thought her mother's interest in men a trifle undignified while Mrs. Ainslie considered Damaris's lack of it almost criminally silly. And though each would have been glad to see the other married Damaris thought too little of men and Mrs. Ainslie too much to take any such step.

Well there were some people named Blodgett who owned a yacht and they had invited the Ainslies to go on a cruise and Mrs. Ainslie had accepted. And then one morning at breakfast about a week before they were to leave Mrs. Ainslie said Darling I have decided to write the Blodgetts that we can't go with them. Damaris just said O. She was eating a piece of toast. She always ate toast the same way. She bit a piece out of one side and then out of the other until she had a little man. Then she bit his head off. Mrs. Ainslie said I thought it would be nicer if we just stayed here the rest of the summer—just we two. That's all right with me said Damaris and Mrs. Ainslie said Well I thought it would be nicer and then Damaris said Who is he?

Who is who? said Mrs. Ainslie Darling you are so obscure. Damaris then got up and kissed her mother on the back of the neck and went out on the terrace.

So pretty soon Mrs. Ainslie came out and said Darling I think it would be nice to ask some people down and who would you like? O said Damaris I thought it was to be just you and me. Well it is of course said Mrs. Ainslie but we'll want somebody to amuse us and I thought I'd ring up just a few people.

So pretty soon the house was full again. There was Amos and Caroline Ponset and *(Continued on page 24)*

"SHE IS GROWING EVERY YEAR"

and so are the savings for her future invested in

UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS

The realization of hopes for a child's future often depends on a definite savings plan. For this reason many parents are buying United States Savings Bonds on a systematic basis.

Government bond safety is available to purchasers of Savings Bonds for as little as $18.75. The table below shows how investment under the Regular Purchase Plan will provide a basis for future security. Savings Bonds are free from price fluctuation and may be redeemed in cash at any time after 60 days from their issue dates.

During the first year the redemption value equals the purchase price. At the end of the first year and each six months thereafter, the redemption values increase in amounts as printed on the face of the bond.

UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS

DIRECT OBLIGATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

HOW TO SAVE SYSTEMATICALLY

To provide funds for the future, select the program best suited to your needs, then buy a bond each month.

If you invest each month for 120 consecutive months any specific amount shown below	Beginning in 10 years you will receive each month for 10 years thereafter
$18.75	**$25.00**
$37.50	**$50.00**
$75.00	**$100.00**
$93.75	**$125.00**
$187.50	**$250.00**
$375.00	**$500.00**

For Sale at Post Offices and Direct by Mail

TO ORDER BY MAIL

TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES, L-03, Washington, D. C.

☐ Please send me without obligation your Regular Purchase Plan and forms for my consideration and optional use.

☐ Send me the following bonds for which I enclose check, draft, or money order.

NUMBER			
......	**$25** United States Savings Bonds at	**$18.75**	**$** ....
......	**$50** United States Savings Bonds at	**$37.50**	**$** ....
......	**$100** United States Savings Bonds at	**$75.00**	**$** ....
......	**$500** United States Savings Bonds at	**$375.00**	**$** ....
......	**$1000** United States Savings Bonds at	**$750.00**	**$** ....
		Total	**$** ....

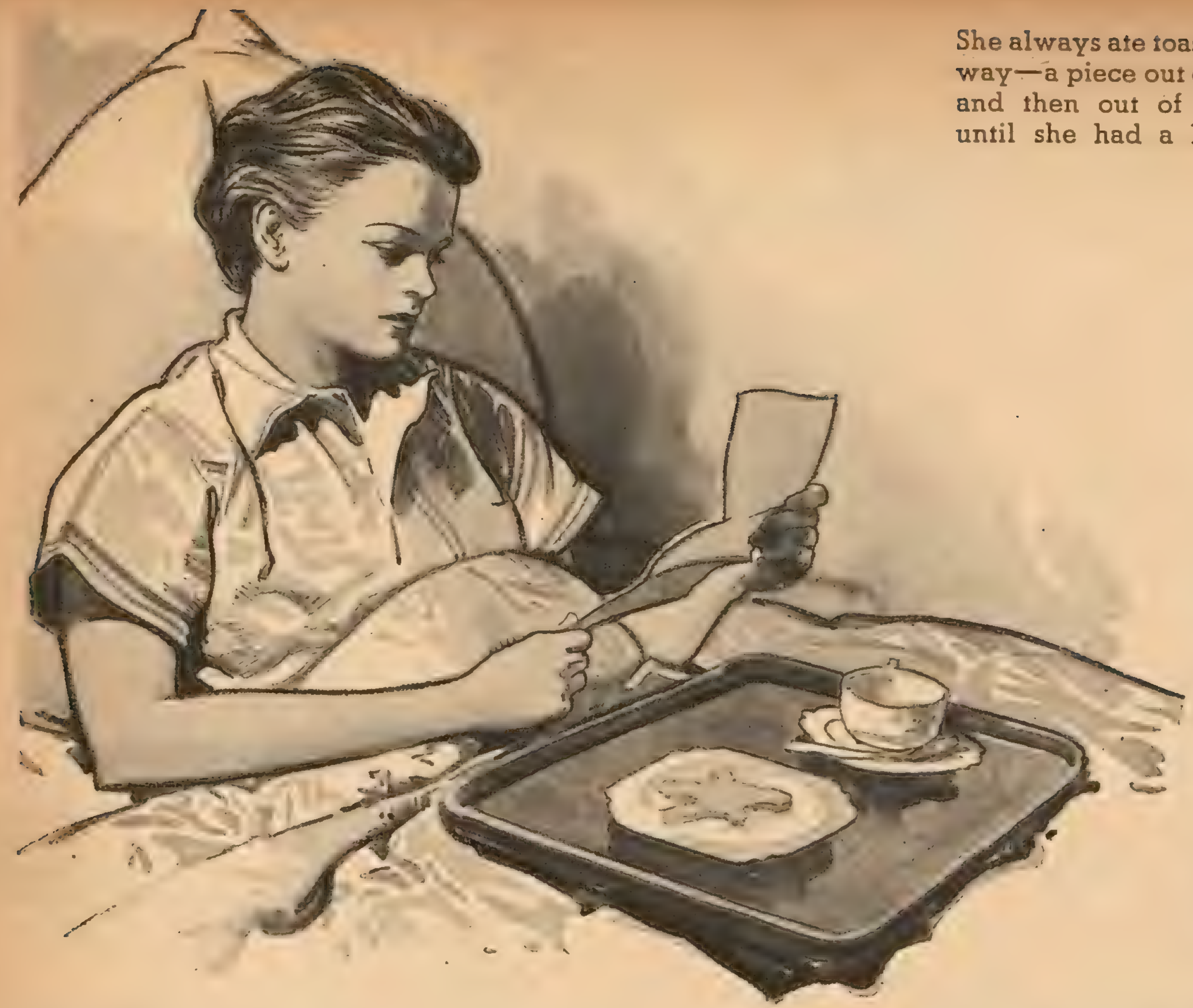
Register in the name of and send to

Name {Miss / Mrs. / Mr.} ____________________

Street address ____________________

City ____________________ *State* ____________________

Make all remittances payable to Treasurer of the United States.



She always ate toast the same way—a piece out of one side and then out of the other until she had a little man.

(Continued from page 22) Reg Diedrich and Pilly Ames and a girl named Ellen Van Ness who had spent six months in Saigon and couldn't seem to readjust herself to Western standards of conduct. And there was René Trent who was half French and a good deal of a bother to Damaris because he was always edging her into corners and suggesting marriage or something usually something.

Well they were all frivolous and smart and country-house-broken and they were merry and full of cocktails from morning to night. But on the third day Mrs. Ainslie drove to the station and came back with a young man whom she introduced as Eastman Allen. Mr. Allen was a serious young man with a cowlick and though his clothes and his manners were all right it was plain to Damaris that he was as out of place though possibly not as disturbed about it as a hoptoad in a bowl of caviar.

WELL they went in to lunch and he talked mostly to Mrs. Ainslie who was sweet and girlish with him. The others were amused as they always were when she had surrounded a fresh victim and also they wanted to see if he could take it. So Ellen Van Ness said O Mr. Allen won't you tell us what you do? for we're all dying of curiosity about you. And René Trent said You seem so earnest and we're sure you have a purpose in life. You're quite right said Mr. Allen I have. Then he looked brightly at Mrs. Ainslie and said Shall we tell them? and Mrs. Ainslie said Why not? And Damaris thought Good heavens! I'll kill mother if she's gone and got engaged to this idiot! why he's fifteen years younger at least!

But Mr. Allen hesitated a moment and then he grinned and said Well I'm interested in the sex life of earthworms.

Good gosh! said René and Ellen said Heavens! I didn't know they had one! You'd be surprised said Mr. Allen. And perhaps a little puzzled, he added. We are already said Caroline. Good heavens! who'd have thought! an earthworm! Tell me—are they monogamous? No more than is strictly necessary said Mr. Allen and then he told them a little about earthworms and the work he was doing on them at the Rockefeller Institute where it seemed he had some sort of fellowship. What won't Mr. Rockefeller think of next! said Ellen. But how can you bear to leave such fascinating work? surely we're not as interesting as your little charges? You're not as simple said Mr. Allen but really there are more likenesses than differences. O that's enough of this said Mrs. Ainslie getting up Come along Bill. And she and Mr. Allen went for a walk.

Seems a nice guy said Amos though limited. Worm-bound I'd call him said Damaris. I hope he'll tell us more said Caroline Goodness I never thought our little brothers of the mud could be so entertaining! So they accepted Mr. Allen. But Damaris was uneasy. She thought O dear why can't mother pick them inside her own generation and now I suppose I shall have to rescue this young fool.

It wasn't easy to segregate Mr. Allen. He was polite but he made it plain that he was interested only in Mrs. Ainslie. But on Friday Mrs. Ainslie announced that she must go into New York. Mr. Allen said he'd drive her in but she said No I'd much rather you didn't I shall be frightfully busy. We'll keep him amused said Caroline and if necessary we'll go dig him some worms so he'll feel at home.

But Mr. Allen did not seem to crave amusement. He spent the morning in his room where it was suspected that he was secretly working and went back again after lunch so that it was not until four o'clock that Damaris who had stalked him patiently all day finally caught him in the open. He had waited until the others had gone down to the pool to swim and had then crossed the terrace and gone into the woods to the north of the house. When he came back half an hour later at a turn of the woods path he almost fell over her.

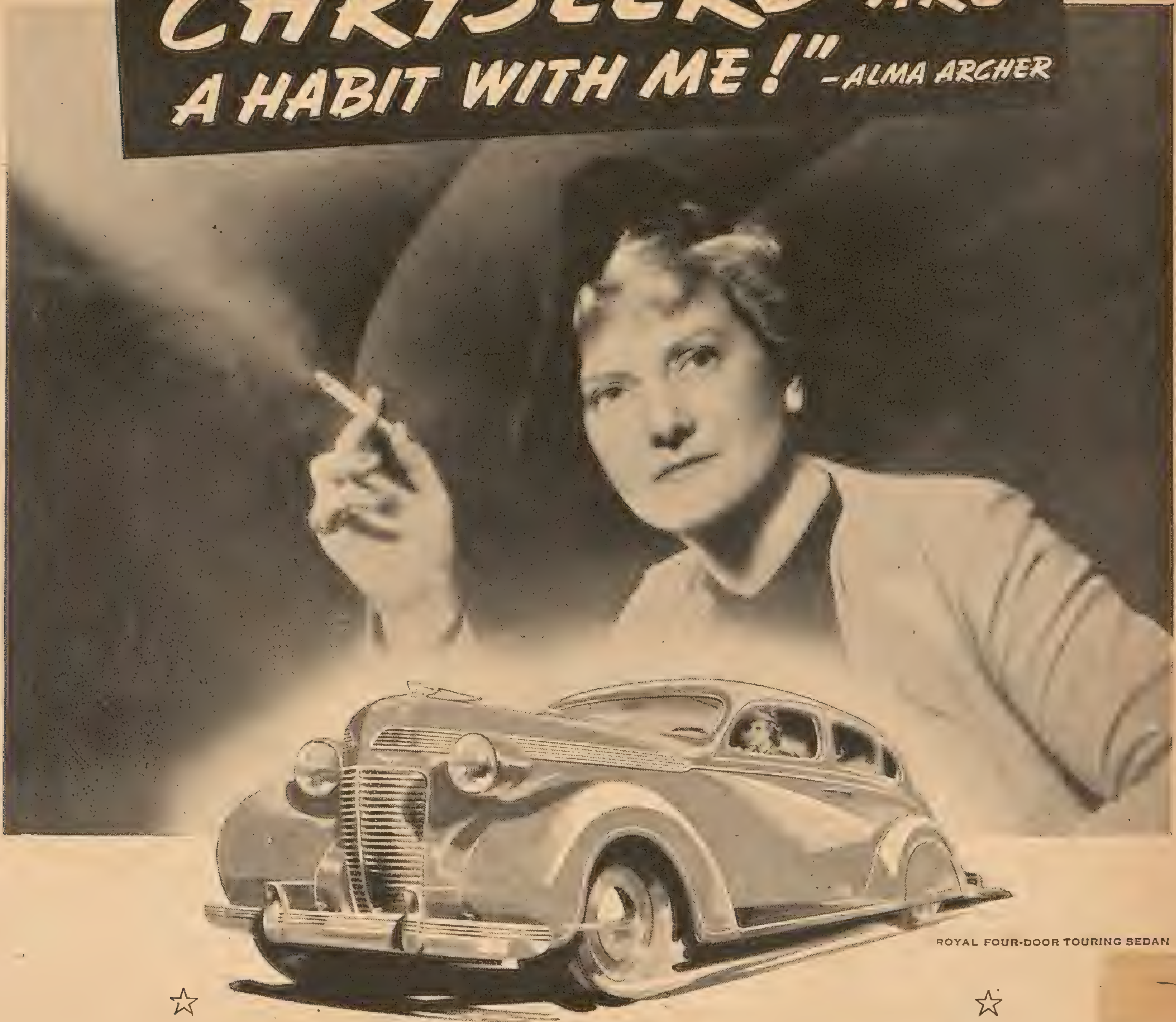
Damaris had on sandals old slacks and a faded green shirt and her usually slick hair was engagingly tousled. She half reclined on a mossy bank with her back against a fallen log in an attitude that might have been entitled Daydreams. The presence of a small but active colony of ants in the log gave her reverie a slight tenseness that was not unpleasing.

O she said looking up vaguely It's you. I thought you were down at the pool said Mr. Allen. O said Damaris indifferently. No. Mr. Allen looked at her curiously and said May I sit down? and she said If you like.

So he sat down on the log and picked up the book she had been reading and said Gosh! Gosh what? said Damaris and Mr. Allen said Well but I mean—philosophy! and Damaris said Well why not? and looked at him defiantly. No reason said Mr. Allen only well you'd be surprised yourself wouldn't you? Damaris shrugged and said coolly I'd appreciate it if you didn't tell the others—after all there's enough for them to be comic about without that.

So Mr. Allen nodded and then frowned thoughtfully and said You know I'm not really so terribly surprised I mean finding you here like this and not swimming with the others and anyway your mother told me— That I was really quite a serious and sincere little thing? said Damaris with a soul above cocktails and yelling parties? Is there any harm in sincerity? said Mr. Allen and Damaris said No I like it but cocktails have their place too. And anyway she said *(Continued on page 26)*

"CHRYSLERS ARE A HABIT WITH ME!" —ALMA ARCHER



ROYAL FOUR-DOOR TOURING SEDAN

☆ ☆

"... AND THIS GRAND NEW ROYAL GIVES ME UP TO 24 MILES PER GALLON!"

Alma Archer is one of the world's great authorities on style and smartness.

"Chryslers are a habit with me," she says. "This new Royal is my sixth, and what a love!

"Really, some plastic surgeon must have been at work on the instrument board, because there's nothing left for knee-bumping or face-breaking in case you're that kind of a driver.

"Of course, I constantly marvel at the way you whisk into the stratosphere by using the Overdrive, but the real super-colossal thrill in connection with the scientific weight distribution is the introduction of bombing-plane shock absorbers! Imagine it!

"Furthermore, you don't have to carry a check book in your teeth or be a relative of a multi-millionaire to own a Royal! The car apparently is just one jump from a camel —practically never needs an oasis—delivers 18 to 24 miles on a gallon without batting an eyelash. And this in spite of the fact that the car is as roomy and comfortable as many cars of twice its price."

* * * * *

CHRYSLER TOPS 'EM ALL!

Miss Archer's comments typify the enthusiasm of thousands of owners of the new Chrysler Royal . . . with which Chrysler invades the low-priced field.

If you haven't seen and driven the Chrysler Royal, visit your Chrysler dealer today. He will also show you the luxurious Imperial and the beautiful new Airflow.

Every Chrysler dealer also displays the brilliant 1937 Plymouth.

NEW LOW DELIVERED PRICES. Time payments to fit your purse on the official Commercial Credit Company plan.

☆ **CHRYSLER ROYAL** . . . Ten body types.

☆ **CHRYSLER IMPERIAL** . . . Six body types.

☆ **CHRYSLER CUSTOM IMPERIAL** . . . Sedan and Sedan-Limousine.

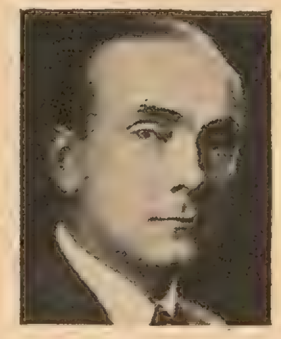
☆ **CHRYSLER AIRFLOW** . . . Two body types.

COPYRIGHT 1937, CHRYSLER CORPORATION

(Continued from page 24)

I hope mother didn't say that I was kind? No said Mr. Allen she kept to the truth. So you think I'm unkind? said Damaris. I didn't say that said Mr. Allen Both kindness and unkindness are active. And either from me said Damaris would be—? Rather presumptuous wouldn't it? said Mr. Allen.

Damaris looked hard at him for a minute and she decided it was too early to pick a quarrel so she smiled and said You're more aggressive than I thought. But let's not talk about me—tell me something about your work. O said Mr. Allen deprecatingly My work! Well she said I suppose I can't blame you for being afraid—O yes you *are* afraid of me—you can't believe that I might be quite simple and honest about it for you've seen my friends and you know mother— Your mother is lovely I think said Mr. Allen. So do I my dear man said Damaris but simple! good heavens! Well she said picking up her book if you won't tell me about your work— But if you really want me to said Mr. Allen. Of course I do she said only not all that nonsense you told the others that first day. You thought it was nonsense? he said and Damaris said Not exactly but I knew you hated talking that way about it. You wouldn't have minded making fun of it with your own friends—with people who knew what it was all about she said but with people who thought it was all a joke anyway— You really saw that? he said and then after a moment Well he said I'd love to tell you about it.



WALTER BROOKS *was born in Rome, N. Y. As to education, he tells us the answer is Yes and No. He is both author and editor—has written advertising, publicity, books for children, novels, and many short stories, and is now on the editorial staff of a monthly magazine.*

Well it was nearly dinner time when they finally got back to the house and Mrs. Ainslie had been home for two hours. She lifted her eyebrows with an amused smile at Damaris and said Darling how nice of you to keep Bill amused! Pleasure! said Damaris Most scientific and uplifting.

At dinner everybody was very witty about Damaris and Mr. Allen and René's description of how notebook in hand they had crept up on two lovesick earthworms was quite screamingly funny. But Damaris was worried. For she had felt a distinct pang when Mr. Allen had at once become absorbed again in her mother and she did not believe in having pangs about young men.

But she kept right on working on him for pang or no pang she had no intention of allowing her mother to make a fool of herself over him. She had to work pretty much under cover for both Ellen and Caroline had a hawk's eye for a wound to peck at. And she had to work with unaccustomed tools. She had never learned the use of sincerity and enthusiasm in dealing with men. They were natural to her and so she was ashamed of them. She had given up being natural when she was ten.

SUNDAY morning she was sitting up in bed looking at her breakfast and thinking of Mr. Allen. A pile of little toast men was on her plate but she hadn't bit the heads off any of them. And a note was brought in from her mother. It said Darling the most awful thing! I have got the hives. You know it usually lasts three days. I shall stay in my room and I don't want to see any one even you. I mean that. I just can't bear to have even you see my forehead so queer and spotty. You must tell every one it's migraine. I think that sounds more unblemished than anything else don't you? And please don't tamper with Bill. You know darling he does like me. Ah said Damaris he does indeed more's the pity. Well it may be mean but Bill goes back into the files. And she jumped out of bed. At 10.52 on Monday evening Mr. Allen kissed her.

Well of course this was the overt act into which she had provoked him and now was the time to throw off her disguise of sincerity and shrivel him with contempt and mockery. But to her horror the darn disguise wouldn't come off. She had meant all she had said to him. She drew back gave him a dismayed look and then threw herself into his arms.

So after a while Mr. Allen said You know dearest we shan't have much to live on I mean no marble halls and what not. That's not what's worrying me said Damaris O well I've started in being sincere with you and I might as well go the whole hog if you'll pardon the vulgarity which by the way you might as well know is quite natural to me. You couldn't be vulgar if you tried said Mr. Allen fatuously. Hell said Damaris I don't even have to try. But skip that. What I want to tell you is that I deliberately set out to make you fall for me. Well what of it? said Mr. Allen it's very flattering. No it's not said Damaris because O well I only did it to get you away from mother. But my dear said Mr. Allen there was nothing between your mother and me. I like her immensely—she's charming. She is said Damaris and I hope you'll keep on thinking so but she's 42 and when she asked you down here— Listen said Mr. Allen if we are married your mother will be delighted. I say *if* because if you intend to carry out your original plan— No said Damaris I am crazy about you. Well that's that said Mr. Allen and let's tell her.

But Damaris said No. Not when this gang is in the house she said for they'll razz the life out of me. You see mother has wanted me to get married and she has produced candidates from time to time but they all looked as if they had been bewitched. And of course it put me off men entirely. Mother has given me up. All right said Mr. Allen then let's go up to town tomorrow and be married. And Damaris hesitated a minute and said she would.

THEY got married at City Hall next morning and then they went uptown to do some shopping because they hadn't dared take any luggage with them and they had lunch at the Toison d'Or and at the next table was Mrs. Ainslie with a Mr. and Mrs. Windle James and a Colonel Blanchard none of whom make any difference to the story. Why darling! said Mrs. Ainslie jumping up Fancy seeing you here! But Damaris just opened her mouth and stared at her mother's forehead which was as smooth and hiveless as her own and then she said But mother your—your migraine! Come speak to the Jameses said Mrs. Ainslie O yes the migraine O it went. But mother how did you get—Damaris began and then she had to stop because the Jameses were saying howdoyoudo and Mr. Allen was being presented.

Mother said Damaris I must see you a minute—are you going out home tonight? O not tonight said Mrs. James She promised for a week and she's only been with us since Sunday. Sunday! exclaimed Damaris stupefied. And then she grabbed her mother's arm and dragged her to one side and said Mother what *is* all this? All what darling? said Mrs. Ainslie blandly and then she smiled and said I saw the ring and I needn't tell you how happy I am about it but I thought best not to say anything because you know dear you'll have to do it over again properly—with orange blossoms I mean and Cousin Eva's two brats in white and so on. And now dear she said we really must go back. And she turned and smiled at Mrs. James and said You know children are so different nowadays—they make it so hard for a mother to live her own life without interference. Yes said Mrs. James and it never seems to occur to them that they might need a little guidance themselves. One does what one can said Mrs. Ainslie quietly.

And at that the light went on for Damaris. You win she said briefly and went back to her table.

So in a month the Allens were married all over again with ceremony and champagne and Cousin Eva's brats performed suitably if sullenly and there was nearly half an acre of presents the most imposing of which was a large silver urn from René and the Ponsets and it was full of earthworms. Damaris was a little irritated about them but Mr. Allen was delighted and he took them to his laboratory and later published the results of his experiments with them in a little brochure with some extremely entertaining illustrations which you can order from the Institute for 25 cents. And Mrs. Ainslie took the Queen Mary and joined the Blodgetts at Cannes.

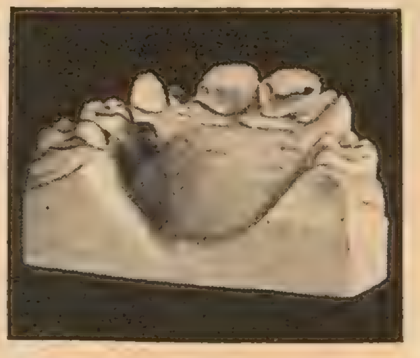
THE END

Vitamin Shortage Can Keep You Below Par

D

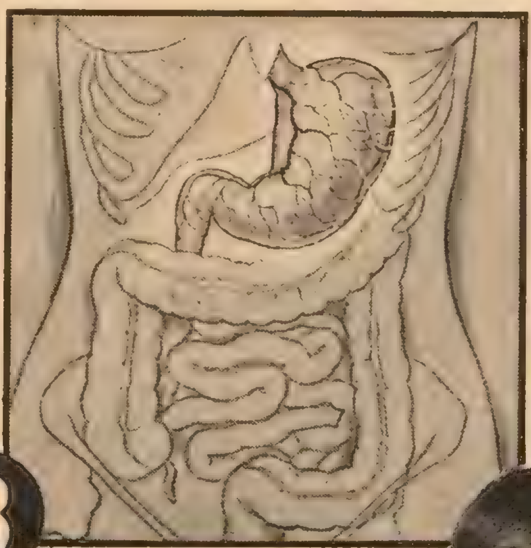
Not enough Vitamin D

SOFT, POORLY FORMED TEETH may result from a shortage of Vitamin D—the important BONE VITAMIN. Growing children, especially, need plenty of Vitamin D to help in the formation of strong, attractive teeth. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast provides a rich supply of this BONE VITAMIN. Children from 5 to 12 years can be given 1 to 2 cakes daily.



Plaster cast of poorly formed teeth

You Seldom Realize Whether You Are Getting the Vitamins Your Body Needs—Until Injured Health Shows It. But, by Adding One Food to Your Ordinary Diet, You Can Assure Yourself an Extra Daily Supply of these Four Vitamins



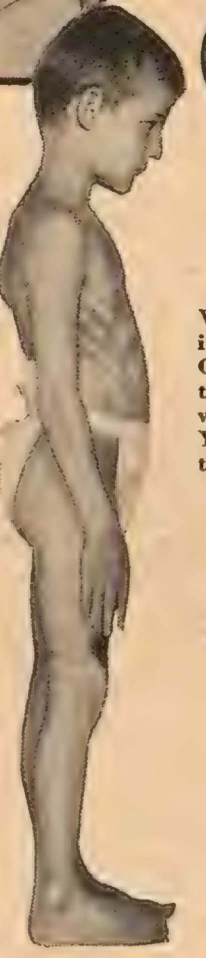
B

Shortage of Vitamin B

A SAGGING stomach (see picture above), weakened intestines and bowels can all come from an undersupply of Vitamin B—the NERVE VITAMIN.

Ample Vitamin B

A STRONG, healthy stomach (see above), active bowels and intestinal tract, and the normal functioning of nerves need a rich supply of this NERVE VITAMIN. By eating Fleischmann's Yeast daily, you can increase your supply of Vitamin B. It is one of the richest known natural food sources of Vitamin B.



G

Too Little Vitamin G means poor growth

WEAK, undernourished children are often inadequately supplied with Vitamin G—the GROWTH VITAMIN. A generous supply of this vitamin is needed to aid in the proper development of body tissues. Fleischmann's Yeast is rich in Vitamin G. Children from 5 to 12 years can be given 1 to 2 cakes daily.

VITAL PARTS of your body can be partly starved unless you get enough of these 4 important vitamins, A, B, D and G, each day.

Yet—our ordinary meals may be deficient in one or more of these necessary food elements.

By adding *one food* to your daily diet, you can be sure of a *regular* EXTRA supply of each of these 4 health-building vitamins.

That one food is FLEISCHMANN'S fresh YEAST. No other one natural food gives you such a rich supply of these 4 vitamins combined.

Just eat 3 cakes every day—a cake about ½ hour before each meal. Eat it plain, or dissolved in a little water. Order two or three days' supply at a time from your grocer. Fleischmann's Yeast keeps perfectly in the icebox. Start eating it today.

GEORGIA COLEMAN'S glowing vitality, strength and perfect nerve control show this famous diving champion gets an ample supply of these 4 necessary vitamins—A, B, D and G.

Copyright, 1937, Standard Brands Incorporated

A

Diet Short in Vitamin A

INCREASED SUSCEPTIBILITY to colds and a lowered resistance to infections can occur if your diet does not provide enough Vitamin A. Fleischmann's Yeast eaten daily will help to increase your supply of Vitamin A.

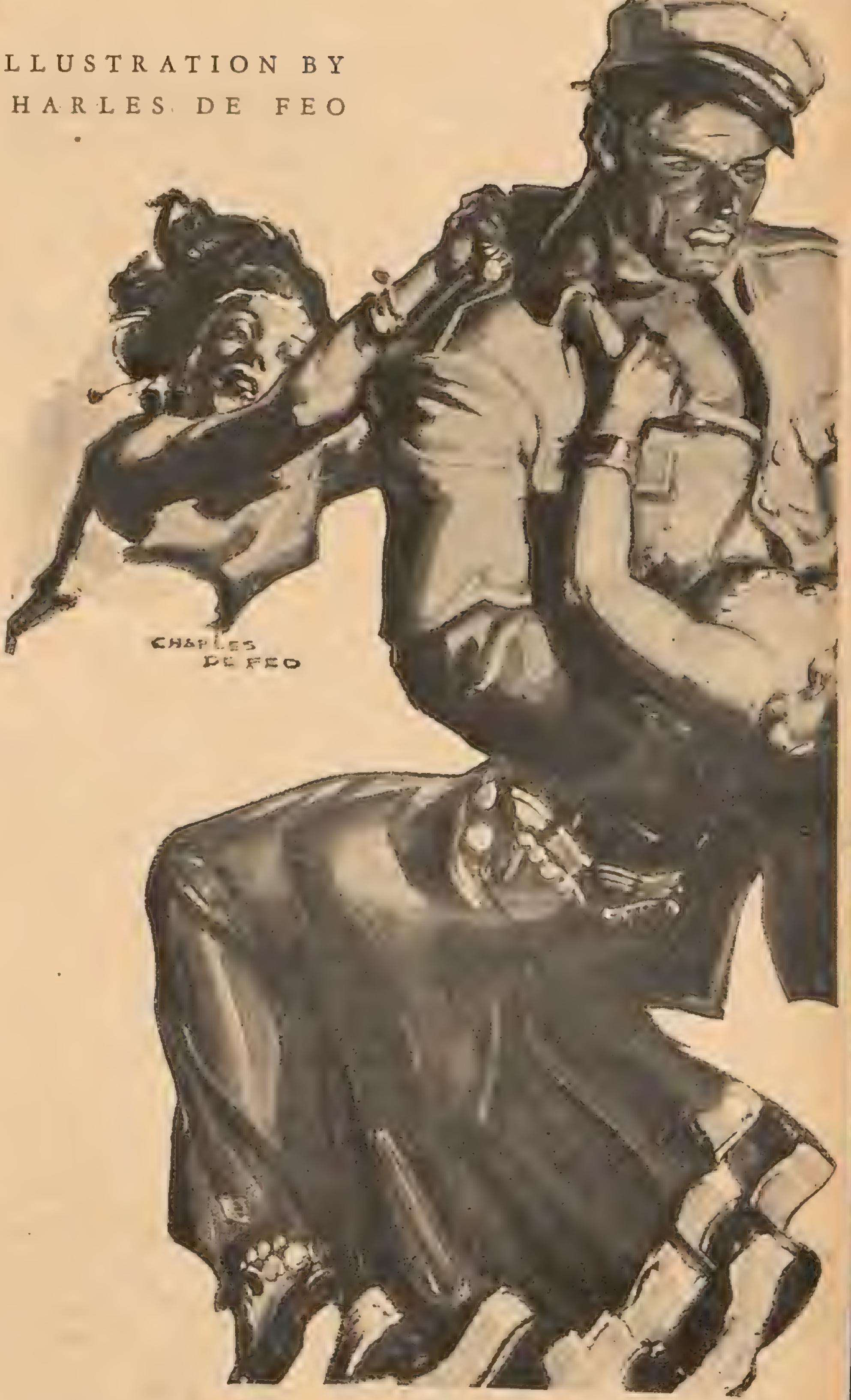
Marching DEAD

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATION BY
CHARLES DE FEO

ESCAPING from Berber brigands who had tortured his pal to death, Terry Brennan was mistaken by a Spanish captain for a deserter from the Legion. He was under escort as a prisoner when another band of Berbers swooped. After the fight that followed, he regained consciousness to find that only he himself and the captain's sergeant were still alive, and that even they had been stripped and left for dead. They plodded across the desert uplands under a scorching sun. Both were at the last gasp when rescued, and Terry was still in hospital on July 17, 1936, when the revolt of the Spanish Foreign Legion in Morocco was proclaimed. Soon his unit was ordered to Larache, where the Loyalists were unruly. He had found a new buddy named Jenkins—"Jenks" for short—and the two took part in a day of street fighting, and had their first experience of the Loyalist women warriors as enemies. In the evening they fell in with that same monocled Spanish captain who had mistaken Terry for a deserter. His sergeant had been killed; he gave Terry the post. The pair then went looking through the seaport's Moorish quarter for a notorious dive with girl dancers. They were well filled with wine by the time they were assured they had found it.

Suddenly a little dancing girl in white took the floor. At sight of her, both Legionnaires gasped. Who and what could such an apparition be, in a squalid sink like this?



PART THREE—A "SOILED DOVE" SOBS

SHE was a small-boned little thing, beautifully molded like a child, high pointed breasts, oval face, delicate features, pale as death with a pallor emphasized by the lights above her head, big brown eyes, reddish-brown hair—breath-taking in that assembly of vicious men and blatant women. There was nothing of the Moor or Spaniard about her.

There was nothing very startling about her dance. Her presence was enough. It was as if one's sister had suddenly taken that floor in a length of gauze. Not that we were the sort it would be easy to shock. But you don't expect to find lilies on a muck heap.

We stared. Once or twice she glanced in our direction. Her eyes were unnaturally big and bright.

"Dope," murmured Jenks, guessing at my thoughts.

"Dope doesn't account for that pure white skin. She might be any English girl . . ."

"Or any American."

"Gone sadly adrift, I guess."

"Oh, well," he said, "it ain't our funeral."

"It'll be hers," I said, "if she stays in this gutter much longer."

"Listen, Terry. We're not getting mixed up with the capers of this baggage."

"No? I'd give a lot to know where she came from."

"Yeah? Gravitated by easy stages from the French colony in Tangier. Simple enough. But the kid's got me in the pit o' the stomach, too. Come on, for the love of Mike! Let's get out of this."

As soon as she had finished her dance we made our way toward the exit. We did not, however, get any farther than the balcony when we ran into the strange creature in the company of another girl. The two invited us to partake of wine in one of the curtained alcoves.

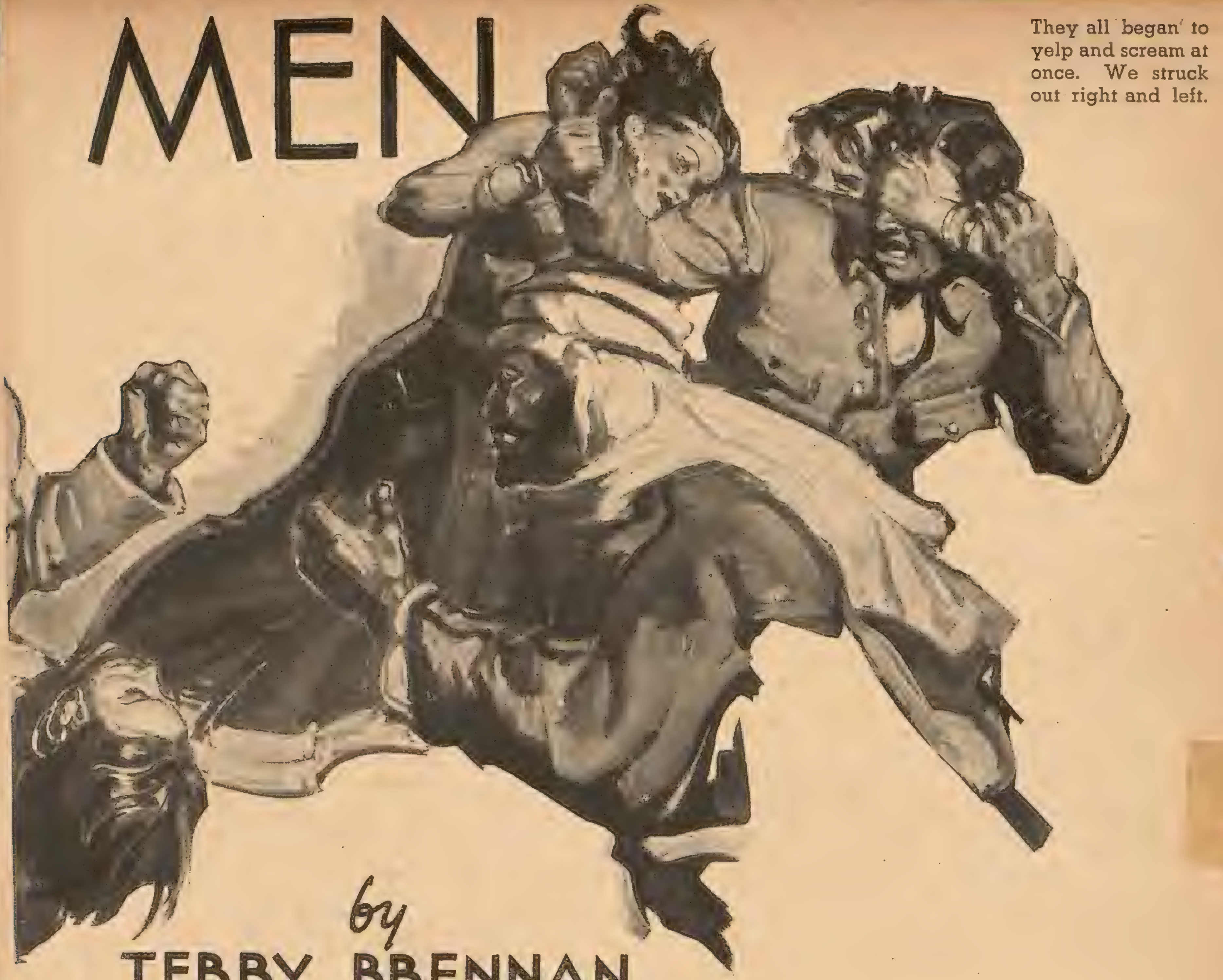
That was how we came to find ourselves in a small room with curtained walls, settees piled high with cushions, tinkling glasses, low octagonal table. We could hear voices and laughter coming from the other alcoves. Altogether it was about the sort of entertainment we had been searching for. Only it did not work out according to plan. At least, not my end of it.

True, the minx had parked herself on my knees. But she talked in French, and almost with the first syllable I knew she was no Parisian child. I challenged her. She gave way after a little and began to talk in English. She talked a lot, but conveyed precisely nothing.

By that time I was thoroughly wound up. The more she refused to talk about herself and her presence in that unsavory dive, the more persistent I became. Soon we were snapping at each other like a couple of fishwives. She wanted to know why in Hades she should explain herself to every Tom, Dick, and Harry who happened along.

Jenks seemed to have his hands full with the other girl—a regular sensual type from the Riff.

MEN



They all began to yelp and scream at once. We struck out right and left.

by TERRY BRENNAN as told to Captain W. J. BLACKLEDGE

Death Strikes . . and New Thrills Arrive in a Soldier's Flaming Story of the Spanish Revolt in Morocco

"What is your name?" I demanded of the little creature.

"Suzanne—but you wouldn't believe it."

"Sure! Brought up in a French convent, I suppose?"

"Oh, stow it! Let's have another drink."

"I've had enough drink. What made you leave London for a hole like this?"

"Whose funny story are you? Listen, soldier. D'you want me, or d'you just want a pathetic tale?"

"You look every part of a pathetic tale," I said.

She was drinking hard, doing her damnedest to get tight.

"Why don't you try to get back home before it's too late?"

"Home! You talk to me about home—blast you!"

Her eyes were lit up, the pale face flushed. She was trembling with rage, drunken rage. She started to struggle. I refused to let her go. Presently she sank ba[illegible] exhausted, lay in my arms trembling from head to foot. I guess it didn't take much to knock her over. Then she started to cry. Just like that. All sloppy sentiment on the big man's shoulder.

It came tumbling out then—all the sordid, miserable story. In four months she had made the descent from heaven to Gehenna.

The room was suddenly very quiet. I didn't know that Jenkins had dropped everything, so to speak, and was listening to the girl's story. She said she had come to Morocco on a tour only four short months before, and had met her fate in the glorious white city of Tangier.

She and a girl friend had planned to tour French Morocco, but her meeting with a Spanish officer on leave, with money to burn, had rather altered plans. She and the officer did the tour together, the girl companion refusing to leave Tangier. By the time they reached Marrakech in the shadow of the Atlas they were using one name—the officer's—wherever they stayed.

Thereafter a round of gaieties, a sampling of every sort of questionable dive, of every kind of thrill and sensation—including dope. Then, toward the close of the officer's leave, the inevitable quarrel and parting of the ways. Suzanne found herself stranded in Larache. She knew of only one way to earn money—by dancing. She earned hardly enough to buy food because so much was spent on drink—and dope.

Now she was terrified of the idea of going back home. Tangier was only sixty miles away. The American mission would have seen to her safe conveyance there. Then she could have thrown herself on the mercy of the British consul. Tangier is but three days' sail from London. She preferred to hide herself in this dirty native den.

Jenkins and I tried hard to waken her out of this sloth of degradation. She was more obstinate than a mule. Dope, we guessed, was behind her desire to stay. In the end we threatened to carry her off forcibly. After all, she was white and young and English, and this was the lousiest kind of native dancing hell.

I guess there wasn't anything particularly chivalrous about either Jenks or myself. We had had about all the liquor we could hold. Even so, the idea of leaving the kid there sort of got us by the throat.

The Riff wench was reclining on a settee. She seemed faintly amused. Jenks suddenly swung around on her, jerked his thumb toward the curtained entrance.

"Beat it!"

His tone told her the meaning of his words. She went.

We concentrated on Suzanne. Her feeble efforts at defiance were pitiful. A year in this hole would be the end of her.

"Who was this Spanish guy, anyway?" queried Jenks.

"No reason why you shouldn't know. You'll probably meet him. His name's Captain Fernando."

Meet him! Jenks and I stared hard at each other. We had already met him—the man with the sunken monocle! The fellow we were to accompany on the trek to Arzila in a few hours! She would have fallen for his brute strength. As for him, she was just a little thing he would take in his stride.

"D'you know him?"

The child was suspicious. Denial would be silly.

"A big hairy-chested gorilla with an eyeglass?"

She smiled through her tears. "Don't think he's responsible. I knew what I was doing. I went into it all with my eyes wide open. If you think I'm going to any American mission to ask for help, you're quite wrong. Now, supposing you would-be rescuers of a damsel in distress get out of here—and stay out!"

Jenkins's mouth curled sardonically. "Oh, no, sister. We're here—to talk some sense into that little head of yours. We ain't taking 'no' for an answer."

"What do you propose to do—carry me off bodily?"

"I wouldn't be surprised, sister."

She started laughing, hysterics flooding up behind the laughter. Jenkins appeared to have taken charge of the situation. He stood up, towering over her, and demanded that she get going. And she just sneered at him.

Suddenly he grabbed her by the shoulder, tore the silk covering away and wound it about her mouth. Then he picked her up and stowed her under his arm. I jumped to my feet and pulled aside the curtains.

THERE was no one on the balcony. The show appeared to be over and the little alcoves were all filled, with curtains drawn. I hurried along toward the steps, Jenks, with parcel under his arm, following. We started to descend, reached the courtyard below—and ran into a bunch of youths and girls.

They all began to yelp and scream at once. Apparently they had recognized Suzanne by the strips of yellow silk and decided we were trying to kidnap her.

The next few minutes were fairly hectic. I found myself surrounded by a clawing group. We struck out right and left. Jenks was handicapped; he could use only one arm. Women were dancing around him, screaming Suzanne's name. The courtyard was in an uproar.

A hefty wench leaped at my shoulders and dragged me backward, her hand over my eyes. For a brief minute it looked as if it were all over for me. I heaved, gave a wrench of the shoulders, and threw her. She took some of her companions with her when she hit the ground.

I sailed in again. Jenks, doing the best he could with one fist and two feet, was still holding on to the parcel under his arm. The women were hanging on to him like leeches, except that they used teeth.

I smacked one after another till he got clear again. We made a dive for the street—and just then several outsize Moors rolled up and barred our exit.

"Follow me!" snapped Jenkins.

He held up the girl and rushed at them. He was tripped and went down, carrying her with him, and I, following up, pitched over him and into the dirt. We were down in a heap, Moors atop, women dancing and yapping all around us.

The next thing I knew, Suzanne was on her feet, shrieking at everybody around her, a tornado in miniature. To our amazement, they began to drop back at the sound of her voice! She was a person of consequence in this dirty backwash of Larache! Jenkins and I, sobered, got up, wondering if we looked as foolish as we felt.

This was a turning of the tables with a vengeance. The damsel we had set out to rescue was now calmly rescuing us. Arms akimbo, she stood watching the retreating natives and eying us, her baby face puckered up in an indescribable expression of contempt. That child had missed her vocation. She would have made a fortune in drama, and another as a storyteller.

She had come from Tangier all right. But she had never reached that lovely white city by way of a P. & O. ship from the London River. We learned many moons later, when we felt we could face the subject and risk some inquiries, that she had never seen any other land but Morocco!

SHE was born in Tangier—offspring, it was said, of a Portuguese mother and a Moorish Arab father. In the international zone she had picked up all the tongues spoken there.

As for her chatter about Captain Fernando, there may have been a modicum of truth in that. Doubtless she had met him. But as I came to know him later, he was not at all the kind of bird to have taken a little Suzanne for a trip through French Morocco.

The remainder, I fear, must be put down to the stupefying qualities of cheap Spanish wine. As friend Jenks would say, whenever that particular night was mentioned, "Gosh, buddy! We *must* have had a snootful!"

The next morning it was a great relief to sit a mount and ride comfortably with the squadron of Moroccan cavalry. I rode at the head of it with Captain Fernando. Even as I stared straight ahead, I could still see that almost hypnotic rimless monocle of his sunk deep in his fleshy jowl. It had enormous power, I discovered, over these Moorish cavalry. They simply worshiped its owner; believed that the eye behind it had supernatural vision. It certainly fascinated me!

We rode more or less parallel with the coast line, within a few miles of the sea. That part of Morocco is in striking contrast with the interior. We passed hour after hour through the most fertile countryside. Occasionally we came upon a peaceful farmstead.

We must have been riding for about five hours when we saw smoke on the horizon. We drew nearer. The smoke became a great black column. Trouble here. A village had been fired, and was now, we found, mere smoldering wreckage. We approached cautiously, guns at snap. Horrors met our eyes in every ruined alley and street.

This was the first of a series of outrages that we were to come upon in those bloody days of revolution. It was the work of neither Nationalist nor Loyalist—just wanton marauding and plundering by Riff and Berber bandits, unchecked because the armed forces of law and order were quarreling among themselves.

The little village was a shambles. Dead men, women, and children lay about in tumbled heaps. Christian Arabs had paid for their allegiance to the Spanish government, for their change of faith. Unspeakable atrocities had been committed. And there wasn't a thing we could do. The marauders had fled, taking with them all the loot they could carry.

In the ordinary way of duty our commander would have raced his squadron toward the hills in the hope of tailing the perpetrators. But these days were different. We had to reach Arzila as soon as possible. In a few moments we were in formation again and back on the great wide road. In a few more we had caught up with the fleeing remnants of that village—the "lucky" ones who had escaped, hounded men and women plodding through the fields with a few of their possessions on their backs and pathetic toddlers

(Continued on page 32)

HE CAN STILL GET 500 MILES A DAY *FROM HIS 1929 PLYMOUTH*

The Car that Stands Up Best— ***Police Chief E. P. Baker has an amazing reliability story: in 120,451 miles he has spent hardly $50 . . . and on recent trips has done 26 miles per gallon of gasoline!***

THE BIG, BEAUTIFUL 1937 Plymouth De Luxe 4-Door Touring Sedan . . . with spacious built-in trunk.

The 1937 Plymouth offers even Greater Comfort . . . Safety . . . Over-all Economy!

HE HAS OWNED "All Three" low-priced cars . . . and several other makes besides. And here's the verdict of E. P. Baker, Police Chief of Macedon, New York:

"My '29 Plymouth coupe has carried me more than 120,000 miles. The brakes were relined once —at 80,000 miles—and they're in perfect condition today. In eight years I have spent only about $50...and *that's economy!*"

Important new features in the 1937 Plymouth give you still *more economy—greater comfort, safety* and *reliability*.

It is scientifically sound-proofed. Big, airplane-type shock-absorbers. Live rubber mountings for the body. Lots more room. All-steel body. Smooth, double-action hydraulic brakes.

Owners everywhere tell of 18 to 24 miles per gallon of gas...savings on all upkeep.

See this beautiful Plymouth. It's the car that stands up best! PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Mich.

PLYMOUTH

PRICED WITH THE LOWEST! You'll find the big, beautiful 1937 Plymouth very easy to buy. The Commercial Credit Company has made available . . . through Chrysler, De Soto and Dodge dealers . . . convenient terms which will fit your budget. You can buy a new Plymouth on remarkably low monthly payments.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

(Continued from page 30) at their heels. They saw us and made for the open road, yelling to us to stop.

The captain called a halt, and we waited. There were hardly more than a score of them. Some of the women rushed up to our commander, clung to his mount, embraced his legs, kissed his boots.

The horse lashed out and scattered them. The captain yelled at them to be quiet, then called one of their men, a grizzled old Arab. He told the story of the Berbers' descent, as he had seen it from his farm beyond the village. He was typical of his breed—utterly fatalistic. The Berbers had come. The Berbers had gone. There was now one village less in which to sell his bit of produce.

And while he talked a handful of children stood about in the road weeping. Some of them had lost mother or father. Would the captain escort them to Arzila?

Captain Fernando fixed the little group with his eyeglass, hesitated for an appreciable second, then informed the old man that the women and children could be taken into our saddles but the men must hoof along.

We traveled that fashion until we came within sight of Arzila. Then a halt was called, the refugees were set down again, and we continued on our way. What happened to them afterward I never knew.

We reached Arzila in late afternoon. Nothing could have looked more peaceful than that little town by the sea. Our approach had been sighted and a detachment of Legionnaires came out to meet us. We were escorted to the horse lines behind the barracks. Apparently the trouble was over for the nonce.

Like most towns and cities in the protectorate, Arzila is composed of the old and the new. The old city has no streets, in the ordinary sense of that term, but a regular network of winding narrow alleys. Around the whole cluster of houses, bazaars, mosques, and shops runs a stone wall with battlemented ramparts, fifteen to twenty in height. One part of this wall abuts on the shore and becomes a sea wall, wide enough for an automobile to be driven along the top of it. It commands both the sea and the town.

That first night our squadron mounted a double-armed guard on the sea wall, and I had the not unpleasant job of keeping a watch on the sea-wall patrol. It was known that a number of Loyalists were in hiding in the neighborhood. You never knew whence an attack might come —from the sea or the shore, from the old city or the new town. There were enemies within the gates and without. In the countryside beyond the town there were many skirmishes, with much sniping.

I shall not soon forget an eerie incident of that first night. It was moonless, and there was a curious semi-opaque gloom over the sea. Altogether, you couldn't see very far in any direction.

EVERY four yards or so along the wall were two armed Moors, the scheme being that each double guard should keep their neighbors in sight. I had patrolled the whole length of wall with Jenkins, who was to relieve me for a spell. We turned around to retrace our steps, pulled up with a jerk, gasped and swore. At our feet were two of the guards, stuck in the back.

In a few seconds the whole camp was roused. Messages were dispatched to the garrison. A detachment of men came up at the double. The tide was coming in. It was perhaps a dozen yards from the wall. Search parties were sent out to comb every inch of sand and to drill the water line with machine-gun fire. Others searched inside the wall. Detachments scoured the old city. Searchlights raked likely hiding places.

All to no purpose. There wasn't a sign of the perpetrators anywhere. Captain Fernando turned the bodies over with his foot, removed the knives, fired queries in my direction. It seemed incredible that the stickers could have made a getaway—unless they were excellent swimmers and had gone far out to sea.

But what was more incredible—and it required a devil of a lot of explaining to the commander—was how they had been able to get on the wall and knife the guards without being seen. As he complained, it had been done right under our noses. And if it was so easy, then not a man among us was safe, despite the precaution of double guards and short patrols. Nobody bothered about sleep for the remainder of that night.

The wall guard concentrated on the sea. There was another double guard down inside the wall. It was a grim task staring hour after hour at the wash of the blue-black waves, waiting for something to roll up. If those stickers had taken to the water, there was just a chance that they hadn't time to get out of range before the machine guns had started popping.

But dawn broke over the waters, the tide receded, nothing resembling a body was washed up, nothing further happened. We were relieved of duty and retired to our quarters. The loss of two Moors didn't matter a great deal in itself. But the way of their going was a whale of a problem.

When Jenks and I turned out toward dusk of that day for a stroll, the old city appeared astonishingly peaceful. We decided that this was an occasion for relaxation, and that means only two things to a Legionnaire—booze and women. My youthful Moorish servant turned Arzila inside out for us. Not that there was much to see. It's a smallish sort of place, all piled up in a heap as it were, and there are people actually living in the ground in crude dugouts.

WHEN darkness descended we found ourselves in an intricate maze of foul-smelling alleys. In places it was as inky black as it well could be. We didn't meet any apache with a knife, but I stumbled through an archway right into the arms of a giggling wench. That started an altercation between her and my servant, who rejoiced in the name of Ahmad the Jackal—which certainly suited him. He argued with the girl in a native patois which was quite over our heads.

"What does the woman want?"

"She say perhaps señor like top of her house. See much."

"Sure!" laughed Jenkins. "Let's go!"

We went through the archway, tailing her into a patio where, surprisingly, the air was fresh and sweet. We crossed it and started to climb stone steps. Every surrounding wall was shuttered and silent. Then, as we climbed, there floated on the night air a soft murmur of voices. We reached a great square of flat roof. Certainly we saw much, once we had grown accustomed to the soft violet gloom of the night.

The woman beckoned, motioned us to tread softly, led the way to the parapet, sank to her knees. We followed suit and joined her in peeping over.

A few yards away were other parapets, other flat roofs. Against a screened background on one of them a number of women and girls disported themselves. A young girl appeared to be preparing for her bath while the others busied themselves about her.

"What the hell!" I said. "This is just a cheap Peeping Tom stunt!"

"Shut up, you mug!" growled Jenks.

And perforce I did so. A small hand closed over my mouth, a soft body snuggled close, shining black orbs gazed into mine. This was not the wench who brought us up here; it was a round, soft-featured girl with full red lips, a cuddlesome mischievous bundle.

She reached up, placed her lips close to my ear and began to whisper in a breathless mixture of French and Spanish, explaining the meaning of that tableau across the way. That Arab child was being prepared for the bridal chamber. First she must be bathed in goat's milk, a softening beauty treatment. Then a bath of rose water. Hair, finger- and toenails would be hennaed. There was an elaborate massaging. That was why they had placed her on a couch.

Then there would be the delicate application of kohl to her eyelids to make her eyes sparkle, a tattooing of lips and chin and forehead, a piercing of ears and nose for the rings of gold, finally a spraying from top to toe with a secret preparation known only to these Moors which gave the skin the feel of velvet.

So much for the secrecy of the harem.

It began to dawn on me that we were snooping at a sacred ceremony, and that if caught we should all be hanged, drawn, and quartered. *(Continued on page 35)*

Man..oh man!

...this MEAL-IN-A-MINUTE sure makes a hit with me

"I thought I knew *how good* beans could taste! I've loved them ever since I was a youngster. North, East, South, West I've eaten them cooked and served more ways than I can remember. But these Van Camp's Pork and Beans made into a rarebit! That's a new way. And maybe you think they don't hit the spot.

"Here are real beans made into a real dish for a hungry man . . . or anybody. Mealy, hearty, cooked just the right way. Already I'm thinking about asking for a second helping.

"And you should have seen how quickly my wife made this luscious, satisfying Meal-in-a-Minute. Not a bit of fussing 'round the kitchen. She just opened a can of Van Camp's, heated the beans and poured a tangy rarebit sauce over them. Easy, wasn't it? All right . . . bring on that second helping!"

* * *

This delicious pork and bean rarebit is one of a number of tasty, time-saving meals quickly prepared with Van Camp's foods — the *oldest* nationally advertised brand in America. Look for the store that displays the Meal-in-a-Minute posters and order a supply of these famous foods today. Van Camp's everyday prices are lower than most nationally known canned foods. Van Camp's, Inc., Indianapolis, Ind.

© 1937 Van Camp's, Inc.

VAN CAMP'S

Meal-in-a-Minute FOR APRIL

that costs only 6¢ a serving

PORK and BEAN RAREBIT

How to make it: (1) Melt half-pound of cheese with half-cup of milk. (2) Add Worcestershire Sauce, dry mustard and salt to taste. (3) Pour over heated Van Camp's Pork and Beans.

Van Camp's
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
PORK AND BEANS
PREPARED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Van Camp's Table Treats For Your Pantry Shelf: CHILI CON CARNE SPAGHETTI • VEGETABLE SOUP • TOMATO SOUP • CHILI SAUCE • CATSUP

937 SUPER-DUTY FRIGIDAIRE METER-MISER

Cuts Current Cost Amazingly!

Proves THRILLING ADVANCE IN ALL 5 BASIC SERVICES FOR COMPLETE HOME REFRIGERATION

PROOF 1

GREATER ICE-ABILITY

nds "Cube-Struggle" and "Ice-Famine"! t last, the refrigerator that instantly releases ll ice trays — *and all cubes from every tray,* vith the New INSTANT CUBE-RELEASE! Also eezes more *pounds* of ice — faster . . . and es 100% more ice-cubes ready for use! t complete ICE SERVICE ever known.

PROOF 2

GREATER STORAGE-ABILITY

New 9-Way Adjustable Interior! Goodbye to old-fashioned crowding and dish-juggling. Now you get maximum shelf space *up in front.* And Full-Width Sliding Shelves, Cold-Storage Tray, new Super-Duty Hydrators, ALL adjust like magic to suit any size or shape of food! Most complete STORAGE SERVICE ever known.

FREEZING ZONE
SAFETY ZONE
DANGER ZONE
FOOD SAFETY INDICATOR

PROOF 3

GREATER PROTECT-ABILITY

Keeps Food Safer, Fresher, Longer! SAFETY-ZONE Cold in food compartment — *proved* by new Food-Safety Indicator with Dial on Door, always in sight. *Plus* MOIST Cold for vegetables, EXTRA Cold for meats, FREEZING Cold for ice cream, frozen desserts. Most complete PROTECTION SERVICE ever known.

THRILLING — this thing Frigidaire has done for 1937! Thrilling or the new completeness it brings in LL 5 BASIC REFRIGERATION SERVICES very woman wants and needs in her home!

Now you can see PROOF that Frigidaire's omplete Ice-Ability freezes more ice — faster . . Stores 100% more ice-cubes in reserve . . . nstantly releases all ice trays, *and all cubes rom every tray!* No more messing under the aucet, wasting ice, "freezing" your fingers.

Similarly, Frigidaire gives you PROOF of reater Storage-Ability, with a new 9-Way djustable Interior . . . Greater Protect-Ability o keep every kind of food fresher, more ealthful . . . Greater Depend-Ability and ave-Ability that bring amazing economies n food bills and operating cost!

This year, make sure the refrigerator *you* uy performs all 5 of these BASIC SERVICES. isit the thrilling PROOF-DEMONSTRATION n your nearest Authorized Frigidaire Dealer's tore. It shows you what to look for in 1937 efrigeration — how to buy. And remember — he new "Super-Duty" Frigidaire with the eter-Miser costs no more than an ordinary efrigerator!

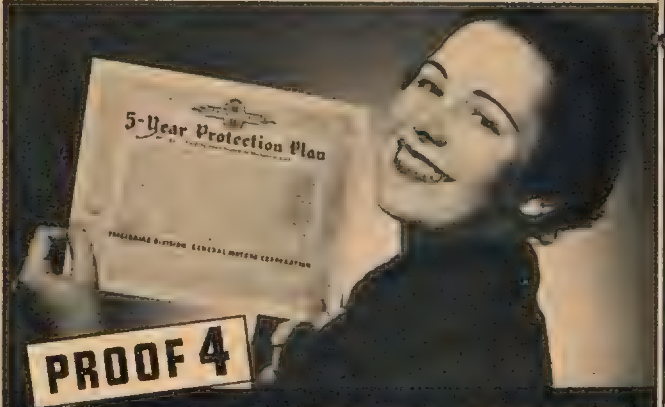
nly Frigidaire Gives You All These Advantages

he Meter-Miser . . . Food-Safety Indicator with Dial n Door . . . Instant Cube-Release . . . Automatic ray Release . . . 9-Way Adjustable Interior . . . Automatic Reset Defroster . . . 2-Way Cold Storage Tray . . New Super-Duty Hydrators . . . and dozens of ther exclusive features!

FRIGIDAIRE DIVISION
eneral Motors Sales Corporation · Dayton, Ohio

FRIGIDAIRE
MADE ONLY BY GENERAL MOTORS

FRIGIDAIRE . . . MADE ONLY BY GENERAL MOTORS



PROOF 4

GREATER DEPEND-ABILITY

Five-Year Protection Plan, backed by General Motors, on Frigidaire's sealed-in mechanical unit. This, together with Frigidaire's Sealed Steel Cabinet, Special Sealed Insulation, and Lifetime Porcelain or Durable Dulux exterior, all adds up to the most complete DEPEND-ABILITY ever known.

PROOF 5

GREATER SAVE-ABILITY

ONLY FRIGIDAIRE HAS THE *Meter-Miser*

CUTS CURRENT COST TO THE BONE

Cuts Current Cost

Meet the Meter-Miser! See its lower operating cost *proved* by an electric meter *before you buy!* The Meter-Miser does Super-Duty at an amazing saving because it's the *simplest refrigerating mechanism ever built* . . . Only 3 moving parts, *including* the motor . . . permanently oiled, completely sealed against moisture and dirt. Frigidaire with the Meter-Miser saves enough on food and operating cost to pay for itself, and pay you a profit besides!

u only on Proof of Super-Duty

(Continued from page 32) Where the devil had Ahmad got to, anyway? I swung round, upsetting the girl in my lap. She gave a stifled squeak.

"Señor! Señor! What is it?"

"Ahmad the Jackal. Where is he?"

She shrugged, pointed downward to the courtyard, opined that Ahmad the Jackal was no good but that Jenkins and I were the world's finest gentlemen, only in more voluptuous phraseology. That seemed to be the situation. I had already gathered as much.

A growl came from Jenkins, farther along the wall: "Pipe down, for the love of Pete!"

Down in that building only a few yards away a man waited for his new bride. In my lap was a girl I'd never seen before and would probably never recognize if I saw her again, a Spanish girl telling the ways of Moslem nuptials. It would all be just dandy if I could only rid the mind of that picture of the sticking of two men at my feet less than twenty-four hours before.

And while I cogitated the show was over. The hens had risen, were fluttering and ushering the timid pullet toward the steps. We watched them go, watched until the last old hag had disappeared from view, until there was nothing left but the night and the senorita — now stretching herself like a young animal, graceful, feline.

I lay back and gazed up at the lilac dome filled with stars. Nothing stirred near by. I became persuaded that there was no one on that roof save the girl and myself. She might have been asleep for all the movement she made. Perhaps she was asleep. I turned and gazed at her. She smiled—then roused and laughed, breathless with challenge, eyes gleaming in the shadows of the parapet.

Eons later, as it seemed, we were roused to the realities of this mad Moroccan world by the shrill screams of the alarm signals. The night was suddenly hideous with the din of those whistles. The city was breaking out of its slumber. From the distance came a rush of feet thudding along the unpaved alleys. Lights stabbed the darkness. Voices of men and women on roof tops and in the streets below, alarmed, fearful sounds.

A shot rang out, then a crashing of many firearms. What had happened?

We leaped to our feet, the girl and I, staring at each other. Ahmad the Jackal rushed across the flat roof toward us, shouting to us to hurry, hurry!

"What is it?"

"Señor Yenkin say—come quickly! We go chambree!"

Of course. There had been another attack in the dark. They were turning out patrols. Soon the whole city would be full of prowling troops. I ran down to the courtyard. Jenkins was there, cussing and growling.

"Hey, buddy! Come on! Hell's loose again!"

"What's happened?"

"How should I know! We'd better beat it back to the barracks. Old One-eyed Window will be bawling his head off for us, and there'll be hell to pay!"

"But the squadron isn't on duty tonight," I said lamely, as we raced along through the streets.

"What of that? He'll turn the mob out, just the same! There's a war on around these parts, buddy!"

And hell was loose indeed! Again those uncanny midnight cutthroats had been at their blood-freezing work on the sea wall! Were the infuriated Legionnaires to track them down? Only after a terrific battle—a siege of the stronghold of the death squad's she-devils—which Terry Brennan will describe in full detail next week!

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—Born in North Carolina, the subject of this week's early photo clerked in a drugstore in Texas, dabbled at banana culture in Central America, and became raconteur of New York's four million. Many a Liberty short short follows the trail he profusely blazed. Bill was his true name—not an exclamation. Who?

2—What Biblical characters practiced nudism?

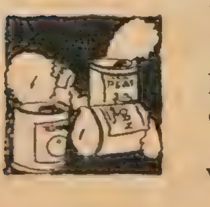
3—Where appeared "All the brothers were valiant, and all the sisters virtuous"?

4—What was France's national emblem before the tricolor?

5—Yosemite, Sequoia, and General Grant national parks are famed for what?

6—Can liquor be mailed in the United States?

7—What city of 650,000 population had but one murder during 1935?



8—Who succeeded Dick Powell on the radio Friday evenings?

9—Tin cans are made of what?

10—How many upper front teeth does a ewe possess?

11—Which King of England married thrice to get a male heir?

12—The Society Islands are a dependency of what country?

13—Is Hetch-Hetchy a movie actress, a game, or a federal project?

14—What originally was the name of the renowned Astor family?

15—Who led Germany's Flying Circus during the World War?

16—How many eclipses will there be this year?

17—If Harrison was the twenty-third President, what was Cleveland?

18—The twentieth of March is the first of what?

19—Why does a cat falling from a height contrive to land on its feet?

20—Who wrote the History of Spiritualism and popular stories?

(Answers will be found on page 69)

Only
FRIGIDAIRE
has the
NEW INSTANT
CUBE-RELEASE
Ends "Cube-Struggle" for all time!

GREATEST ADVANCE IN ICE-ABILITY SINCE THE FIRST FRIGIDAIRE

See the Proof
AT YOUR FRIGIDAIRE DEALER'S

No more messing under the faucet, "freezing" your fingers! Frigidaire gives you this exclusive INSTANT CUBE-RELEASE in *every* ice tray of *every* "Super-Duty" Frigidaire.

It frees the cubes from the tray with marvelous ease—two or a dozen—as you need them. And yields 20% more ice, because it ends the waste of melting cubes loose!

What's more, this new INSTANT CUBE-RELEASE is *all metal* for fast freezing. You get big, solidly-frozen cubes every time, in record time!

Add to this Frigidaire's exclusive Automatic Ice Tray Release — its capacity to freeze more *pounds* of ice, faster — and its ability to store 100% more cubes in reserve — and you have the most complete ICE SERVICE ever known in home refrigeration!

See the PROOF — not mere claims — at your nearest Frigidaire dealer's today!

1937 "SUPER-DUTY" FRIGIDAIRE
WITH THE METER-MISER

Hollywood Can't Act,
SAYS GLADYS GEORGE

Wherein a New Star on the Film Horizon Dares the Lightning and Speaks Her Mind

by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

ACTING will be a lost art in another ten years.

Well, a lost something. Gladys George, the actress who startled the millions of moviegoers with her performance in Valiant Is the Word for Carrie, isn't sure it's an art. And maybe it will take only five years.

"You see," says Miss George, "there's no place for any one to learn acting."

Stock companies are gone, the road has disappeared, the New York stage employs a hundred or so actors at the most for a few months each season, Hollywood hasn't time to develop anybody.

"An actor soon will be as hard to find as one of those things that used to go around leaving footprints in the prehistoric ooze—you know, a dinosaur," declares Miss George.

"Right now Hollywood — or at least most of it—doesn't know how to act." Again I am quoting Miss George.

"It hasn't time to learn," she says. "Training comes with years of acting, under all sorts of conditions, in small companies as well as large ones.

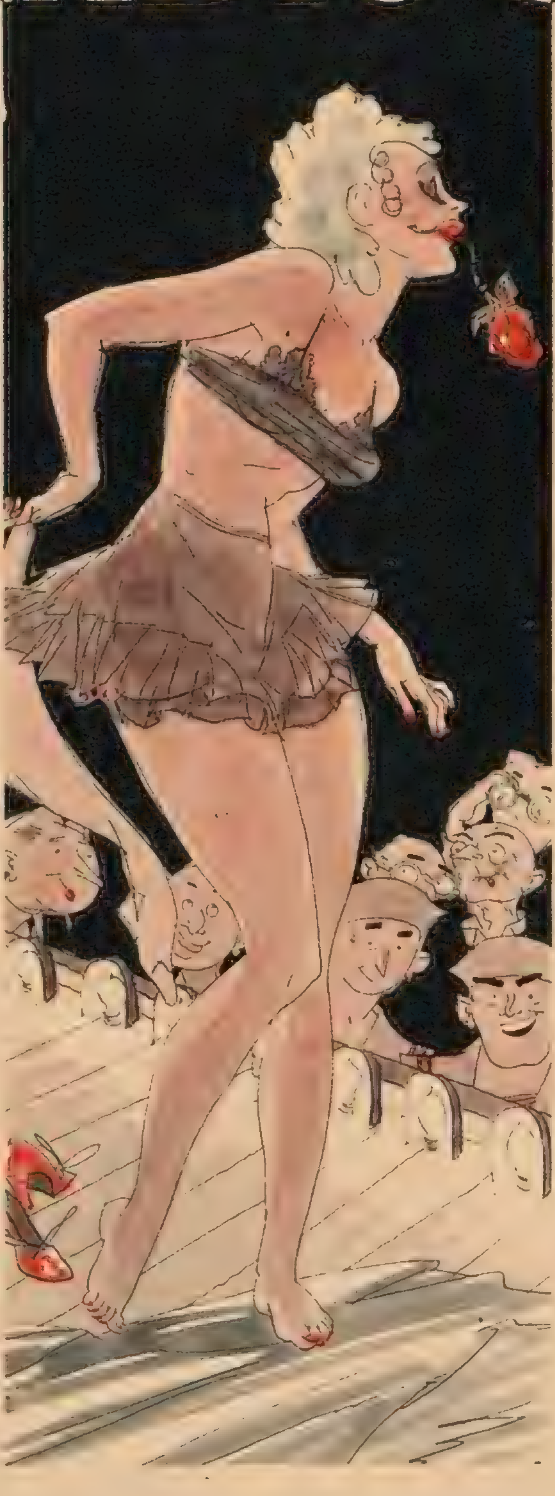
"That's all ended. Now a girl sings a hot torch song in a Broadway night club. Hollywood signs her up—and then everybody is surprised that she doesn't know how to act.

"Or some pretty girl does a strip act in burlesque or a revue. Hollywood grabs her — but Mr. Hays won't let her undress before a movie camera. What else can the poor girl do?

"Sometimes the film scouts sign up a nice-looking society debutante, figuring, probably, that she knows how to use a fork and how to dress. But the only acting she's ever done is to appear affronted on a midnight automobile ride. She flops, of course, when they expect her to tackle drama."

Training is everything. It leaves you unafraid. So says Miss George.

"Look at me. I'll play anything, honey," she admits frankly. "Anything—well, anything but an ingénue. Not that I'm old. Look at me. Do I look decrepit?"



"Some pretty girl does a strip act in burlesque. Hollywood grabs her."

Our answer was a firm one in the negative. Miss George does *not* look decrepit.

"I've been on the stage all my life," Miss George goes on. "That's why people think I'm older than I am. They had to pad me out all over for Carrie. Here—and here—and here. I only weigh one hundred and fifteen.

"Sure, that film brought me success. I was just another person pounding at the studio doors until I did Carrie. But I'm not sure, honey, that I liked myself as Carrie. Wait until I get three pictures under my belt. Then watch my dust. Or has Hollywood got me going catawampus?

"Getting the role of Carrie was plain luck. I had been playing Personal Appearance on the stage in Los Angeles and had moved on to San Francisco. Paramount was trying to get some one for Carrie, but most of the stars bucked at the age element. Claudette Colbert, for one, turned it down. Wesley Ruggles, the director, flew up to Frisco, watched me in Personal Appearance—and gave me the part."

Miss George had been pounding at the Hollywood gates since the old silent-film days. Back in 1920 she worked a year for Thomas Ince.

She got as far as being leading woman for Charlie Ray in Red Hot Dollars.

"Those were easy days," laughs Miss George. "Remember those tremendous close-ups when a little cutie with beaded eyelashes indicated sorrow or joy? The subtitle told you which it was."

When Gladys George was fifteen Cecil De Mille considered her for stardom. But he finally passed her up. "You've an ingénue's body with a leading woman's face," he told her. "And that didn't go with bathtub drama," comments Miss George. "The other way round would have been just right.

"Those were the days when movie stars were right at fifteen; had moved

(Continued on page 40)

NEW CHEVROLET 1937

The Complete Car - Completely New

You want *all* good things in your new motor car. . . . And you may as well enjoy real savings in purchase price, in operating costs and in upkeep, while getting all desirable motoring advantages. . . . Careful consideration will lead you straight to this one car—Chevrolet for 1937—*the only complete car—priced so low!*

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Sales Corporation,* DETROIT, MICH.

NEW HIGH-COMPRESSION VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE—NEW ALL-SILENT, ALL-STEEL BODIES—NEW DIAMOND CROWN SPEEDLINE STYLING —PERFECTED HYDRAULIC BRAKES—IMPROVED GLIDING KNEE-ACTION RIDE*—SAFETY PLATE GLASS ALL AROUND—GENUINE FISHER NO DRAFT VENTILATION—SUPER-SAFE SHOCKPROOF STEERING*. *Knee-Action and Shockproof Steering on Master De Luxe models only.

The WINNERS in CA

$1,000 A-YEAR-FOR-LIF

GRAND NATIONAL FIRST PRIZE OF $1,000 A-YEAR-FOR-LIFE!

Miss Peticolas Lee, Williamsburg, Virginia

* * *

FIVE PRIZES OF $1,000 EACH AWARDED TO FIRST PRIZE WINNERS IN EACH OF 5 PRIZE ZONES

ZONE 1
ELEANOR TRIMMER
Hackettstown, N. J.

ZONE 2
MRS. J. W. MALLY
Cleveland, Ohio

ZONE 3
MARY S. JONES
Tulsa, Okla.

ZONE 4
MRS. L. C. HANKINS
Springfield, Mo.

ZONE 5
MRS. FRED JOHNSON
Kootenai, Idaho

BELOW ARE THE 1,000 WINNERS OF $10 CASH PRIZES!

CAMAY gives you the WINNERS!
WINNERS in its sensational $1,
Life Contest! Here they are! Look
You'll find folks from every section
...perhaps you'll see the name of a r
...for Camay's rich prizes went to
the land! These winners, in the opinio
gave the best reasons for selecting the
ity of Camay that they liked. Cama
each and every one of them and exp
to all who entered and enjoyed its g

Camay Wins Thousands of Ne

As their favorite quality, some co
Camay's amazing mildness or its ric

ZONE 1

CONNECTICUT—*Bridgeport:* E. R. Norwell, Mrs. Rose Simko; *Danielson:* Ruth S. Francis; *Darien:* Helena Hunt; *Ellington:* Marjorie S. Brady; *Glenbrook:* Elizabeth Hotchkiss; *Hamden:* Margaret E. Thompson; *Hartford:* Mrs. Virginia Morrison; *Hazardville:* Mrs. O. L. Monson; *Meriden:* Mrs. Edwin F. Johnson; *New Britain:* Mrs. K. M. Hartman; *New Haven:* Frank C. O'Connell; *New Preston:* Flo H. Osborne; *No. Bloomfield:* Dorothea Faust; *So. Windsor:* Mrs. James F. Reardon; *Torrington:* Mrs. H. B. Fuessenich; *Trumbull:* Mrs. Charles J. Kurtz; *Waterbury:* Mrs. Ruth Castle, Miss Meta Heitman; *Waterford:* Gertrude D. Allen; *Wilson:* Mrs. J. J. Hartnett; *Winsted:* Mrs. Arnold Johnson; *Woodbury:* Mrs. Carl W. Drescher.

MAINE—*Biddeford:* Mrs. Diana Beauchemin; *Brunswick:* Mrs. Everett T. Dimock; *Kennebunkport:* Grace E. Allyn; *Lewiston:* Mrs. H. A. Trask; *Portland:* Alice B. Gibbs; *Presque Isle:* Mrs. W. B. Grow.

MASSACHUSETTS—*Allston:* Miss Florence Martineau; *Arlington:* Mrs. Elliott Hanna; *Beverly:* Mrs. Ethel G. Sanborn; *Brighton:* Mrs. S. Gabar; *Boston:* Griswold S. Hayward, Jr., Clarissa Holmes, Mrs. Wm. A. H. Murphy; *Brockton:* Mrs. L. E. Ransom; *Buzzards Bay:* Mrs. M. H. Healy; *Cambridge:* Mrs. Edward Weldon Bailey; *Clinton:* Doris L. Garber; *Easthampton:* Mrs. Viva Keohane; *Everett:* Mrs. Alice T. Carr; *Middleboro:* Mrs. Michael E. Evany; *Milton:* Miss Janet Robertson; *Newton Lower Falls:* Miss M. J. R. MacDonald; *Norwood:* Anne C. Mogan; *Quincy:* Mrs. Mildred K. Neville; *Reading:* Mrs. Alice C. Ducker; *Southampton:* Beula Bray; *Springfield:* Mrs. Ronald F. Cavanaugh, Mrs. Harriet Coleman, Mrs. D. M. Snow; *Westfield:* Mrs. Edna B. Prince; *Weymouth Heights:* Mrs. J. N. Threlfall; *Wollaston:* Stella V. Webber; *Worcester:* Mrs. Clara S. Allison, Edna Monroe.

NEW HAMPSHIRE—*Concord:* Catherine B. Simpson; *Derryvillage:* Caroline M. How; *Franklin:* Belle C. Malvern; *Woodsville:* Genevieve S. Kimball.

NEW JERSEY—*Avon-by-the-Sea:* Phoebe Reynolds; *Belle Mead:* Mrs. G. Binkley; *Boonton:* Mrs. A. Hill; *Caldwell:* Mrs. Alice Kopp; *Camden:* Mrs. Eliz. Chambers, Mrs. W. H. Holler, Mrs. L. Malgrove; *Carlstadt:* Alice Kerber; *Collingswood:* Mrs. H. G. Buhler, Mrs. Robert K. Hill; *Cresskill:* Hazel K. O'Brien; *E. Orange:* Mrs. Edmund Clokey, Mrs. M. E. Lopez, Elizabeth A. Sherman; *Elizabeth:* Mrs. C. E. Billing, Eleanor R. Bobertz; *Fair Lawn:* Mrs. J. W. Schwab; *Hackensack:* Miss R. C. Ames, Mrs. E. G. Runner; *Hohokus:* Mrs. Edward J. Hanly; *Jersey City:* M. Frances Savage, Hortense Shapley; *Leonardo:* Mrs. A. M. Ahrens; *Liberty Corner:* Gertrude V. Gage; *Maplewood:* Mrs. R. D. Lane; *Midland Park:* Mrs. C. M. Brown; *Millburn:* I. L. Gere, Miss Helen C. Wassmer; *Millville:* Miss Rheba Van Hook; *Montclair:* Mrs. Helena Mayberry; *Montvale:* Mrs. Maud Richmond; *Netcong:* Mrs. H. Gibson Stewart, Jr.; *Newark:* Miss Bertha Jay, Mrs. Belle Phillips; *New Brunswick:* Mrs. S. M. Eory; *Newfield:* Mrs. Mae E. Miller; *N. Bergen:* Alice Griesbach; *N. Plainfield:* Mrs. Katharine V. McGowan; *Passaic:* Mrs. Bertram J. Furgess, Ida M. Sherwood; *Riverside:* Anne H. Fernsler; *Riverton:* Mrs. M. G. Belknap; *Roselle Park:* Mrs. John A. Weiss; *Rutherford:* Mrs. John Engelhardt; *Trenton:* Frances W. Taylor; *Union:* Mrs. Edward F. Waldron; *Washington:* Hildegarde Queitzsch; *Westfield:* Mrs. G. S. Ashley.

NEW YORK—*Albany:* Mrs. H. R. Zayotti; *Ballston Spa:* Florence De Long; *Bayside, L. I.:* Mrs. Josephine Thom; *Binghamton:* F. R. Schumacher, Mrs. Ray L. Tiffany; *Bronxville:* Mrs. Mary W. Bullock; *Brooklyn:* Mrs. Mae L. Burfeind, Myra Germain, Mrs. John H. Huttmann, Ruth Lammey, Mrs. N. Mulford, Marcia Gray Phipps, Mrs. A. A. Schlaegel; *Buffalo:* Patra Boersman, F. J. Delong Mrs. R. J. Duttweiler, Miss Edna W. Gielow, Bertha Matteson, Mrs. Charles M. O'Connor, Mrs. Hilda E. Schmahl, Miss Regina Weber; *Canisteo:* Mrs. Anna E. Colegrove; *Fairport:* Celia M. Allen; *Flushing, L. I.:* Mrs. Josephine Lucarelli Parker; *Freeport:* Mrs. Ruth C. Hawkins; *Fulton:* Mrs. Hattie Marshall; *Greenport:* Mrs. George Layden; *Hamburg:* Mrs. Isabel Taft Toone; *Hornell:* Miss Frances Ellis, Mrs. E. M. Haughton; *Iona Island:* Mrs. F. W. Granger; *Ithaca:* Miss Florence C. Crofoot, Mrs. M. Harold Dwyer, Mrs. Evelyn A. Flack, Mrs. R. L. Hunt, Dora Maye Lee; *Jamestown:* Miss Frances M. Lagergren; *Kenmore:* Mrs. Cletus G. Keller, Anne Mattingly; *Mamaroneck:* Mrs. E. M. F. Miller; *Maryland:* Flo M. Tidgwell; *McDonough:* Mrs. H. L. Potter; *Mechanicville:* Lilian Harvey; *Mt. Vernon:* Mrs. M. B. Austin, Miss Veronica Ball; *Newark:* Mrs. L. H. Waldorf; *Newburgh:* E. M. O'Donnell; *New Rochelle:* Edna E. Morgan; *New York City:* Dora Greenberg, Miss Elsie Little, Ethel F. Maguire, Mrs. E. D. Martin, Kathleen Rivers, Miss Jane Sherman; *Niagara Falls:* Katherine M. Jenss, Mrs. C. R. Verner; *Oneida:* Mrs. Frank S. Anthony; *Plattsburg:* Mrs. James G. Aldrich; *Randolph:* Mrs. G. V. Anderson; *Rego Park, L. I.:* Miss Lucy E. Lovallo; *Rensselaer:* Marion A. Moore; *Richmond Hill, L. I.:* Mrs. S. Thomas; *Rochester:* Mary E. Armbruster, Mrs. C. F. Fose, Mrs. Stanley C. Wells; *Rome:* Mrs. Henry Huntington; *Schenectady:* Mary Landon, Mrs. Anna Monaco; *Scotia:* Helen M. La Roque; *Shortsville:* Emma A. Williams; *Sloatsburg:* Alta M. Toepp; *Syracuse:* Mrs. Charles Johnson; *Troy:* Mrs. H. W. Kinney; *Utica:* Mrs. H. R. Jones, Constance Wildes; *West Albany:* Blanche W. Roberts; *Yonkers:* Mrs. S. D. Barr, Mrs. B. W. Potts.

RHODE ISLAND—*Alton:* Eunice L. Sylvia; *E. Providence:* Mrs. J. Everett Clark; *Pawtucket:* Mrs. Lena Jeffrey; *Providence:* Mrs. Josephine B. Haggerty, Mrs. Frank E. Jencks, Mary E. Loughrey; *Tiverton:* Mrs. A. E. Grant, Mrs. H. A. Spencer; *W. Barrington:* Mrs. Mary C. Mosher.

VERMONT—*Bennington:* Miss Grace D. Nichols; *Rutland:* Mrs. C. L. Wilson; *St. Albans:* Mrs. R. S. Corrigan; *Springfield:* Mrs. Harold L. Purch.

ZONE 2

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—*Washington:* Mrs. Eleanora E. Bradley, Mrs. H. W. Byers, Margaret C. Gates, Helen Holt, Mrs. J. J. Kovsky, Mrs. Marguerite Pollio, Mrs. W. P. Pringle, Mrs. J. H. W. Roper, Miss Louise N. Royall, Mrs. Ellen Tavel, Janie Dee Troxel.

KENTUCKY—*Ashland:* Mrs. J. J. Kerr; *Auburn:* Esther U. Coke; *Bowling Green:* Mrs. Paul S. Powell; *Carlisle:* Miss Mary Donnell Potts; *Florence:* Mrs. H. M. Hauter; *Jenkins:* Mrs. Flora Whited; *Louisville:* Mrs. V. G. Davison.

MARYLAND—*Baltimore:* Ruth Patten, Mrs. Madeline G. Randolph, Elsie H. Wells; *Bel Air:* Miss H. Gertrude Rouse; *Mt. Rainier:* Mrs. G. F. Hunter.

MICHIGAN—*Benton Harbor:* Mrs. Muriel Russell; *Birmingham:* Mrs. Louis Marcotte; *Bloomfield Hills:* Mrs. Paul Friedrich; *Chief:* Mildred L. Reynolds; *Coleman:* Mrs. Florence Simons; *Croton:* Mrs. A. E. Salisbury; *Dearborn:* Luella Daubenmeyer; *Detroit:* Mrs. Frank L. Churchill, Mrs. Clara F. Dribben, Mrs. W. I. Geissman, Mrs. Irene E. Kelly, Wm. B. Landis, Eleanor Morris, Arthur Priebe, J. M. Richman, Mrs. Beatrice L. Rothman, Lillian S. Winter; *E. Lansing:* Mrs. L. L. Frimodig; *Escanaba:* Alice C. Russell; *Grandville:* Mrs. John Imanse; *Greenville:* Miss Norah A. Fuller; *Gwin:* Mrs. E. L. Miller; *Hyland Park:* Mrs. Otto H. Schulz; *Jackson:* Mrs. George E. Snyder; *Kalamazoo:* Mrs. Guy Pound; *Lambertville:* Mrs. D. T. Knepper; *Lansing:* Mrs. Leona Phillips; *Omena:* Ruth Craker; *Pontiac:* Mrs. Harold Hobolth; *Port Huron:* George M. Myron; *Royal Oak:* Mrs. J. H. Brown; *Sturgis:* Frank B. Kinzler.

OHIO—*Akron:* Mrs. H. E. Enlow, Kathleen Masterson, Mrs. Helen C. Spain, Clarence Watson; *Amelia:* Miss Helen Coulter; *Ashland:* H. R. Bandy; *Bellaire:* Mrs. Herman W. Moore; *Caledonia:* Mrs. Mary G. Axthelm; *Cambridge:* Delbert Armstrong, Harold C. Kennon; *Canton:* Mrs. D. R. Smith, Sara E. Tawney; *Carrollton:* Mary Nardo; *Chillicothe:* Miss Edna May Hill; *Cincinnati:* Mrs. Jessie Farnham, Alton McKeethan, Margaret E. Orr, Stella Remick, Mrs. Lucien G. Strauss, Earl J. Wempe; *Cleveland:* Mrs. Ruth Bush, Mrs. Mary S. Cermak, Mary Scott Chaffin, Cornelia Curtiss, Anne Dawson, Margaret L. Day, Mrs. G. E. Dippo, Miss Evelyn J. Hancock, Ethel E. Williams; *Cleveland Heights:* Mrs. Homer Winkler; *Columbus:* Virginia Bomesberger, H. C. Magill, Helen P. Wardlow; *Coshocton:* Mary Rinehart; *Covington:* Mrs. Minnie Anewalt; *Dayton:* Mrs. R. E. Barrett, Miss Mary Lou Brun, Mrs. D. S. Foland, Mrs. Gerald Lindberg, Mrs. Theodore Olson; *Dover:* Martha Henny; *E. Liverpool:* Mrs. Luella Williams; *Fairfield:* Mrs. R. J. Schommer; *Fostoria:* Mrs. W. F. Myers; *Hamilton:* Ida W. Schul; *Kent:* Mrs. G. B. Sherrer; *La Fayette:* Mrs. J. Rumbaugh; *Lakewood:* Miss Anna S. Kay; *Londonderry:* Sadie Holdren; *Louisville:* Ruth Sparks; *Lyndhurst:* Charles J. Carpenter; *Mansfield:* Mabel Wilson; *Massillon:* Mrs. Edwin Holsworth; *Maumee:* Mrs. A. V. Belding; *Medina:* Mabel Harrington Kellogg; *Mentor:* Mrs. Hayes G. Traxler; *Middletown:* Esther Vanderveer; *Milford:* Virginia F. Lodwick; *Niles:* Mrs. Olga Magee; *Norwood:* Mrs. Geo. Deubell, Mrs. Thomas Wiebell; *Oxford:* Mrs. E. H. Switzer, Mrs. E. J. Wilson; *Parma:* Mrs. F. W. Miles; *Piqua:* Mrs. Edythe M. Miller; *Portsmouth:* Marjorie Chick; *Rushsylvania:* Helen M. Kethcart; *Springfield:* Mrs. A. C. Erlewine; *Steubenville:* Freda Berger, Mrs. Oliver A. Powell; *Toledo:* Bernice Burgin, Mrs. Terence O'Dell; *Van Wert:* Miss Helen Wilson; *Youngstown:* Lydia S. Clark, Mrs. Andrew O. Fleming.

PENNSYLVANIA—*Allentown:* Miss Blanche Siegrist; *Ambler:* Marjorie Church; *Bangor:* Mrs. Ralph Correll; *Beaver:* Mrs. G. B. Shaw, Jr.; *Belle Vernon:* Mrs. J. G. Ferguson; *Bellwood:* Mrs. Irene Knobel; *Bethlehem:* Sallie Clarke, Mrs. R. W. Johnson; *Brookville:* Myrtle H. McCann; *Bryn Mawr:* Mrs. T. B. Weidner; *Butler:* Mrs. G. W. Murray; *Chambersburg:* Miss Lydia C. Heller; *Confluence:* Mrs. Charles B. Black; *Donora:* Mrs. H. H. Smith; *Downingtown:* Virginia R. Snell; *Easton:* Mrs. Madaline M. Reilly; *Elkins Park:* Helen S. Spruance; *Erie:* Mrs. J. L. Kemp, Rosemarie Selke; *Farrell:* Mrs. H. A. Berkswitz; *Forty Fort:* Olive W. Seaver; *Grove City:* Mrs. Chas. C. Cornelius; *Homestead Park:* Mrs. W. D. Harr; *Johnstown:* Louise Langham; *Kutztown:* Mrs. Arthur F. Wirtz; *Laceyville:* Mrs. Doris E. Taylor; *Lititz:* Helen Diehm; *Millheim:* Mrs. Albert H. Stover; *New Brighton:* Mabel Hutchinson; *New Castle:* Mrs. Karl T. Rohrer; *New Kensington:* Dorothy Kimble; *N. Braddock:* Mrs. J. O. Haney; *Oil City:* Mrs. Ida Kerr; *Palmyra:* Ruth A. Geiger; *Philadelphia:* Mrs. C. I. Ogden, Mrs. Clyde Waldo; *Pittsburgh:* Mrs. E. A. Beard, Mrs. V. C. Doerschuk, Mrs. Lillian Klingelhofer, Mrs. Robert A. Schmidt; *Reading:* Miss Louise Frantz, Miss Helen M. Lins, Mrs. C. K. Woomer; *Secane:* Mrs. Henry L. Chandler; *Slatington:* Thelma Roberts; *Springdale:* Mrs. D. S. Waring; *Studa:* Edith G. Clark; *Uniontown:* Goldie Bittinger; *Upper Darby:* J. B. Koller; *Warfordsburg:* Mrs. Marion E. Auld; *Washington:* Mrs. Charles C. Willits; *Yardley:* Ina M. Caldwell; *York:* Mrs. Richard Zuch.

VIRGINIA—*E. Radford:* Mrs. C. S. Wiltsee; *E. Stone Gap:* Mrs. B. A. Fraley; *Greenbackville:* Mrs. Ethel J. Barrick; *Harrisonburg:* Mrs. Hayes Richardson; *Langley Field:* Mrs. Clarence Haymes; *Norfolk:* Frances V. Vaeth; *Petersburg:* Mrs. Anabel Hays Reese; *Roanoke:* Miss Lorna Denison; *Virgilina:* Mrs. Andrew G. Carter.

WEST VIRGINIA—*Adrian:* Mrs. Charlotte Alderson; *Bluefield:* Mrs. O. F. Henley; *Charleston:* Caroline Buchanan; *Clarksburg:* Mrs. E. S. Slonaker; *Pine Grove:* Mrs. J. Friend Alley; *Powellton:* Mrs. Estel Price; *St. Mary's:* Mrs. Lulu Morgan; *Wheeling:* Miss Frances Foose.

ZONE 3

ALABAMA—*Anniston:* Miss E. C. Noble; *Birmingham:* Mrs. Mollie Daffin, Mrs. W. W. Drake, John D. Lee, Mrs. Edna McCormick; *Collinsville:* Edith Drake; *Decatur:* Mrs. D. C. Minor; *Dothan:* Mrs. John H. Bell; *Fittstown:* Mrs. T. F. Craine; *Gadsden:* Mrs. W. B. Wilkinson; *Gordo:* Mrs. H. H. Mobley; *Guntersville:* Mrs. J. T. McBray; *Mobile:* R. D. Bowling, Florence Lee Kraus, Mrs. Johanna Kraus, Mrs. Tom Martin; *Montgomery:* Mrs. O. C. Farmer, Mrs. H. H. Pollitt; *Phenix City:* Ruth Carden; *Piedmont:* Mrs. Virgiel H. Roberts; *Prattville:* Mrs. H. C. Gilmer; *Tuscaloosa:* Abbie Snow.

ARKANSAS—*Blytheville:* Mrs. Ella B. Swift, Mrs. Marie Wood; *Harrison:* Edna L. Johnson; *Little Rock:* Mrs. Kathleen K. Hall, Charles R. Lynn; *Marianna:* Mrs. John Thomas; *Thornton:* Miss Arbie Rust.

FLORIDA—*Dade City:* Mrs. F. C. Witt; *Ft. Lauderdale:* Mrs. Nell B. Williams; *Jacksonville:* Mrs. Troup Lucas Biglow, Mrs. M. L. Burner, Miss Alice Dorsey; *Jacksonville Beach:* Mrs. Marjorie Hannan; *Lakeland:* Helen R. Fannon; *Pensacola:* Mrs. Jack Gant; *St. Petersburg:* Mrs. W. A. Lyon; *Tallahassee:* Mrs. O. B. Hough; *Tampa:* Mrs. Florence E. Blossom, Mrs. Claude E. Gipson; *Wauchula:* Melissa Smith.

GEORGIA—*Athens:* Mrs. E. P. Rhodes; *Atlanta:* Mrs. M. Honeywell, Mrs. R. L. Williamson; *Brunswick:* Mrs. R. T. Sherman; *Columbus:* Miss Julia Stafford, Helen S. Thigpen; *Decatur:* Harmon Russell; *Forsyth:* Miss Miriam Hill; *Macon:* Mrs. James S. Carter, Mrs. Steve Neal; *Savannah:* Mrs. Herman Precht.

LOUISIANA—*Colfax:* Mrs. H. Luther McKnight; *Hammond:* Mrs. S. B. Williams; *Lake Charles:* Miss Marian Quinn; *Monroe:* Mrs. J. W. Wininger; *New Orleans:* Miss Vivian C. De Leon, Mrs. C. L. Farrington, Mrs. R. B. Foster, Mrs. J. C. Le Bourgeois; *Shreveport:* M. F. Holland, Mrs. Charles E. Roden.

MISSISSIPPI—*Booneville:* Anne S. Stanley; *Canton:* Mrs. W. W. Cockerham; *Corinth:* Miss Luna Criswell; *Gulfport:* Harriet Jackson; *Hattiesburg:* E. A. Ruble, Mrs J. Steve Varley; *Houston:* Miss Mary E. Haman; *Jackson:* Mrs. G. L. Campbell, Mrs. Grace Williams; *Pecayune:* Miss Margaret M. Stovall; *Pontotoc:* Mrs. C. W. Bolton; *Sanatorium:* Miss Mary Dougherty; *University:* Mrs. T. A. Bickerstaff.

NORTH CAROLINA—*Asheville:* Alma S. Wright; *Charlotte:* Mrs. A. Z. Travis; *Crumpler:* Mrs. Ruby Brown; *Davidson:* J. J. Withers; *Fayetteville:* Mrs. Ed. C. Newton; *Greensboro:* Mrs. Harry L. Moore; *Rockingham:* Miss Kate Finley; *Thomasville:* Mrs. Robt. Ware; *Weldon:* Mrs. E. L. Hayward.

OKLAHOMA—*Alva:* Mrs. Minnie Valentine; *Bartlesville:* Q. R. Dungan, Mrs. Bessie Gilbert; *Fort Sill:* Mrs. O. G. Brown; *Hobart:* Mrs. Tom Blankenship; *Holdenville:* Mrs. Cordell Hicks; *Hooker:* Mary Lou Risen; *Muskogee:* Mrs. Gerald T. Gouin; *Oklahoma City:* Virginia Walker, Mrs. Anna Wren; *Pond Creek:* Mrs. F. B. McCullough; *Snidler:* Mrs. W. G. Ward; *Tulsa:* Irene Anderson, Mrs. H. R. Auerswald, Mrs. C. E. Cadieux.

MAY's big
E CONTEST!

. . the 1,006
0 a-Year-For-
over the list.
f the country
tive or friend
nners all over
of the judges,
articular qual-
congratulates
ses its thanks
ntest Contest!

Friends

estants chose
lather, others

preferred Camay's thorough cleansing or its delicate perfume, many penned their praises of Camay's creamy whiteness and Camay's real economy! But all had a good word to say for this famous beauty soap and the perfect care and protection it gives their skin!

If you, perhaps, are not already using Camay, why not try it? For Camay can bring you the greatest prize of all—a prize you'll treasure forever—*a Camay Complexion . . . smooth, clear, lovely!* Order half a dozen cakes from your dealer today. You'll find Camay's price is extremely low.

• • •

PRIZE WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED BY MAIL

CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
CAMAY

Trade-Mark
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The soap of beautiful women

Mrs. Don C. Davis, Mrs. A. B. Dollard, Hazel James, Miss Mary Francis Tullis; *Walters:* Mrs. Geo. W. Reed.

SOUTH CAROLINA—*Blackstock:* Mrs. Grace B. Lewis; *Camden:* Christie Hey; *Greeleyville:* Edna McDonald; *Orangeburg:* Miss Annie U. Inabinet; *Seneca:* Mrs. B. E. G. Prichard.

TENNESSEE—*Bristol:* Anna Morton; *Erwin:* Finley R. Burnett; *Henderson:* Mrs. Pearl Maness; *Jackson:* Mrs. H. G. Gilbert, Miss Gertrude Hanna; *Jellico:* Estie Evans; *Kingsport:* Mrs. B. W. Hagy; *Knoxville:* Mrs. William C. Davis, Mrs. Edward Ford McClellan, Lillian Peters; *Memphis:* Mrs. Nancy I. Hooker, Mrs. E. G. Maddox, Mrs. N. A. Pridgen; *Morristown:* Mrs. Lea K. Donaldson, Mrs. S. G. Gilbreath, Mrs. Barney Noe; *Murfreesboro:* Mrs. J. O. Abernathy; *Nashville:* Mrs. Margaret Hite Allen, Miss Helen Marie Conley, Mrs. Horace England.

TEXAS—*Amarillo:* Mrs. G. P. Milton; *Austin:* Mrs. L. F. Goudy, Virginia Harris; *Bay City:* Mrs. Ira Rose; *Beaumont:* Ruby Bristol, Mary Elizabeth Hughen, Mrs. C. Frank Smith; *Bovina:* Mrs. Kermie E. Deaton; *Brenham:* Mrs. E. P. Lurker; *Cleburne:* Mrs. Henry McCoy; *Corpus Christi:* Mrs. Elma S. Tankersley; *Crystal City:* Virginia Tabor; *Dallas:* Mrs. H. S. Bonney, Mrs. W. P. Bridges, Mary Cavender, Mrs. Irma Courteol, Mrs. W. N. Elstner, Miss Maud Erwin, Mrs. W. H. Gaines, Mrs. Robert Gidley, Mrs. N. M. Logan, Mrs. Henry Nolden; *Del Rio:* Mrs. Frances Manning; *Denison:* Mrs. Earl Payne; *Eagle Lake:* Mrs. Fletcher Warren; *Elgin:* Mrs. Laura Fromme; *El Paso:* Mrs. Jack K. Hall, Mrs. V. A. Kleinschmidt, Mrs. H. Kuller, Mrs. Douglas McGregor; *Floydada:* Mrs. W. Edd Brown; *Fort Worth:* Mae Ewell, Mrs. J. R. McCament; *Galveston:* George L. Cristy; *Greenville:* Mrs. S. F. Clark, Mrs. Roy Kilmer; *Handley:* Ruth McLeod; *Henderson:* L. B. Manley; *Houston:* Miss Frankie Allen, Mrs. G. W. Drake, Mrs. Alfred Fenton, Mrs. W. L. Howze, Cora Shires; *Iowa Park:* Mrs. R. C. Allison; *Kerrville:* Mrs. P. C. Martinez; *La Feria:* Mrs. N. M. Voorhees; *Lampasas:* Minta Louise Knight; *Laredo:* Mrs. C. K. La Gue, Mrs. M. O. Richter; *Longview:* Mrs. C. H. Kilfoyle; *Marlin:* Miss Mabel Branson; *Marshall:* Mrs. H. L. Turney, Jr.; *McAllen:* Miss Ross Breeding; *Mineral Wells:* Mrs. A. N. Brown; *Paducah:* Mrs. Byrd R. Lewis; *Port Arthur:* Miss Genevieve Taylor; *Quanah:* Beulah Barnett, Mrs. Chas. B. Jones, Mrs. D. R. Wells; *San Antonio:* Mrs. J. S. Crugar, Mrs. R. W. Hartman, Mrs. W. C. Maknke, Mrs. Lilian R. Ricks; *Seguin:* Mrs. W. W. Jeter; *Shafter:* Mrs. J. B. Little; *Silsbee:* Mrs. R. R. McAlister; *Silverton:* Mrs. L. Miller; *Taylor:* Mrs. E. E. McAdams; *Tehuacana:* Mrs. W. L. Mallard; *Waco:* Miss Margaret Fain.

ZONE 4

ILLINOIS—*Berwyn:* Mrs. Margaret F. Brown, Mrs. Grace V. Murray; *Bloomington:* Mrs. Wm. Rylander; *Brimfield:* Mrs. John De Vries; *Chicago:* Mrs. G. F. Abendroth, Marie E. Blanke, Mrs. Leroy Blue, Mrs. Ben H. Briscoe, Mrs. Norman L. Cook, Bee Dall, Mrs. Elmer Douglas, Eunice M. Flynn, Mrs. George C. Helebrandt, Miss Marcella C. Hendricks, Mrs. Jerome Hopper, Carrie R. Koplar, Mrs. Mable La Grant, Mrs. Wm. P. Martin, Catherine Olson, Mrs. B. Reitsma, Frances Smith, Mrs. M. C. Stoddard; *Cuba:* Mrs. Maurice Turall; *Decatur:* Bertha Elsie Collier; *E. Moline:* Florence Cady; *Elgin:* Harris H. Fay; *Granite City:* Bernice Reed; *Hinsdale:* Mrs. D. P. McKay; *Joliet:* Mrs. Jennie McFadden; *Kewanee:* Alys N. Melaik; *Oak Park:* Miss Ruth Klees; *Oregon:* Mrs. C. M. Strock; *Ottawa:* Mrs. Alfred Fosse; *Park Ridge:* Eleanor Jane Burrows; *Peoria:* Mary K. Coughlin, Edythe Harding; *Sidell:* James H. Brown; *Springfield:* Mrs. Daisy Anderson De Pew, Mrs. F. B. Smith; *Washington:* Marie Ferner; *Waukegan:* Mrs. Milton A. Kallis; *Western Springs:* Mrs. C. Ringlund; *Wilmette:* Mrs. Ellen M. Benson.

INDIANA—*East Chicago:* Miss F. Isabelle Swatts; *Elwood:* Mrs. Paul Records; *Gary:* Mrs. W. R. Dixon, Tatiana Mischanko; *Huntingburg:* Lucille A. Myers; *Indianapolis:* Minnie Balay, Florence B. French, Mrs. James Hough, Mrs. Ira G. King, Hattie B. Pritchard, Mrs. G. H. Rider, Mrs. Clayton E. Robinson, Mrs. Anna D. Sammons, Nell Trexler; *Kendallville:* Mrs. W. J. Ormsby; *Milford:* Mrs. Harvey McDonald; *Muncie:* Mrs. Carrie H. Exton, Mrs. Thelma Walton; *Seelyville:* Mrs. E. D. Coffman.

IOWA—*Ames:* Mrs. S. H. Reck; *Boxholm:* Lilly Freie; *Cedar Falls:* Mayme Ferguson Robb; *Cedar Rapids:* Ruth Bryan; *Council Bluffs:* Miss Marie Alvis; *Davenport:* Frieda R. Gruhl; *Des Moines:* Mrs. Grace J. Hall, Mrs. R. G. Hays; *Dubuque:* Mrs. Frances McMillan; *Duncombe:* Edith E. Barnes; *Hopkinton:* David Johnston; *Indianola:* Mrs. Van F. Leach; *Iowa City:* Mrs. A. W. Bryan; *Low Moor:* Mrs. Marvin Thomsen; *Oskaloosa:* Effie Atkin; *Ottumwa:* Mrs. Ralph E. Miller; *Perry:* Doris Dugan; *Radcliffe:* Anabel Carlson; *Sioux City:* A. R. Petrik; *Stanhope:* Ferne R. Keith; *University Park:* Mrs. Emily Brostrom.

KANSAS—*Altoona:* Mrs. Guy D. Woodruff; *Galena:* Mrs. Ethel Bond, Mrs. Helen Turner; *Gardner:* Mrs. D. D. Murphy; *Kansas City:* Mrs. Allen M. Rogers; *Lawrence:* Mrs. Merle McKinney; *Lincoln:* Gertrude B. Smith; *Manhattan:* Mabel Smith; *Parsons:* Mrs. L. N. Jewett; *Topeka:* Gladys Schafer; *Wichita:* Mrs. J. V. Gordon, Mrs. W. F. Scott; *Williamsburg:* Mrs. V. F. Horne.

MINNESOTA—*Bemidji:* Mrs. J. E. Kalar; *Crookston:* Mrs. Mildred Sullivan; *Duluth:* Wilhelmine Wagner; *Hibbing:* Florence Currie; *Little Falls:* Mrs. E. L. Gatchell; *Minneapolis:* Mrs. Robert Burt, Miss Torina Cleveland, Irene Corriveau, Dr. H. H. Freeman, E. Nelson Lindgren, Mrs. M. L. Mansfield; *Northfield:* Helen F. Ray; *Red Wing:* Mary C. Harmon; *St. Charles:* Grace M. Flint; *St. Paul:* Mrs. Gertrude Cooke, Lenore Davis, Estelle M. Warner; *Triumph:* Mrs. Ed. Jaster; *Verndale:* Mrs. Estelle Pettit; *Wadena:* Mrs. Dorothy Anderson; *Worthington:* Mrs. A. A. Olson.

MISSOURI—*Albany:* Ada Clark; *Columbia:* Miss Mary Alice Jones; *Kansas City:* Margaret Brenton, Miss Frances Hoshaw, Ruth Kander, G. M. Magee, Janet Smith, Besse M. Williams; *Kirkwood:* Mrs. C. B. Roach; *Lamar:* L. E. Longnecker; *Moberly:* Mrs. W. O. Spurling; *Neosho:* Clarence Gilstrap; *St. Louis:* Mrs. E. R. Brandon, Mrs. John S. Farrell, Mrs. J. R. Glen, Mrs. Otto Hasek, Mrs. A. L. Klein, Mary Louise Mug, Olivia J. Ruether, Mrs. Merrill G. Skinner, Mrs. M. W. Westmoreland; *Thayer:* Mrs. W. L. Rethwisch; *Warrensburg:* Mrs. James C. Rothwell; *Waverly:* Mrs. Braxton Gordon; *Webster Groves:* Mrs. A. J. Krueger.

NEBRASKA—*Beatrice:* Miss R. C. Pethoud; *Chadron:* Mrs. John T. King; *Crawford:* Mrs. J. L. Hutzel; *Exeter:* Mrs. L. T. Blouch; *Kimball:* Mrs. R. G. Eggers; *Lincoln:* Phyllis R. Griess, J. V. Helm, Mrs. F. L. Hutchison, Martha H. Krueger, B. J. Sievers, Mrs. B. J. Sievers, Mrs. E. C. Stamm; *Mason City:* Mrs. L. E. Caldwell; *McCook:* Miss Maribelle Waldo; *Norfolk:* Nellie Mason; *Omaha:* Gretta Lusk, Mrs. Mary Salyards, Grace Sheller; *Randolph:* Miss Pine H. Anderson; *St. Paul:* Edna E. Nelsen; *Sidney:* Mrs. Frank Wolf.

NORTH DAKOTA—*Fargo:* Mrs. H. L. Lincoln, Mrs. Hazel Dell Vance; *Hatton:* Mrs. Henry M. Nelson; *Leonard:* Mrs. Lillian Schroedl; *Maddock:* Mrs. Haftor Ronning; *Mandan:* Earl J. Bilger; *Reeder:* Mrs. G. O. Krogstad; *Rock Lake:* Mrs. E. J. Langley; *Rolla:* Mrs. Fred D. Miller; *Valley City:* Mrs. Edward L. Anderson.

SOUTH DAKOTA—*Deadwood:* Miss Dorothy Jane Yetter; *Leola:* Mrs. A. L. Hagen; *Pierre:* Mrs. Chas. A. Carr; *Sioux Falls:* Miss Evelyn Costello.

WISCONSIN—*Beloit:* Mrs. R. C. Hoadly; *Fond Du Lac:* Delores Streblow; *Green Bay:* Mrs. D. G. Geisel, Helen M. Smith; *Madison:* Dr. Richard Fisher, Mrs. H. C. Kruse; *Manitowish:* Elizabeth Dooley; *Menomonie:* Mrs. Esther Williams; *Milton Junction:* Natalie Scholl; *Milwaukee:* E. J. Blair, Frank W. Blodgett, Marjorie Hagerty, Mrs. Elizabeth McGee, Elizabeth Mueller, Miss Hermine F. Weber, Lila P. Worth, Mrs. Wm. Ziebell; *Nashotah:* Mrs. John E. Hubel; *Oshkosh:* Doris M. Schurbert; *Platteville:* Mabel Heldstab; *River Falls:* Mrs. T. Thomson; *Sparta:* Miss Betty Gunderson; *Superior:* Mrs. Ida Schildt.

ZONE 5

ARIZONA—*Phoenix:* Katherine Lynch; *Prescott:* Mrs. Hermann Dickmann; *Safford:* Frances Farmer; *Tucson:* Schuyler Davis, Mrs. Frank W. Reed.

CALIFORNIA—*Agnew:* Lucile A. A. Clark; *Altadena:* Jane Higby; *Arlington:* Mrs. J. P. Fentzling; *Berkeley:* Mrs. B. Gould; *Berry Creek:* Mrs. O. A. Mercer; *Burlingame:* Mrs. Florence Williams; *Byron:* Mrs. Howard Johnston; *Calipatria:* Mrs. Milton Mason; *Colfax:* Mrs. J. J. Cochrane; *Compton:* Mrs. Ruth Davern; *Concord:* Rose Davlia; *Durham:* Mrs. Lola B. Werber; *Fontana:* Miss Nancy Nanassy, Mrs. Elisabeth Scoltock; *Glendale:* Vera M. Bickett, Dorothy M. Gibbons, Mrs. C. S. Parker, Jr.; *Huntington Park:* Blanche Douglas Kaufman; *Kingsburg:* Henry A. Swanson; *La Habra:* Mrs. Edgar Grabau; *La Mesa:* Mrs. P. A. Daniels; *Lindsay:* Louise Barry; *Lompoc:* Alice L. Sims; *Long Beach:* Lucy Collins, Mrs. E. B. Quilleash; *Los Angeles:* Miss Irene M. Barnes, Mrs. Mary A. Boncquet, H. C. Brown, Mrs. R. W. Chalmers, Mrs. James D. Coyle, Jane Buick Coyle, Mrs. C. D. Goodman, Mrs. Jessie L. Harrington, Mrs. E. F. Hastings, Mrs. Frances C. Hinds, Mrs. Gladys Harvey Knight, Mrs. E. J. Lagerquist, Mrs. E. H. Marine, Ruth R. Ross, Jeanne Anne Seftone, Lily O. Weidman, Mrs. E. Whately; *Hollywood:* W. B. Hamilton, Marilen Kay; *Los Gatos:* Essie Harrub; *March Field:* Lawrence R. McDowell; *Oakland:* Mrs. W. Gercke, Mrs. Stanley E. O'Brien, Mrs. Nathan Saxton, Elizabeth Urlovic; *Oceanside:* Mrs. H. L. Harrington; *Pacific Grove:* Barbara Wolff; *Palo Alto:* Miss Margaret Fallenius, Ray S. Littell; *Pasadena:* Mrs. Herbert C. Bates, Mrs. Jos. H. Berg, Mrs. H. F. Bingham, Mrs. Vivian Pierce, Miss Marie Sumption, Miss Vivian Taylor; *Petaluma:* Myrtle E. Brown; *Porterville:* E. H. Pegram; *Redlands:* Jannette L. Sturges; *Richmond:* Mrs. C. E. Caldwell; *Rosamond:* Mrs. Byron O'Dell; *Sacramento:* Mrs. Mildred Kessler, Mrs. Irene Wilson; *Salinas:* Mrs. G. J. Wiechring; *San Bruno:* Mrs. Beatrice Baird; *San Diego:* Mrs. Elizabeth S. Famme, E. McClure Patton, Mrs. Dora Stark, Mrs. Charles B. Swope; *San Francisco:* Mary Griffin, Sue Harden, Eleanor Kinch, Mrs. J. H. Kunz, Mrs. C. F. Macklin, Jr., Miss Van Owen, Norma Plummer, Hilda Sullivan; *San Jose:* Mae E. Shottenhamer; *Santa Ana:* Frances H. Faulkner, Mrs. Eleanor R. Newcomer; *Santa Barbara:* Mrs. F. A. Mackenzie; *Santa Catalina Island:* Miss Frances Slaugh; *Santa Monica:* Ella I. Bailey, Dorothy W. Brace; *Shafter:* Mrs. Richard G. Wells; *So. Pasadena:* Gladys N. Christopher; *Tuolumne:* Mrs. Ivy E. Cooper; *Van Nuys:* Mrs. Oscar MacDonald; *Venice:* Mrs. J. W. Allport; *Vista:* Mrs. Laura P. Cooper; *Yreka:* Mrs. Wayne Lowell; *Yuba City:* Mrs. Ross W. Miller.

COLORADO—*Aurora:* Mrs. Helene W. Smith; *Colorado Springs:* Patricia Broyles, Marie E. Schaefer, Miss Clarice A. Shardlow, Madaline Skiff, Mrs. W. Ward; *Denver:* Mrs. Walter Burlingame, Mrs. Chas. J. De Lancy, Miss Mildred Green, Mrs. Mildred Lemmons, Louise S. Parcher, Mrs. Salomy Jane Scott, Mrs. Stephen J. Sikora, Jr.; *Eaton:* Mrs. Leslie Leake; *Fairplay:* O. F. Nichols; *Fort Lupton:* Bertha G. Allsebrook; *Fraser:* Mrs. John D. Elgin; *Pueblo:* A. Faith Ankeny, N. Alice Babin, Inez Banning, Mrs. C. L. Carson, Grace E. Greene, Miss Joyce Hall, Mrs. Jewell McClellan.

IDAHO—*Grangeville:* Mrs. Dewey Cowgill; *Moscow:* A. J. Passey; *Payette:* Mrs. A. S. Hincks; *Pocatello:* Mrs. Geo. A. Henson; *Spirit Lake:* Mrs. John M. MacGregor; *Twin Falls:* Robert J. Haller.

MONTANA—*Glasgow:* Miss Alice Dohl, May West; *Red Lodge:* Mrs. A. M. Hartwig; *Shelby:* Mrs. A. L. Norvell; *Townsend:* Lenna A. Griffith.

NEVADA—*Jarbidge:* Mrs. H. Pangburn.

NEW MEXICO—*Albuquerque:* Miss Lillian Bolz, Odisey Nicholaides; *Grants:* Mrs. L. M. Williamson; *Tucumcari:* Mrs. L. D. Cook.

OREGON—*Astoria:* Mrs. Francis Robinson; *Boring:* Miss Cora Oswald; *Brooks:* Miss Kay Gouley; *Corvallis:* Mrs. W. T. Lund; *Dallas:* Ruth Betts; *Enterprise:* Mrs. J. C. Conley; *Medford:* Mrs. D. M. Boyd, Mrs. E. N. Vilm; *Monroe:* Mrs. T. R. Powers; *Portland:* Mrs. Edward J. Berg, Mrs. S. D. Braun, Dr. Harry C. Browne, Mrs. Cathryn Griep, Estella Hickey, Mrs. F. D. Layton, Blanche Long, Mrs. Ray H. Longwell, Betty Short, Mrs. Marion L. Wright, Marie Zenger; *Wilbur:* Charlotte Knapp.

UTAH—*Garfield:* Ruth S. Purdum; *Ogden:* Mrs. Allen Zaugg; *Salt Lake City:* Alice Bartlett, Mrs. W. G. Ruckenbrod, Mrs. E. Arthur Wignal.

WASHINGTON—*Auburn:* Maude M. Fideler; *Casey:* Mrs. K. W. Casey; *Everett:* Ann Novelle Johnson, Mrs. T. E. Welch; *Mercer Island:* Marie H. Drake; *North Bend:* Robert S. Brister; *Port Townsend:* Mrs. Helen Toman; *Seattle:* Mrs. Ella Jo Gerard, Mrs. Chas. F. Hansen, Helen R. Helberg, Viretta Hubbart, Mrs. J. E. Kellogg, Mrs. P. E. Mehus, Ada H. Mullikin, Mrs. George Twedt; *Sedro-Wooley:* Mrs. Raymond Floyd Hoyt; *Snohomish:* Mrs. Dell L. Bossuet; *Spokane:* Mrs. H. A Beamer, Mrs. W. A. Cairns, Mrs. Kriss P. Crowther, Mrs. Laura Gaskill, D. I. Martin, Mrs. J. L. Reilly; *Tacoma:* Mrs. George C. Copeland.

(Continued from page 36)

on to character roles at twenty-five. Now, thank goodness, any age goes."

Miss George had moved over to the Lasky lot on Vine Street in Los Angeles, had even played opposite Thomas Meighan, when an accident stopped—almost ended—her career.

She was visiting friends in the California hills when she attempted to make some crullers. Miss George likes to cook. But this time a whole dish of grease flared up, seared her face, set her clothing on fire. She threw her arm across her eyes, saved her sight. But she had third-degree burns; barely escaped with her life after months of pain.

Miss George pulled off her jacket to show me the scars on her right arm. "It was tough, honey. I saved my face but I found myself washed up in pictures," was her comment.

The burns sent Miss George back to the stage. She had been on the stage since she was three years old. She says she was born in Patten, Maine, on September 13, 1904. Her real name is Gladys Evans. Her father, Arthur Evans Clare, was an English actor who came to America with Henry Irving.

Little Gladys—at three—made her debut in a stock company at the Poli Theater in Waterbury, Connecticut. She was the heroine's difficult-to-explain problem in East Lynne.

Stock companies, vaudeville, small engagements — there you have the story of Gladys George's childhood. Her education was casual and haphazard. "My first memory is playing four-a-day vaudeville with my father in a sketch called The Family Doll," she confides. "Life was funny for me. I lived backstage when we weren't making jumps in day coaches. I used to see little girls playing with dolls—and wonder what they got out of it. Later, life was one stock company after another. I played four years at the Denham in Denver alone. I acted in Minneapolis, Salt Lake City, St. Louis, Kansas City, nearly everywhere in America. I did stock in Honolulu. I played everything.

"FROM 1921 to 1933 I played steadily in stock. For a stretch of eight years I never had to look for a job. The jobs came to me. But I've had bad spots, too. Been broke—and no mistake.

"Sometimes I'd steal away from stock. In 1918 I was in Winthrop Ames's production of The Betrothal, the sequel to The Blue Bird, at the Shubert Theater in New York. But it didn't last long. I finished the season on tour with the Coburns in The Better 'Ole.

"I always would drift back to stock. And don't think stock salaries are to be dismissed lightly. I earned steadily all the way from four hundred to a thousand dollars a week.

"But stock is tough. You open on a Monday in a new play. And that very day you start rehearsing your drama for the following week. Tuesday you rehearse, shop for clothes for the new part, and play the current role that night. Wednesday you rehearse, do a matinee, rehearse some more, do an evening performance. Thursday and Friday you rehearse and do a night show. Saturday you rehearse and do two performances.

"You never have a spare moment. And, boy, you've got to have stamina!

"You have to have the constitution of a football player—except that an athlete can relax over a beefsteak and not worry about his face or his figure. Take it from me, looking fresh and unworried when you have indigestion, or an annoying letter from home, or you're just bored—that's something, honey. When I see how worn out movie stars get dashing over to the studio in their ritzy cars from their lavish Beverly Hills castles, I get a laugh.

From stock-company stand-by to movie star: Gladys George, widely acclaimed in Valiant Is the Word for Carrie.

"Stock was grand in the old days, at that," continues Miss George. "You would be a local idol. Girls would form clubs to entertain and visit you. But in 1930 the whole thing changed. The crowds that used to wait at the stage doors disappeared. Three or four would be where once hundreds waited. America was getting picture-minded. It had discovered Hollywood. I knew it was the beginning of the end for me.

"It was grand training but hard work. Why, at sixteen, I was playing the leading role at the Alcazar in Los Angeles in Cosmo Hamilton's Blindness of Virtue. Of course, if you stayed in stock too long—you got hammy, you acquired mannerisms. You just had to watch yourself all the time.

"But stock taught you how to hit your big scenes. On the stage and screen you see players go wrong all the time. They swing right into their big moments. No building, no shading. You've got to build bit by bit.

"And, honey, an actress is born, not made. You either have the theater inside you or you haven't, I always say. You can learn technique but you've got to have the instinct. I can tell a good actor the second he starts a scene. I can smell it.

"THE big moment of my life—to date, you understand; I'm hoping for more big moments—came when I opened at the Henry Miller Theater in New York in Personal Appearance. I was sick—in fact I was running a temperature. But the play landed.

"It was a dream come true!

"The closing night of the run was almost as exciting. People who had seen the show a dozen times were there. All my friends lined up at the dressing-room door. Even the author, Lawrence Riley, was in the wings. It was grand. Yes, I guess I wept a little. Altogether, between New York and other cities, I played Carole Arden in Personal Appearance for six hundred and ninety-eight performances—about eighty-five weeks."

Miss George tells how she was selected by Brock Pemberton, the stage producer, for the role of Carole Arden, the movie star, in Personal Appearance.

She had been playing a hard-boiled moll in The Milky Way on the Broadway stage, and when she was summoned by Pemberton, she was afraid he would think she was really like that, she says. "So I put on the dog," she details. "I was very elegant. Mr. Pemberton got a laugh out of it—but he didn't tell me until afterward. Still, he hired me.

"Do you know how I got my job at Metro? I made a test for Paramount. I did scenes from various plays, chiefly the climax of Rain. Paramount passed me up, but Irving Thalberg saw the tests and gave me a contract."

I tried to get Miss George to express her opinions about film acting.

She likes Charles Boyer. He projects thought, she says, and, boy, what thoughts! And is he good-looking! She admires Spencer Tracy, a grand guy; she thinks Herbert Marshall is too darned gentlemanly; she likes the spiritual quality about Loretta Young. She adores Carole Lombard. Swell in My Man Godfrey. William Powell? Boy, is he good!

But, for the most part, she sticks to her story: Hollywood doesn't know how to act. It never had the chance to learn.

Miss George says that Ashton Stevens, the Chicago dramatic critic, once said he'd like to see her tackle Lady Macbeth. And she says he wasn't kidding. "I'll take on anything in reason," says Miss George. "Honey, I have no illusions about myself. I acted Madame X—which I am going to do in films—on the stage when I was twenty. No, I'm not beautiful. Lord, no. But real beauty is something inside—it shines out of your eyes. Or are all the poets cockeyed? Good Lord, honey, I'm going catawampus again.

"Until I did Carrie I was just a celebrated nonentity. That's what a life in stock does for you. I had gone on blithely, never thinking about the future. Actors are like that. They never plan. Really, they're as dumb as the dickens. Sentimental, always hoping, nearly always stupid, never saving a cent. Real life has them baffled. They aren't prepared for anything they can't learn from a script. Without a cue, they're flat."

Miss George has been married three times. As she explains it, the first one didn't take. It lasted but four days; was back in the old Connecticut stock days. Her second marriage ended in a tabloid sensation, with charges and countercharges, during the run of Personal Appearance. Now she is married to Leonard Penn, an actor. "It's grand," she admits. "We are so happy we go about Hollywood very little. We've been to the Trocadero once. I've never been in any of the Brown Derbys. No, we like to be by ourselves. I guess we're really happy. You know the old stuff about loving our little home. We do, honestly, honey."

The love nest is on Laurel Avenue in Hollywood. "Not expensive, but a place with a garden, you know, where things, flowers and stuff, grow," she explains proudly. It is her first home, for she always has lived in hotels; never has had time for a house. As she puts it, "A garden always had been something painted on a backdrop."

MISS GEORGE'S father, now seventy-nine, is in a sanatorium in California. He is very ill. Her mother is still alive. "Two lovely impractical people," she sighs.

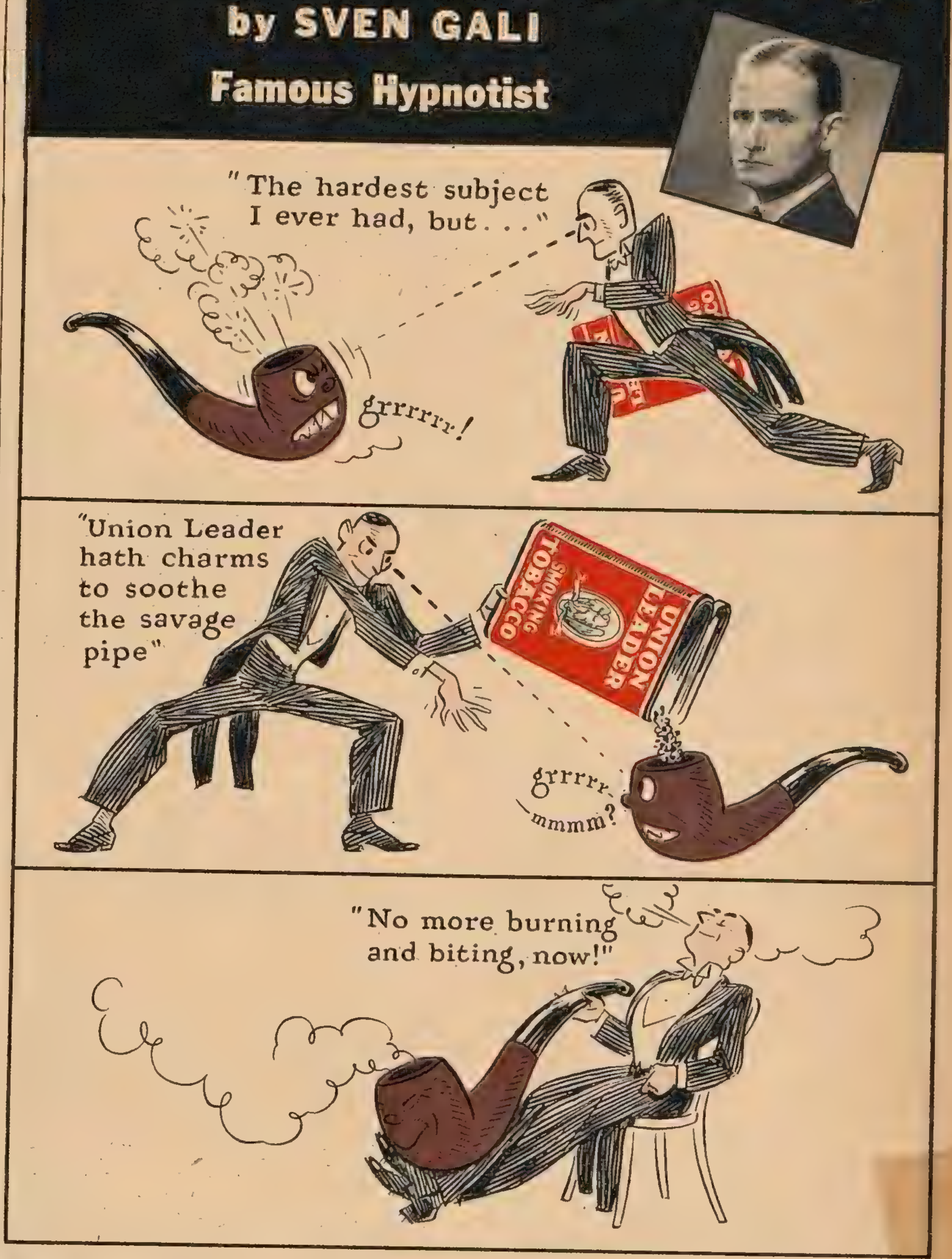
Miss George hasn't any favorite sports. She says she's never had time to play. Besides, she's an indoor girl. Her pet hobby is fixing her hair differently. She loves rare steak, her favorite perfume is sweet pea, her choice in flowers runs to orchids.

"When I was out in Hollywood doing Carrie and that film for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer that we all want to forget," says Miss George, "nearly everybody ritzed me to death, honey. One or two didn't. Spencer Tracy was swell. I was too worried to fight the others back. Boy, this time I'm going to put on the dog. I've been practicing. Just let some one get snooty! Just let 'em try that lorgnette look on me!"

So Hollywood is hereby warned. Miss George is going to go catawampus and toss the Haughty Cold Stare right back at Hollywood if it tries anything.

THE END

"How I Subdued a Vicious Pipe"
by SVEN GALI
Famous Hypnotist


"The hardest subject I ever had, but . . ."
grrrrrr!
"Union Leader hath charms to soothe the savage pipe"
UNION LEADER SMOKING TOBACCO
grrrrr. mmmm?
"No more burning and biting, now!"

You too, can Pacify Any Pipe

THIS EASY, INEXPENSIVE WAY! Just look the nearest tobacconist in the eye . . . place ten cents on the counter, and say firmly—"Union Leader." This will qualify you at once as a member of the Master Pipe-Hypnotists, who know the secret of "pipe-pleasure without punishment." Specially selected *ripe leaves* of Kentucky Burley, richly flavored by Nature, are expertly cured and *aged-in-wood* to make Union Leader. This loving care holds all the flavor and fragrance, but banishes bite and burn. (Try Union Leader for a new cigarette flavor, too!)

UNION LEADER 10¢
THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE

UNION LEADER
SMOKING TOBACCO

Copyright, 1937, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

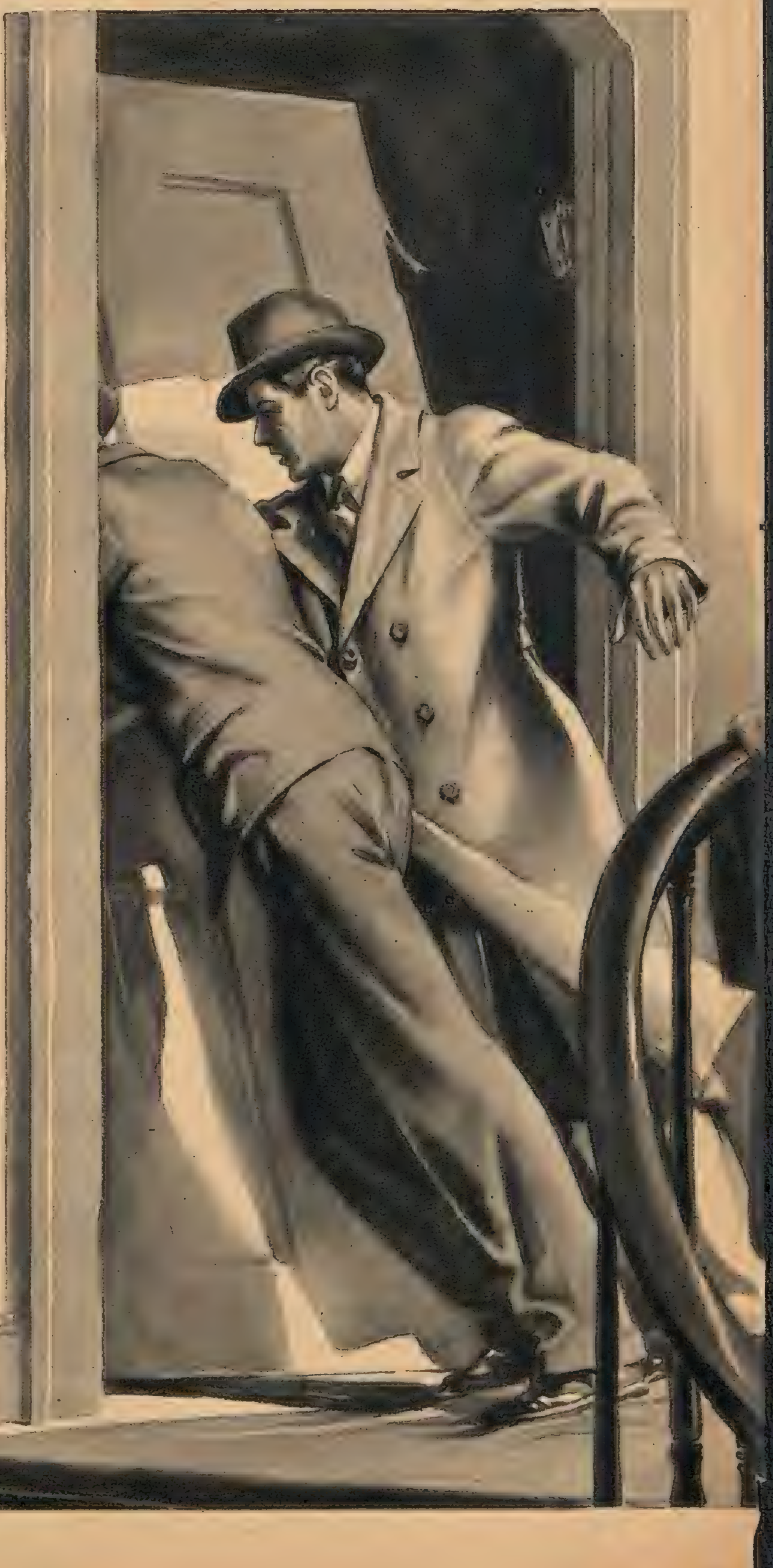
FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTE

Henrietta's BIG NIGHT

Mystery and a Sparkling Girl in a Fleet and Hilarious Adventure!— A Joyous Comedy Quickens Its Pace

by Edwin Balmer

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 23 SECONDS



THAT morning-after-the-night-before feeling descends upon David Folsom, air pilot on leave, when he comes to in a New York hotel facing several embarrassing and bewildering facts. He is in the room and bed of Mrs. Edward Carter, prominent Panamont, Ohio, clubwoman. Mrs. Carter has mysteriously disappeared. Her lovely daughter Alice, whom David insists on calling Dorothy, finds, upon investigation, that all of her mother's clothing is accounted for. Portly Mr. Carter, politically ambitious in Panamont, fears his wife has either been kidnaped or has turned nudist.

A message, the newspapers, and the radio news broadcast clear the situation somewhat, but carry additional complications. The unsigned message reads:

"First, your wife is all right. But she says, as you love her, don't identify her. She says nobody has any idea who she is. Take no sudden step. And whatever you do, don't talk to the newspapers. *And don't call in the police.*"

Pictures in the newspapers show Mrs. Carter, dressed in evening clothes, behind jail bars. She and her escort, a Sylvester Snodgrass of Pocatello, Idaho, had been arrested following a brawl in a night club, started when a gun in Henrietta's handbag exploded when the latter was dropped. Henrietta had refused to give her name. But to David the Sylvester Snodgrass name is a tip-off, Sylvester being David's pal of the night before, none other than Bo Logan.

The radio news broadcast, however, brought a totally new angle. It told of the ballistic expert's report, which identified the gun found in Henrietta's bag as the one which fired the shot that killed the famous lecturer Austin Squadray, murdered that previous Wednesday night. "Your mother accused of murder!" Mr. Carter said to his daughter. "And in the company of felons!"

PART TWO—"SO SHE SHOT HIM, TOO!"

BUT any one would say for her, Edward," I said as cheeringly as I could, "that when she went in for the company of felons she made no ordinary selections. If you'll glance over the newspapers again you'll see a lot of distinguished names—or at least aliases. The New York police seem to have put in the night picking up the absolute elite of the alumni of several state prisons. They'll all be in the lineup with your wife this morning."

"All charged with murder too?" Edward asked.

"Not all," I said. "Some of them only with mayhem or assault with intent to kill. On the other hand, massacre would be the only adequate charge against others. You see, a few of your wife's present company of felons—as you call them—are rather large-scale operators. It's plain that your wife must 'have' something, when you consider that she grabbed the headlines from that crowd—and even before she was accused of murder, too."

I saw that I had touched his pride. He felt better; but he didn't relax.

"Of course Henrietta 'has' something," he said.

"And though it is true that she is accused of murder," I went on, "it is incorrect to say that she has been 'named' as a murderer. In fact, one of the troubles over her is that nobody can name her at all."

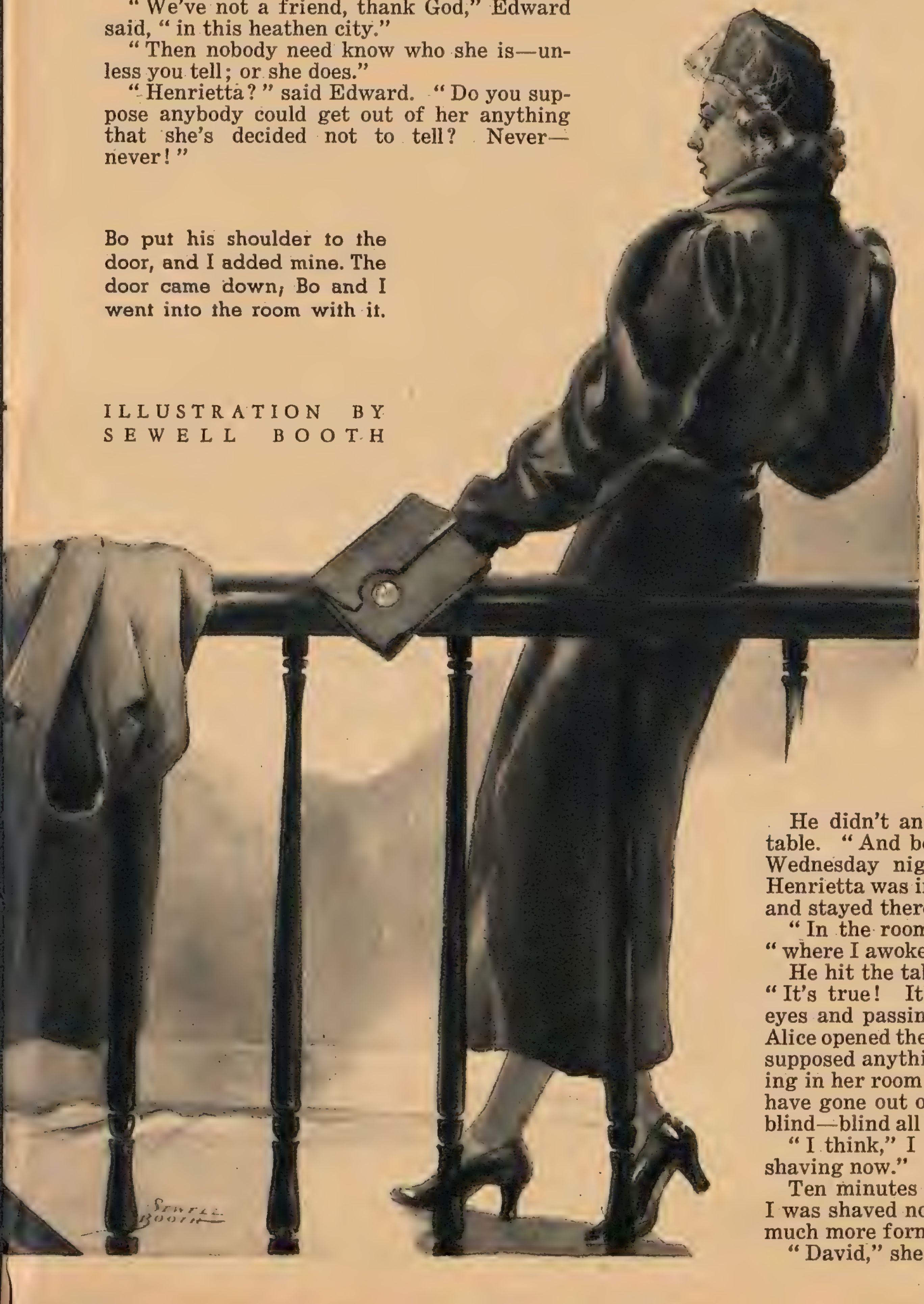
"And they shan't!" Edward vowed. "They shan't!"

"Unless you've some friend in New York, Edward," I said, "who might recognize her from her picture and mistakenly—though with the best intentions—identify her."

"We've not a friend, thank God," Edward said, "in this heathen city."

"Then nobody need know who she is—unless you tell; or she does."

"Henrietta?" said Edward. "Do you suppose anybody could get out of her anything that she's decided not to tell? Never—never!"



Bo put his shoulder to the door, and I added mine. The door came down, Bo and I went into the room with it.

ILLUSTRATION BY SEWELL BOOTH

I turned to take another look at Henrietta's likeness in the paper.

"I believe you," I said. "So I should say that the secret of her identity is safe." And I looked up from the picture to Dorothy.

It was true, as I have said, that Henrietta had much the same features as Dorothy. But her expression was not the same. Far from it. Henrietta was a handsome woman, and it was plain that she went in for the praiseworthy things, like strong character and will power. It was in the set of her lips, especially in the snapshot of her behind the jail bars. Looking at that, it simply never would occur to any one to use the word kissable to describe her. But when you looked at Dorothy—well, you simply had to remind yourself how recently you'd met the girl.

Also, at this moment Dorothy was still as she had been when she'd run from her room at her father's cry of anguish. That is, she was covered, but not by outer garments.

"Alice," said her father, "go back to your room immediately and finish dressing."

"David," said Dorothy to me, "where is the police station where they have mother?"

"They'd be leaving the local lockup about this time in the morning, Dorothy," I said, "for the lineup at headquarters."

"The lineup?" said Dorothy.

"Henrietta in the police lineup!" said Edward, forgetting all about Dorothy's negligee.

"What is the police lineup?" said Dorothy. "And what will they do to mother there?"

"They start, I believe," I said, "by turning a bright light upon her as they look her over. Then they ask a lot of questions."

"Questions?" said Dorothy.

"Personal questions, Dorothy," I said. "Highly personal."

"But they've nothing against my wife!" burst from Edward.

"Only, Edward," I reminded him—for I felt that I had to—"she seems to have had the pistol which was used on Wednesday night for the shooting of Austin Squadray."

"Henrietta never had that pistol on Wednesday night!"

"But did you know, Edward," I said, "that she had it last night?"

He didn't answer that; he just pounded on the table. "And besides, on the night in question, on Wednesday night—the night after we arrived—Henrietta was in her room in bed by half past eleven and stayed there until morning."

"In the room and in the bed, Edward," I said, "where I awoke this morning?"

He hit the table once more; then he got the idea. "It's true! It's true!" he moaned, shutting his eyes and passing his hand over his brow. "Until Alice opened the door and I heard your voice, I never supposed anything but that my wife had been sleeping in her room and in her bed all night. Could she have gone out on other nights? Could I have been blind—blind all my married life?"

"I think," I said gently to Dorothy, "I'll finish shaving now." And I left her with her father.

Ten minutes later Dorothy knocked on my door. I was shaved now and she was dressed; it made us much more formal.

"David," she said—and was that girl adorable in her blue knitted suit and little blue toque close over her head!—"what time in the night—can you figure it?—did mother leave her room?"

"Dorothy," I said, "I've just been trying to figure out that. I can remember somebody—I don't know who—but somebody said that it was darn near two o'clock and we'd better be moving. From where, or why, I don't know; but I wasn't in this hotel."

"Presumably, then," Dorothy said, "it was approximately two when you—dropped in here; and mother already had left the room."

I had been giving the newspapers a better go-over.

"It was half past two, by the consensus of the press, Dorothy," I said, "when the gun went off in your mother's handbag. That checks with her arrival at the police station, which is put, in most accounts, as slightly before three."

Edward opened the door without having knocked. He also was dressed, and after a fashion he had shaved, and he felt much more bucked up.

"I am going out," he announced to his daughter, "to demand your mother's immediate release. And I shall demand," he said to me, "an apology from the police!"

Dorothy didn't even look up at him. She had picked up the paper which I had looked over, and it held her for the moment.

"Father!" she gasped then, with just enough breath left to make the grade. "Have you read the secretary's statement?"

"What statement? What secretary?"

"Austin Squadray's—I should say, the late Austin Squadray's secretary, Edward," I said. "Her statement of an incident on the afternoon of Wednesday, before Squadray was shot, is given some prominence in that paper."

"'Explorer Upset by Call from Woman,'" Dorothy read the headlines to him. "'Fails to Name Her, But Designates Her 'Dizzy Dame.'"

"Dizzy dame?" said Edward; and it was plain that he had heard the appellation before.

He snatched the newspaper from Dorothy and he found it folded for him to read the right part; but he wasn't up to it.

"What does it say about my wife?" he asked me.

"Whether or not the reference is actually to your wife," I said, "may be decided later. This column is given up to the statement of one Minerva Taylor—a comely and competent young woman, Edward, who served Mr. Squadray as his confidential secretary. I can give you the gist of the first part in a few words. That was: Austin Squadray's greatest trouble—in Miss Taylor's estimation—came from his great attractiveness to the women before whom he lectured. His charming manners and brilliant intellect often misled the not so young first ladies of the provincial towns into thinking he, in turn, was intrigued by them. His attention to them was, of course, fundamentally a matter of business with him; but one and another of the out-of-town first ladies came to expect something sensational in the way of personal attention from Mr. Squadray when the said first lady arrived in New York. Do you follow me?" I asked.

Edward swallowed and nodded.

"NOW, Miss Taylor details a telephone call which came on the afternoon of Wednesday.

"'I was alone in the study with Mr. Squadray,' Miss Taylor says, 'when the telephone bell rang. As a rule I answered it; but Mr. Squadray himself reached for the receiver in this case. I had never seen him so disturbed as when he heard the voice at the other end. I heard him say, 'Well, well! This *is* a surprise! Imagine you in town!' And he reached for his collar, I recall, and pulled at it as if he were choking. Profuse perspiration appeared on his forehead.'

"Question to Miss Taylor: 'Which you took as a sign of agitation?'

"Answer: 'Intense agitation.'

"Question: 'What else did he say?'

"Answer: 'Mr. Squadray said nothing for several minutes. He had no opportunity to. The woman went right on talking.'

"Question: 'And you could hear this woman's voice?'

"Answer: 'Only as a rasp in the receiver; but it had a most positive, persistent quality.'"

I looked up. Edward had his finger inside his collar now, pulling at it.

"'When Mr. Squadray spoke again,' Miss Taylor continues, 'it was to assure the lady at the other end of the wire that he was delighted that she had arrived; and that of course he recalled his promise.'"

"What promise?" Edward asked me.

"Miss Taylor does not know; and she heard no more than already related, because, before his more intimate talk, her employer waved her from the room. Ten minutes passed, and when she ventured to return she found Mr. Squadray seated at his desk, tapping upon it with his fingers in a distraught way and gazing vacantly into space. He made but one reference to the telephone call.

"'When dizzier dames are made club presidents,' he said, 'I suppose it will be my lot to lecture before them.'"

"Well?" said Edward, after a minute or so, his finger still inside his collar.

"Not so good, I should say, Edward," I said. "You see, even before the unhappy accident which called attention to the presence of the pistol in your wife's handbag, a finger of suspicion might be said to have been pointed in her general direction."

"HOW?" said Edward. The man was game. I give him that. And loyal to his Henrietta. "There is no more evidence except that Mr. Squadray was disturbed by *a* president of some sort of a club who had arrived in New York. There are scores of such women—hundreds or even thousands of whom must arrive in New York daily."

"Undeniably, Edward," I said. "Still, I should say that these are scarcely the circumstances under which I should too hastily apply to the police for a public apology. Moreover, one of the three of us ought to stay here to cover calls or messages that may arrive; and other eventualities."

"You are going out?" Edward asked.

"Somebody has got to go out," I said, "and make some move for the family."

"What move?"

"No move," I said, "in which you will not be represented. My idea is to take your daughter along and consult with her before taking action. Something must soon be done; and Dorothy and I are the ones to do it."

We emerged into a perfect May morning. Just Dorothy and I. Edward was holding headquarters.

"David," said Dorothy to me, "where *are* we going?"

"Just to Jerry's, at first," I told her. "A morning meeting place," I explained, "for pals unexpectedly parted during the night—as by the police."

"You mean Bo Logan will come there?"

"If the judge has been half human on fixing the amount of the bail, Bo could put it up in cash," I told Dorothy. "Bo ought to have had almost two thousand with him."

"Dollars?" said Dorothy.

I nodded. "You see," I explained, "last Tuesday, at Santa Anita, Alcazar stumbled a bit in the stretch, thank God, and Minnehaha—good old girl—won by a nose."

"A horse?" asked Dorothy.

"Few considered her a horse," I said. "Fortunately, the majority labored under the delusion that she was a dog; the odds against her, consequently, were fifty to one. And Bo and I each had fifty on her nose. . . . Yes, Bo must have had in his pocket any reasonable bail."

At Jerry's I bought Dorothy a bit of breakfast, for she'd had none. We were at the table when Bo came in.

Bo is black-haired and pale, you know. He's tall and slim, and he straightened up as soon as he caught sight of Dorothy. I could see that he hadn't slept, but that was nothing in his life just now.

He was himself, all right. He never saw me; he just saw Dorothy. And was she seeing him!

"Good morning, Sylvester," I stopped it.

"Gosh!" said Bo to me. "She's with you?"

"Is he," said Dorothy, "he—Bo Logan?"

Bo bowed. "At your service."

"Where's mother?" said Dorothy.

"Gad," said Bo to Dorothy, "she's your mother?"

"Where is she?"

"She's all right," Bo said hastily to Dorothy—perhaps a shade too hastily. "They're just taking her to the line-up."

"Then where will they take her?" Dorothy asked.

"To the Tombs, I suppose," Bo said.

"Tombs?" said Dorothy.

"Just the jail, Dorothy," I said. "That's just the name for the big New York City jail."

"Oh!" said Dorothy. "But—but how do you get her out?"

"First, Dorothy," I said, "hadn't we better find how they got her in? What happened, Bo?"

"Who to?" said Bo. "And starting from when?"

"To mother, please," said Dorothy, "and from the time you met her."

"Did he bring you up to that?" Bo asked Dorothy.

"I brought her, Bo," I said, "only up to somewhere sometime about two in the morning."

"What were the last words you remember?" Bo asked me.

"Somebody saying it was darn near two."

"And after that?" said Bo.

"The dark," I said.

"Then when came the dawn?"

"At seven."

"At seven for you!"

"Naturally, Bo," I said, "being in Mrs. Carter's bed, I got her call for seven. She's always called at seven."

Bo looked at me and then at Dorothy for some moments without speaking.

"BEGINNING with the dark—" Dorothy reminded him.

"The difficulty with Dave in the dark," Bo said, "is that he does so darn well in it that no one can tell quite when it's descended on him.

"He got up, insisted on paying the check, and pulled out eight or nine hundred dollars to do it. He had a roll; did he tell you?"

"Minnehaha," said Dorothy.

"Exactly. With his roll out came a few keys. The next I noticed him, he was on the way to the Planters, and I trailed him to a room.

"I wasn't absolutely sure it wasn't his room—he might have registered at some odd moment during the evening. But then your mother joined us."

"Where?" said Dorothy.

"In her room. It turned out to be hers."

"Then she was in her room."

"Not," said Bo, "at the moment of our arrival. Your mother, at that exact juncture, happened to be in her little dressing room."

"Dressing?" said Dorothy.

Bo nodded.

"For bed, you mean?"

"I do not," said Bo. "She was dressing — at least, she emerged dressed. But not for bed. For the night."

"Oh!" said Dorothy.

KEEPS TEETH WHITE MOUTH HEALTHY

DENTYNE
CHEWING GUM
5¢
KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE
5¢
AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY
MADE IN U.S.A.

She ~~HAD~~ HAS her Mother's smile

DENTYNE WAKES UP LAZY MOUTHS ...PEPS UP HALF-HEARTED SMILES. You may still have your mother's charming natural smile. But today's soft foods may rob you of the fine healthy teeth and gums, the natural, easy smile of her generation, with its hard foods that gave the mouth the exercise it needed. You can keep that mouth-happy smile the way other smart moderns are doing it . . . by chewing Dentyne. Its special consistency helps keep the teeth white, stimulate and harden the gums. And it gives those smile-muscles the workout they need to bring out the smiles.

A FLAVOR THAT MAKES CHEWING A REAL PLEASURE. Dentyne has a grown-up, educated taste that holds its flavor. It gives a substantial satisfaction that stays satisfying . . . as long as you chew. And it's all wrapped up in a package sensibly flat . . . exclusive with Dentyne . . . to fit snugly into your pocket or pocketbook.

DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

"All of oh!" said Bo. "However, at the moment it seemed to be lucky that she wasn't counting on using her bed at once."

"Why lucky?"

"Because her bed was certainly in use."

"He was sleeping on it, you mean?" Dorothy asked Bo.

"The Greeks, or somebody," said Bo, "ought to have a better word than sleeping for that."

They had poor success, you see, in attempts to rouse me. Finally they gave it up. Naturally, during their efforts they didn't remain strangers. They sat down and talked things over. They agreed there was little sense in making a fuss. And—rightly, to my mind—Henrietta conjectured that if she called Edward for help, or if she went into his room for the rest of the night (leaving her room to me), the situation would become only more awkward.

Also, there was more than me to explain. There were her clothes.

She'd not bought them, but she'd had them sent to her on approval that day; and she'd mentioned them neither to Dorothy nor to Edward. Henrietta had (she confessed to Bo) a secret longing to have a look at the real night life of New York; but she'd never dared to hint at it to Edward.

Then Bo got his big idea.

THERE they were, just waiting and sitting in the room, whispering to each other while they waited to see what—if anything—time would do for me. Why sit and whisper in that room while they waited? Why not go out together just for a few minutes—an hour at most—and have her look at night life?

Henrietta looked in on Edward. Unless disturbed, he would sleep through the night. Dorothy also was asleep.

They elected the Calf of Gold for their first port of call. Bo paid the headwaiter to give them a very prominent table.

The pistol in Henrietta's handbag performed about ten minutes later.

Bo presumed that we had picked up from the newspapers, and from the radio, a working idea of the more conspicuous consequences. He passed over them quickly, and relapsed into one of those silences that you read of as moody.

Also he looked at Dorothy.

"Mother never did it," Dorothy said.

"What?" said Bo, starting up again.

"She just means the murder, Bo," I said. "She's not doubting anything you told her—are you, Dorothy? You just mean you don't believe what the police say, which is that your mother did the murder of Austin Squadray."

Bo kept on looking at Dorothy. "Certainly not," he said. "It has just become clear to me that your mother was packing the pistol in her handbag as a favor for a friend who carelessly forgot to mention to mother that she'd used it to plunk old Squadray."

"The family belief, Bo," I said, "is that the pistol must have been planted on mother."

Bo swung around to me. "If I believe that, I can join the family too?" he said. "All right, I'm in," he said to Dorothy.

"But," said Dorothy, "of course we have to prove it also to the police."

"That all?" said Bo; and he bent to his breakfast. But he kept looking up at Dorothy; and I saw he had no idea of dropping out of the family circle over a little obstacle like that. But it required a few moments for readjusting things.

You see, not having met Dorothy, he hadn't bothered over the business. He had just figured that Fate—or whatever directs our steps—simply had happened to hand him to Henrietta when she was setting out for a big night. All in all, he'd enjoyed the affair; and he hadn't been cast down by doubts of Henrietta's innocence. Some visiting lady certainly had plunked Austin Squadray with a thirty-two-caliber pistol which left little telltale marks on the lead. Henrietta had the pistol in her handbag; so why shouldn't it have been she?

Bo had done what he could for her by hushing up how and where he had met her; but he hadn't undertaken the

"BANG! A BLOW-OUT! WHILE DRIVING HER DAUGHTER TO SCHOOL"

Read GRAHAM McNAMEE'S Story of The Contest Between Grim Fate and A Mother With Her Eight-Year-Old Child

BANG! A single ear-splitting blast! Like the crack of a pistol. And it changed this peaceful school-day journey into a terrifying experience. Mrs. Gerstner of Queens Village, Long Island, sat vainly clutching the steering wheel frantically trying to stop the car. But it was definitely out of control. Like a maddened bull it charged across the road, and finally came to a screeching, scorching stop. There was no oncoming traffic at that moment, or there might have been another bitter tragedy in the making.

When it comes to building a tire that really saves motorists lives by providing them with protection against high speed blow-outs my hand goes to Goodrich engineers. They invented the Golden Ply and put it into every Goodrich Silvertown Tire. This Golden Ply is a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist *internal tire heat,* which I understand, is the great, unseen cause of blow-outs. Let's all be careful about tires as well as driving! Remember, you can buy these life-saving Silvertowns at Goodrich Silvertown Stores and Goodrich dealers everywhere—and Silvertowns actually cost less than other super-quality tires.

Graham McNamee

HEAT CAUSES BLOW-OUTS. PREVENT THOSE BLOW-OUTS WITH THIS HEAT-RESISTING GOLDEN PLY
Goodrich Silvertown

Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

task of believing the lady innocent. Now, of course, he had an incentive; and I could see that things had started stirring in his head.

"Remember Blot Bailand, Dave?" Bo suddenly said to me.

"What's he done now?" I said.

"He was there last night," said Bo. "At the Calf of Gold. And did he have a dizzy dame with him!"

"Dizzy dame!" said Dorothy, catching breath and coming up for more air.

"She hits the all-time high even for partners of the Blot," said Bo. "And he was the previous record-holder."

"How?"

"It's his business," Bo explained. "He fell on his head too hard the last time he crashed. And now he's a gigolo."

"The Blot," I explained to Dorothy, "used to be a pilot; but, as Bo said, he crashed one too many times."

"It might be his platinum plate, I sometimes figured," Bo said. "The first few times they fixed him up with patches in his skull, they used silver; and I never noticed much difference. But the last time, some medico had to get gay and gorgeous; he insisted on platinum. Apparently platinum never should be placed in close contact with the brain."

"You have to hand it to the Blot," I said, "that he worked into a line for a living in which a brain shy of several essential parts is a positive advantage rather than a handicap."

"How does he make his living?" Dorothy asked.

"As an escort of—and sometimes more, I fear—of lonely but highly solvent ladies," said Bo. "Widows preferred, naturally."

"Oh!"

"And I should say for the Blot," said Bo, "that he hasn't proved so dumb, when you think him over. After all, he's hitched on to what seems to be the governing male impulse of the American husband."

"WHAT'S that?" Dorothy asked.

"To provide for Petty—to leave something handsome to the little loved one, whatever happens to himself," said Bo. "When are all the big jumps done from the fortieth-story windows? Just a few minutes before the life-insurance policy goes into default. Papa hits the pavement, and Petty cashes in. In due time she drifts out in the direction of the Blot.

"You see," Bo explained, "by the time he'd built up all that life insurance, often papa wasn't so young; so surviving mama isn't so young either; but she's well able to pay for a little appreciation. If her true story were told, as the Blot knows it, it would ruin every life-insurance company in America. It would simply dry up in papa all impulse to provide."

"Who was with your friend last night?" Dorothy asked.

"I have mislaid her name," Bo admitted. "Besides, I remember it didn't begin to do her justice. Call her Ophelia."

"Ophelia?" said Dorothy.

"When she comes in dressed in straws and flowers—the spirit of spring, you know—as in the fourth act of Hamlet."

"Was she as young as Ophelia?" said Dorothy.

"She must have been once," said Bo. "The point is, I distinctly remember her making a stop at our table."

"With the Blot?" I said.

"Does any lady in her second—or third—spring," said Bo, "ever let go of the Blot for a minute? They both sat with us for a while."

"Then it seems possible," I said, "that, while you three were talking, she might have slipped the pistol into mother's handbag."

Bo took another look at Dorothy. "It seems certain," he said.

"Can you find her?" said Dorothy.

"I can find the Blot," Bo said.

"Then," said Dorothy, "let's please do it." And she arose, all ready for action.

We put her between us in a taxicab. Bo gave the directions and sat back beside Dorothy. It was plain that he

Good-looking hair—

A SOCIAL "BUILD-UP" FOR ANY MAN

use VITALIS and the "60-SECOND WORKOUT"

FIRST impressions are important—that's why men who value social and business success are ever watchful of their looks. They know well-groomed hair reflects a rightful pride in their appearance. And to give their hair the proper care they use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout."

Just rub Vitalis briskly into the scalp. Circulation speeds up—the tight, dry scalp is awakened—hair responds with a healthy good-looking lustre. The pure vegetable oil of Vitalis helps replenish needed scalp oils. Loose dandruff is routed. Vitalis and massage assists in giving you a handsome head of hair...a credit to your appearance.

Start today to use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout." Get a bottle of Vitalis at your druggist.

● 50 SECONDS to rub—circulation quickens—needed oil is replaced—your hair has a chance!

● 10 SECONDS to comb and brush—your hair has a lustre but no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

VITALIS

HELPS KEEP YOUR HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

ASK YOUR BARBER for genuine Vitalis in the new sanitary Single-Application Sealtube. Where you see this seal, you are assured the same genuine Vitalis you use at home.

BRUISED BADLY WHILE HUNTING

Wife and Absorbine Jr. come to husband's aid

"MY husband said the gun kicked," writes J. E.,* of Nashville, "his shoulder was sore and got stiff, and when he came home I took some Absorbine Jr. and rubbed it in good. He went hunting the next day, so I know Absorbine Jr. did him a lot of good."

We recite these little incidents in everyday life to remind you of the friendly part Absorbine Jr. plays in so many homes. Those bruises and bumps, those painful sprains and wrenches that may happen to anyone—ease and comfort them with Absorbine Jr. and they will gladly yield their soreness and swelling to this fine old liniment.

Keep a bottle handy for such emergencies. Apply it for relief from muscular rheumatic soreness and stiffness. Soothing and safe, no other liniment enjoys higher prestige with so many doctors and nurses. Also famous for Athlete's Foot. Sold at all drug stores, $1.25 a bottle, Absorbine Jr. is thrifty to use because a little goes so far. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 330 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

*Based on actual letter in our files

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, bruises, muscular aches, sprains, Athlete's Foot, sleeplessness

was bitterly blaming himself for not having suspected Ophelia earlier.

But even the Blot had suspected nothing last night. Bo mentioned that the Blot had been only helpful to him after the pistol went off; and after Bo's arrest it was the Blot who had penned the message—meant to be reassuring—which was delivered to Edward at the hotel in the morning.

The Blot lived—if you call it that—in one of those rooms at the top of five flights of stairs which go, in Manhattan, by the name of a "walk-up" apartment.

We walked up. Bo beat on the door. Nobody answered. He turned the knob. The door was locked.

Bo beat again; and we all listened.

"I'm sure," Dorothy whispered, "I hear something."

"A groan?" I said.

"A moan," said Dorothy.

Bo put his shoulder to the door, and I added mine.

The door came down; and Bo and I went into the room with it.

The Blot was alone in the room. He was lying on the floor. It must have been he who had done the moan. Also he'd done a bit of bleeding; but that seemed to be stopped, leaving a trickle of red across the floor.

Bo and I bent over him; and Dorothy was right beside us.

"She must have come up here with him," said Bo, "and she must have had another pistol."

"Ophelia," I said.

"But, thank God," said Bo, "she plunked him on the platinum plate; and it stood up. The bullet glanced off."

"But," said Dorothy, "he's unconscious."

"When the Blot really cracks up," said Bo, "they have to give him oxygen and artificial respiration for days just to keep him breathing. When he's merely unconscious but getting his breath by himself—as he is now—he's practically O. K."

"Hush!" whispered Dorothy. "Hush!"

"Why?"

"There's somebody on the stairs!"

Bo went to the top of the stairs and looked down. "A woman!" he whispered back.

"Mother!" said Dorothy; and it was no whisper.

I LOOKED down as I held on to Dorothy, and mother looked up at me.

She was neither in the nude—following the pattern of father's first fears for the day—nor was she in the attire which the pictures of her in the tabloids had led me to expect. If she had on that evening gown, it was covered by the long black cape she was wearing.

Also, her expression had changed. She looked not at all like the president of the Panamont Reform League, full of will power and good deeds. As she hustled up those stairs she was one frightened female and in flight.

"Mother!" Dorothy met her. "Are you all right?"

"Hush!" begged mother. "Hush! Oh, Alice!" She grabbed the girl, and her cape parted and I saw the evening gown underneath. "Who's with you, Alice? Who are these men?"

"Friends, mother!" was all Dorothy was able to manage for the moment.

"Friends of your daughter, Mrs. Carter," I assured her, "and therefore friends of yours. Besides, you already know one of us."

"Mrs. Carter!" said Bo, bowing.

"Hush!" begged mother.

"Besides us," I felt I had to warn her, "there's only the Blot in the room."

"Who?" whispered mother.

"Blot Bailand; you met him last night."

"Oh. I was coming to see him."

"You can see him," I said. "But he's hardly in shape to see you."

"You mean?"

"Some one shot him, mother," Dorothy said.

"SHOT him?" said mother. She was whispering yet; she was still catching breath. She was at the top of the stairs. Thank God, no one else shared the top floor with the Blot.

"Shot but not killed, Mrs. Carter," I assured. "We may as well step in."

We stepped in; and for a moment mother lost breath again. Then she got it back.

"So she shot him, too!"

"Too?" I said.

Mother didn't answer at once. She had first to bend over the Blot and see for herself.

If the door had been up and we could have closed it, I suppose some one would. As it was, we stood there rather exposed in the top of the house. However, we still had it to ourselves.

Mother straightened and looked at Bo. "So that's more of your friend's work!" she said.

"Not my friend," denied Bo. "Just his." And he pointed to the Blot, who breathed but otherwise never stirred at all.

"She shot," said mother—"of course she shot Mr. Squadray; and then she shot him!"

"Of course!" I said, before Bo could.

"Mother!" Dorothy was holding to her. "Mother, how did you get here? Did they release you?"

"Release me!" said mother. "Shut that door—can't anybody shut that door? I escaped. I'm a fugitive!"

"There's some one on the stairs," Bo warned.

"Some one?" whispered mother, shivering. "Who?"

Is it the police, seeking the escaped Henrietta? Can it be the Blot's dizzy dame Ophelia, on the loose again, returning to add the finishing touch to her shooting spree? How deeply involved is Henrietta in the whole affair? Match your guesses against the solution of this mad mix-up, which you'll find in next week's concluding installment.

From a Land Afar—An Adventure in Beauty

Hollywood's Filming of Lost Horizon Touches New Heights of Loveliness; an H. G. Wells Fantasy and a Star-Decked Comedy Invite Your Attention

by

BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 51 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ ★ LOST HORIZON

THE PLAYERS: Ronald Colman, Jane Wyatt, Edward Everett Horton, John Howard, Thomas Mitchell, Margo, Isabel Jewell, H. B. Warner, Sam Jaffe. Scenario by Robert Riskin from the novel by James Hilton. Directed by Frank Capra. Produced by Columbia Pictures. Running time, 141 minutes.

IT was inevitable that Hollywood would rush headlong into the filming of Lost Horizon, James Hilton's study of meditative, contemplative adventure. It took Hollywood carpenters two months to reconstruct the delicate perfections of the lamasery of Shangri-La, hanging upon the lonely Tibetan mountainside with "the chance delicacy of flower-petals impaled upon a crag." It took even longer to catch the strange events that happened behind the austere serenity of Shangri-La's pale pavilions.

We are happy to report that Director Frank Capra, ex-Los Angeles newsboy with the touch of Aladdin, has succeeded. There are moments when the loveliness of James Hilton's imagination is lost, when the story goes stodgy and moviesque; but for most of its length the film is singularly beautiful. We doubt if any one else in all Hollywood could have so ably caught the fragile charm of Mr. Hilton's imaginative romance.

Lost Horizon adheres pretty closely to the original story. Robert Conway, world adventurer who knows the remote and odd parts of the world as well as his Piccadilly and Whitehall, is dropped with a motley handful of plane passengers in the lonely snows of the wind-swept Himalayas. Taken to the lamasery, he finds that he has been selected to carry on the heritage and doctrines of Shangri-La. Its occupants in their strange isolation have hit upon the way of prolonging life endlessly, and here its founder, a one-time Capuchin friar, hopes to preserve much of the beauty and culture of the outside world before the inevitable whirlwind that will wipe out all the civilization and hopes of mankind.

For screen purposes Mr. Capra has changed some of the characters. You hardly will recognize the woman of Mr. Hilton's fable. And now a lavender archaeologist, done by Edward Everett Horton, is a member of the lost plane's passenger list. Mr. Horton collides with the brooding perfections of Shangri-La, but in the main Lost Horizon is done intelligently, and is ably, exquisitely photographed.

Jane Wyatt and Ronald Colman in a scene from Lost Horizon.

Ronald Colman is excellent as the introspective adventurer Conway; Sam Jaffe is a superb study in abstract and austere serenity as the High Lama three centuries old; and H. B. Warner is admirable as the lamasery high priest Chang.

Mr. Hilton has expressed himself as being in accord with Mr. Capra's changes. So pay no attention to our sotto-voced protest. And do not be afraid of Lost Horizon. It touches a new Hollywood high in beauty—and absorbing drama.

VITAL STATISTICS: Started almost two years ago, there's been talk that the Horizon really got lost; but here it actually is, brought in safely by the Messrs. Capra and Riskin in their lastie together. . . . James Hilton's but thirty-six, a Lancashire lad stuffed with a Cambridge B. A. His paw's a London schoolmaster. Hilton started scribbling in college; later supported himself on proceeds of a biweekly column pseudonymed in a Dublin paper. Hilton got Lost Horizon idea from tortured thoughts about horrors of killing. Decided to lay it in Tibet just before he started writing it; had never been to Tibet. Was so poor he had to write it on both sides of the paper. Success has come only in the last two years. He's in Hollywood, and awed by it. Is best described as "a smallish, unassuming, fresh-faced Englishman with a very contained manner, neatness, and neatly turned speech." Typically, Hollywood claims the right of discovering him! . . . Miscellaninities: 10 prop men worked 10 months making 700 articles used in daily Tibetan life, even though Hilton had never seen one when he wrote the book. Sixty-five sets were built and used, including largest and most expensive Hollywood set yet, the palace of the High Lama, at $200,000. One hundred and seventeen shooting days were consumed, or enough for a generous B'way play run. All snow stuff was actually shot in a huge Los Angeles ex-ice plant, company working at 15° below at some times. No Tibetans could be found in these United States; so Indians were used, resembling Tibetans closest of any other race. Realism demanded that there be 198 braids in li'l' Indian papeese wigs—or exactly number of laws in Tibet Holy Book. Tibetan explorer Harrison Forman tech-directed in full Tibetan costume for mood. That's really the deer Malibu you see. It took months to cast a real old-fashioned drip candlemaker. He was found up in San Fran. Those pooches are real Tibetan terriers, imported from China, and those mountains are real Tibet, shot from airplanes. . . . Sam Jaffe's a New Yorker; used to be a math instructor. . . . Ronald Colman arrived in America in 1920 with $27 in his pocket; last year he made $162,000. . . . Jane Wyatt, of the Waddington Wyatts and Campgaw, New Jersey, learned to play the fiddle for this, practicing six hours a day. . . . Margo's really Margo Maria Marguerita Guadalupe Bolado Castilla. Francis Lederer is her flower supplier and peace bringer these days. James Hilton dropped backstage after Winterset and hoped he'd see her in parts of Horizon. . . . With Isabel Jewell it's Owen Crump, radio man.

★ ★ ★ THE MAN WHO COULD WORK MIRACLES

THE PLAYERS: Roland Young, Joan Gardner, Ralph Richardson, Ernest Thesiger, Robert Cochran, Lady Tree, Wallace Lupino, Gertrude Musgrove, Edward Chapman, Sophie Stewart, George Zucco. Adapted from the story by H. G. Wells. Directed by Lothar Mendes. Produced by London Films-United Artists. Running time, 70 minutes.

MORE magic! H. G. Wells's fantastic story of the timid little clerk who suddenly finds himself endowed with the divine power of working miracles. Bewildered, frightened, stunned, he doesn't know what to do with his gift. It's all well enough to produce rabbits at will, but bankers,

MOM WANTS THE BULBS THAT DON'T WASTE ELECTRICITY
HERE YOU ARE SON, YOU WANT G-E MAZDA LAMPS

Insist on G-E MAZDA lamps . . .
and you will avoid wasted electricity

Why take chances with inferior light bulbs? Some of them waste so much electricity that they wouldn't be cheap if they were wrapped in dollar bills and given away free.

Why deprive your eyes and your family's eyes of light they need by using unknown, inferior bulbs which rapidly become dimmer and dimmer in use?

Get All the Light You Pay For

Look for the mark (GE) when you buy lamp bulbs. Then you will be sure to get bulbs that do not waste electricity and that STAY BRIGHTER LONGER. Thanks to General Electric research, they are *now brighter than ever.* Day by day and month by month General Electric improves lamp quality to give you more light for your money.

MAZDA
60 WATTS

15¢
60-WATTS AND SMALLER

They Stay Brighter Longer

GENERAL (GE) ELECTRIC MAZDA LAMPS

G E identifies the General Electric 10c lamp. If you want the best bulb for a dime, this is it. 7½, 15, 30 and 60-watt sizes. Try an assortment.

preachers, soldiers, and statesmen try to use him—and his power—for their own ends. So George McWhirter Fotheringay starts out in his simple blundering way to reconstruct the world—which, Mr. Wells points out, is perfectly satisfied with its limitations. Poor Fotheringay! His miracles break his heart.

Everything about this film depends upon your capacity for absorbing the fantastic. How much imagination have you? If you have, you will love this adventure into the miraculous, and you will love Roland Young as the little man who can make the sun stand still.

VITAL STATISTICS: Miracles weren't performed by Roland Young (no kidding!) but by one Ned Mann, Hollywood's leading black magician, imported with several tens of thousands of dollars of hocus-pocus-performing machinery, secrets of which are carefully guarded by Ned. As a boy Ned was nuts about fairy stories; learned prestidigitation by mail. Drifted into the Mack Sennett custard factories as an actor; later went in for Sennutty effects. Worked out ways of making autos run over streetcars, trains disappear behind a single tree. Invented split screens, stop screens. Made solids pass through stone walls in Ghost Goes West; flooded the world in The Deluge. . . . Roland Young spent most of his time in England drawing penguins on the backs of things. As relaxation from same he knocked about in curio shops, picking up about 500 penguins in metal, porcelain, glass. Thinks they're world's drollest comics. Visits zoos, stands fascinated before penguin pen, picking up comic pointers on how to droll up himself. Was born in London, educated there, and studied collegiately in a thirteenth-century monk's cell beneath U. of London street level. Rollo's his nickname. His paw wanted him to be an architect. . . . Shudder-maker Ernest Thesiger was a painter before he adopted ghouling up movie scripts. Takes a holiday from horror in this and plays a pastor, much to his relief. Says he was getting jitters at thought of giving out so many jitters. . . . Hollywood typed Lothar Mendes as a macabrist; he's really always yearned to meg comedy—and it's all because first script was a psychologicallie about a murderer. Mendes is German born. . . . Joan Gardner's twenty-two; veddy superstitious; swims like an Olympic mermaid; memorizes her parts striding hatless around London streets. . . . Sophie Stewart was all set to tour the world with Pavlova when a motor crash foozled Sophie's leg, cut off her toe-dancing career. Soph lives on a Surrey farm; drives to the studio every day and distributes a lot of truck from her garden to her studyo pals, most of whom dine in tails at Claridge's nightly. . . . Ralph Richardson was the unforgettable Boss in Things to Come. . . . At seventy H. G. Wells, preferring to write 'em fresh than have his old stuff adapted, is still in there trying. Gets claustrophobia in the theater; needs the time and space of the movies to swing his fecund imagination. Thinks Hollywood is hampered by producers who won't experiment. Had a tough youth but a wonderful manhood.

★ ★ ★ THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY

THE PLAYERS: Joan Crawford, William Powell, Robert Montgomery, Frank Morgan, Jessie Ralph, Nigel Bruce, Colleen Clare, Benita Hume, Ralph Forbes, Aileen Pringle, Melville Cooper, Leonard Carey, Sara Haden, Lumsden Hare. Screen play by Leon Gordon, Samson Raphaelson, and Monckton Hoffe from the play by Frederick Lonsdale. Directed by Richard Boleslawski and George Fitzmaurice. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 98 minutes.

IN spite of the highly personable cast, don't place your hopes too high on this 1937 version of Frederick Lonsdale's high comedy, made back in 1929 by Norma Shearer. For it seems a bit tenuous and talky, too ultra-ultra.

Do you remember the story? It revolves around a lovely and charming Lady Raffles who ingratiates herself into swanky English society. Her eye is upon the Webley pearls. Before long you find her torn between two loves. One is the master mind of her activities, who poses as her butler. The other is the wealthy and amusing Lord Arthur Dilling. One means adventure, the other romance.

Since the smart lifter of jewels is Joan Crawford, the pseudo-butler Bill Powell, and the whimsical lord Robert Montgomery, the proceedings sound interesting. But the whole thing is a little too wordy, too poised, too drawing-room. Still, you'll like the three principals, particularly Mr. Montgomery. We recommend Jessie Ralph's elderly duchess and one-time Gaiety girl.

VITAL STATISTICS: The last Mrs. Fay Cheyney was Norma Shearer, silently; the one before, Ina Claire, in the original Broadway version, 1925. . . . Originally slated to do Mrs. Cheyney, at last minute Myrna Loy switched roles with Joan Crawford, who was all becostumed, becoiffured, behighbrowed and bemade up for the gal in Parnell. Did Joan shake her pretty Irish curls, the pride of the studio hair artists, in wrath at switch! . . . Entire company was hard hit by flu, Joan Crawford succumbing first, Bob Montgomery and Bill Powell following Frank Morgan to fever-and-sniffle land. Only one to escape: ace photog George Folsey, who said he didn't have time for a cold. Epidemic resulted in players having temperature taken every morning, and at slightest rise (even after a love scene) in same, risee was sent home. Disgusted with newspaper scareheading flu ravages, Joan Crawford defiantly had her secretary announce she didn't have flu, she had an old-fashioned cold. . . . Dorothy Arzner, Hollywood's only female megee, completed final scenes, and hardest task was to cheer up company. . . . Role of light-fingered Charles brings Schnozzola Powell back to his first screen love, the heavy—or don't you remember when Bill leered muggishly as Francis I at Marion Davies, delicate Brooklyn beauty, in When Knighthood Was in Flower? Since then Bill's been twice married. Has just sold his completely equipped swank estate, built by the perfumed perspiration of his worried brow. Lived in it but two years; never once swam in his swim pool or lobbed a ball on the tennis courts, preferring to work out once in all that time at an athletic club and worrying himself into condition. . . . Joan Crawford has been a phone operator, convent-kitchen mechanic, college waitress, dep't-store stock gal, cabaret dancer, chorine, and was once Hollywood's most active playgal. Her first M-G-M contract was for $75; she now knocks off $5,000, of which the gov't and her expenses allow her a mere $1,800. She's been with but one studio all these years. Husband Tone calls her Slats when she reduces, which is all ne; pays her bills promptly; does a lot of phoning and often runs a monthly phone bill of $600. Had freckles, hasn't now. Her hair has changed three different colors in her film career. She's so afraid of earthquakes the slightest tremor of her imagination sends her dashing into the night-lit streets of Brentwood in her blue silk nightie to test her seismographic sense and feel if the ground's jittery. Like all stars, she was fat when she first came to Hollywood; has been entirely made over; works hard; is too terribly in earnest. . . . Rob Montgomery's greatest fear is going Hollywood, and he defends against this by living the life intellectual at a splendid clip. He's not too terribly liked by swank Hollywood socialites because of his outspoken gibes at pretentiousness. At slightest pretext Bob dashes with wife and child to the earthy comforts of his Pawling, New York, model farm, where skeptical Yankees from neighboring towns refuse to recognize him in drugstores and on streets because it couldn't possibly be Hollywood's most sophisticated farceur. Such type, they drawl, live in plush only on cynicism in Beverly Hills. . . . Frank Morgan plays a good game of chess and gallantly resigns for you, though you may be but a pawn behind. . . . Rest of cast veddy British, veddy tea-sniffish, veddy King Edwardlorn.

★ ★ JOHN MEADE'S WOMAN

THE PLAYERS: Edward Arnold, Francine Larrimore, Gail Patrick, George Bancroft, John Trent, Sidney Blackmer, Jonathan Hale, Aileen Pringle. Screen play by Vincent Lawrence and Herman Mankiewicz from a story by John Bright and Robert Tasker. Directed by Richard Wallace. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 82 minutes.

THIS has too much story, too many complications. It lacks simplicity and directness. The big moment is a dust storm, and the film shows that ruthless lumber magnates, in destroying our national watersheds, have turned part of America into a denuded barren waste.

Edward Arnold plays a selfish timber tycoon who takes what he wants. He wants a young and swank bride, and when he finds she is marrying him for his money, he picks up a girl, fresh from a parched mortgage-consumed farm, in the Chicago streets, and weds her to spite the other. Then he proceeds to break the little pickup's heart, turns her into a Joan in organizing farmers against their common enemy.

Francine Larrimore comes from years on the stage to play the pickup, and does quite well. Personally, we think George Bancroft, in the comeback role of an aide to the lumber baron, takes the play away from Mr. Arnold. Note John Trent, new discovery, as a chauffeur with ideas—and what ideas!

VITAL STATISTICS: Original title had a simple majesty to it: A Man and a Woman; but it was switched to this because this one has unnh, or don't you think so? . . . This would be film debut of Francine Larrimore, who knows a stage or two along Broadway. Imported to Hollywood by the late Irving Thalberg, Francine cooled her heels at M-G-M for a whole year waiting for studio to find her a Big Woman part so's she could be launched as a star. Role wasn't forthcoming. Francine drew $2,500 a week. Thalberg died; Francine got contractual release, stepped into this. Francine's of a wealthy New York fambly; has snappy deep-blue eyes, red hair, dresses like a gypsy, is the most unglamorous offstage person you'd never care to see. She was born in France, educated abroad, grew to be the stormy petrel of the New York stage, play in legion of hits, and be known for her tempestuous character. Subbing for Jeanne Eagels, too ill to open in the play Chicago, Francine stood behind the opening night curtain, made faces at the critics, was hailed as a sensational success. Was terribly insignificant around Kliegtown during her Hollywood stay, never once kicking over a trace, a plot, or a producer. Said she was just too terribly busy to think about temperament, also just too interested in Hollywood, and just too slightly awe-inspired over the meteoric rise of many who formerly supported her on B'way. Hopes to catch up with these former associates. But 5 feet 1, she had to stand on boxes for her romantic close-ups with Arnold. She hopes to be a playwright some day. Lives on Fifth Avenue in New York; has four dogs completely equipped with doggy ensembles, boots, spats (!), rubbers (but no umbrellas); collects fans; loves to travel. Is back in New York now, probably on her way to Scotland, where lives her sweetheart, one Colin Metehven, wealthy landed squire of Balbawrey, Scotland. . . . To get this right they shot three different endings, recalling Larrimore from New York for one week to get one to stick. Larrimore arrived with thirty-two pieces of baggage for the week. Though she has beautiful clothes, she hates to wear them. . . . For first time in his screen career, Edward Arnold says, "I love you!" Ed's done everything diametrically opposed to accepted way of living, loving, succeeding. Unconventionally, at twenty he gave up romance for eating; at forty he's giving up eating for romance. His fambly in latter case is his great love; while at twenty he played Romeo for Ben Greet players, refused to diet, grew fatter and fatter, outgrowing romantic part. By all laws he should have dimmed into character roles, but instead became that oddity of Hollywood oddities: a character star. Crashed Hollywood four years ago. Didn't make good till he started losing his hair. In Diamond Jim jumped from $250 a week to over $100,000 a year. Got about $60,000 for this one. Says he never has had time to learn to play; won't take time out till wolf is far from his door. Has a five-year plan to banish want forever. Never got beyond fourth grammar-school grade, yet he has been married twice.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Good Earth, Camille, Black Legion, Winterset, The Texas Rangers.

★★★½—On the Avenue, The Plough and the Stars, After the Thin Man, Banjo on My Knee, Gold Diggers of 1937, The Plainsman, Born to Dance, Lloyds of London, Love on the Run, Three Men on a Horse, The Charge of the Light Brigade, Libeled Lady, The Big Broadcast of 1937, La Kermesse Héroïque, Dodsworth, Valiant Is the Word for Carrie, Swing Time.

★★★—You Only Live Once, Green Light, One in a Million, That Girl from Paris, Beloved Enemy, Great Guy, Sing Me a Love Song, Champagne Waltz, The Garden of Allah, Pete Smith Shorts, The President's Mystery, The Gay Desperado, Ramona, The Devil Is a Sissy, How to Vote, Court of Human Relations, Draegerman Courage, Lady Be Careful.

GOOD BOOKS—*by* OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE JEWS by Robert Gessner. Farrar & Rinehart.

An interesting personal survey of the Jewish question all over the world, in which the author finds the problem to be one of class rather than of race, and thinks its solution can lie only in general social reorganization toward the left. The book is both a plea for the Jew and an indictment of the Jew. While one may not agree with the author's conclusions, every student of sociology should read it.

★ ★ ★ THE MISSING MINIATURE by Erich Kastner. Alfred A. Knopf.

That rare thing—a thriller with humor. And the leading character a charming, guileless, and sentimental old butcher.

★ ★ ★ THE ROAD TO NEEDLES by Dorothy Speare. Houghton, Mifflin Company.

A revealing and powerfully wrought novel of the uncertainties of human affections against the backdrop of Hollywood. Don't miss it.

FOR $10 DOWN YOU CAN ENJOY

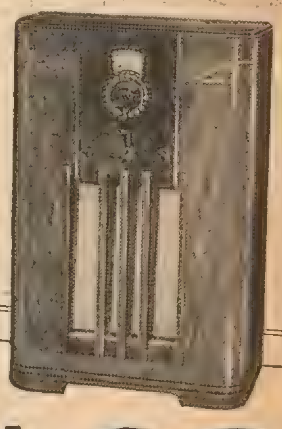
PHILCO AUTOMATIC TUNING

No LONGER need you jog your memory for "numbers!" No longer need you jiggle a knob back and forth to get favorite stations properly tuned.

Instantly, silently, automatically... Philco Automatic Tuning will switch you from one to another of your favorite stations. Their call letters appear right on the Automatic Tuning Dial. A glance... a flick of your finger ...*CLICK*... there's your station... tuned with electrical precision.

A word to your Philco dealer... a ten dollar down payment... and an Automatic Tuning Philco will be installed and ready to play in your home!

PHILCO 9X*
$100
Less Aerial
**Sold only with Philco High-Efficiency Aerial to insure greatest foreign reception.*



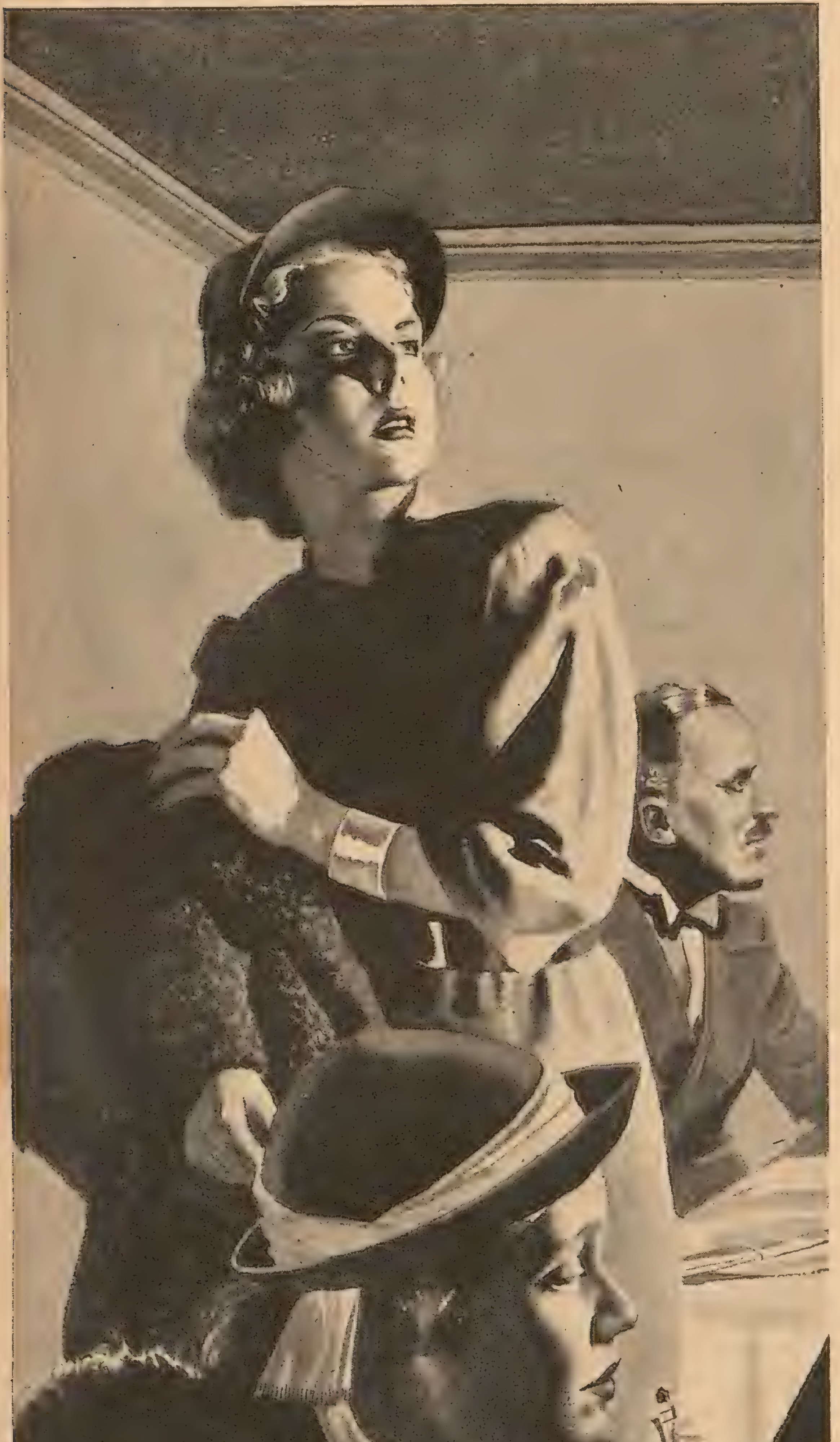
PHILCO

A Musical Instrument of Quality

HOME RADIOS... $20 *to* $600
AUTO RADIOS... $39.95 *and up*

Philco Replacement Tubes Improve the Performance of Any Radio

DISCRETION



She stood up. "I don't want any coffee. I'm going home—alone."

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

PART THREE—"O. K. SEE YOU IN JAIL"

A LOUSY business, thought Duke Williams. But it was politics on the side he favored anyway; money, success—and a chance to see Avis. . . .

"When do I start?" he asked.

"Tomorrow," said Soden. "You won't be able to get off to New Capri for a week or two, but you'll have things to do here and in New York. If an advance on your salary would be any convenience, I can give you my personal check, pending the incorporation of the company. . . . And, by the way," Soden added, "Mrs. Charlton's going to New Capri too, isn't she?"

"Why, yes; I believe she is. What of it?"

"Only this—that she has no idea why her bill has started moving at last. Nobody knows that but you and me. So if you see her, be damned careful not to give her any hint of what's afoot—her or anybody else. . . . Maybe it would be safer if you didn't see her at all. Not that I think anybody would put two and two together, but we don't want to take chances."

"I can't help seeing her," said Williams. "You don't know New Capri. Everybody's always running into everybody."

"Well, just be careful, that's all. She probably needs her fifty thousand, so her future, as well as yours, depends on your putting this over."

. . . . .

Sally Phimister, walking down F Street at midday, looked as bright as a ray of the sunshine that had melted away the snow; but she felt like the cold wave that the Weather Bureau had promised for this evening. A week in Washington without any hint or promise of a job! All she had accomplished was to use up all but one of her letters of introduction. That one was to Milt Soden.

She had been saving that to the last, she told herself, because it might get results if all else failed. She hadn't used it yet because what Phil Strang had told her the first day had made her distrust Soden; there couldn't be any advantage to him in getting her a job, so he probably wouldn't do it. But what—she asked herself on the F Street sidewalk — what did Phil Strang know about it?

Two dates in seven evenings weren't so many—but they were the

A Daring, Revealing Novel Story of a Dangerous Love

BE DAMNED

by ELMER DAVIS

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BRYSON

only dates she had had with anybody. And each time, when Phil took her home, she let him kiss her good night—let him or provoked him, she wasn't sure which.

She stopped dead on the sidewalk, seething with resolution. . . . This has got to stop! Just because he attracts me chemically; because I'm discouraged and lonesome, and he knows it; because I don't know any other man in Washington who takes me out—and Phil knows that too. If only he had some competition! If only Duke Williams had called me, as he said he would!

She looked up and saw him coming toward her, his monocle glittering in the sunlight; and you wouldn't have known how desperately she had been wanting to see him, from the casual serenity of her greeting.

"Hello!" he said. "I was going to call you up, but I've been in New York. Have I the undeserved good luck of finding you free for lunch?"

"You certainly have." Everything was breaking right, now.

"Well—" He glanced about. "Here's the Willard. Will that do?"

"For a small-town girl? I've been dying to lunch at the Willard!"

She hoped everybody she knew would lunch at the Willard today. By the time they had had a cocktail, she felt as sunny as she looked.

"Cousin Adelaide told me you'd been an aviator and a banker—"

God bless Adelaide Grandison, he thought. She'd leave out all the discreditable passages. . . .

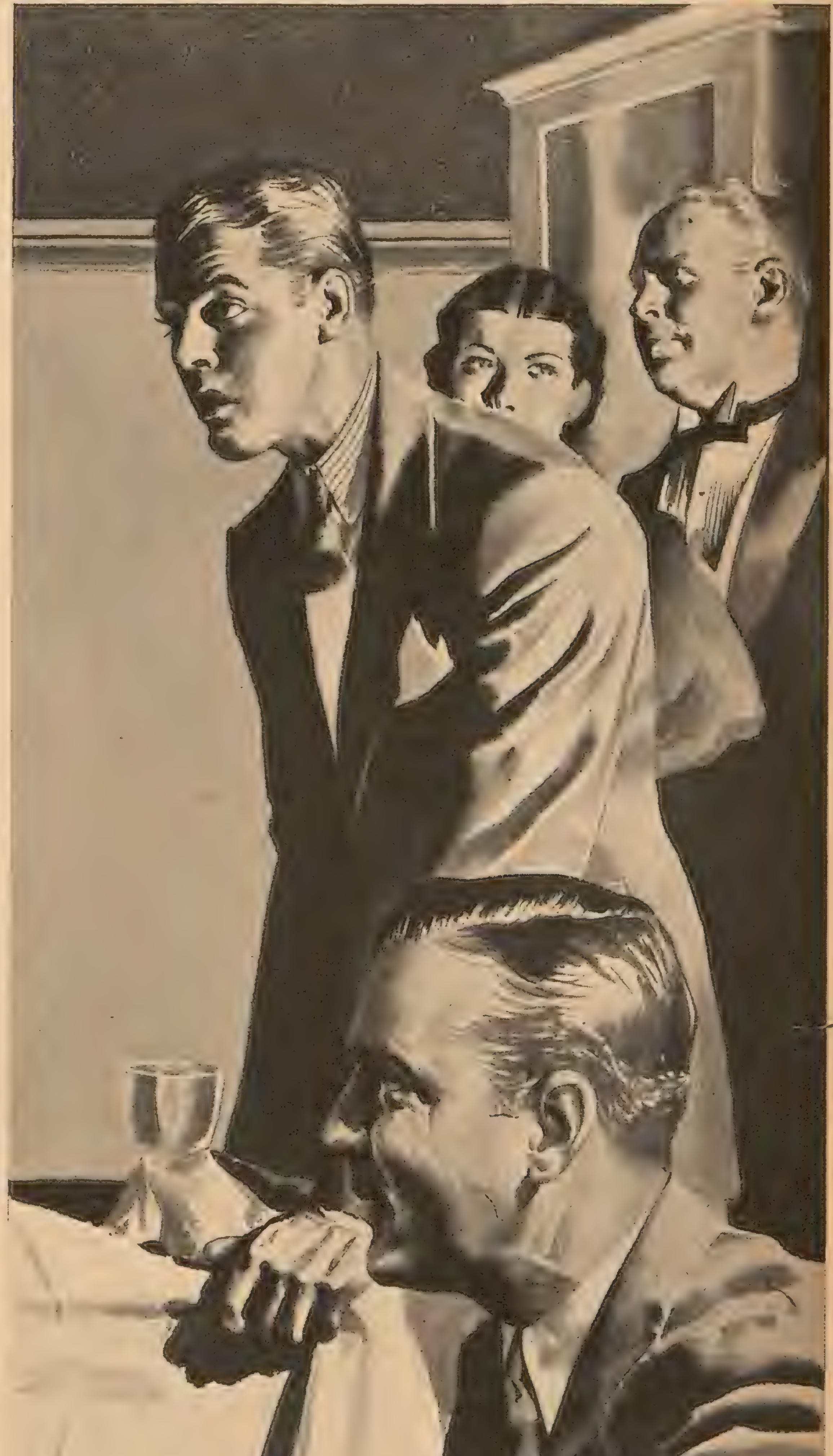
"I've been in and out of a number of things," he told her. "Just now I'm an executive of an export and import company that's just been organized. It's keeping me busy getting things started."

"You're hiring people?" she asked eagerly.

"I'm going to hire people. I haven't started yet."

"Then if you've got a place for a stenographer with six months' experience and good recommendations and plenty of enthusiasm—"

of Washington Today—The
and a Strange, Dark Intrigue



"Don't go, Sally!" pleaded Phil. "Stay here and marry me instead."

Winter discomforts often reach their peak—in months when *your general resistance* is low....

You may think they should be over by now—those common, winter conditions—but unfortunately this "in-between" season is often the time of greatest risk for them.

One explanation is that you start the season with a good physical reserve, but little by little you use it up, as the winter becomes more severe. The result is that by March your *general resistance* is low. You have difficulty withstanding winter hazards.

Forewarned, however, you can make an effort to protect yourself. You can begin building up your general *resistance* at once, before they cost you time and comfort. This very day, start with *Adex!*

From Adex you will get plenty of Vitamin A, which contributes *more than any other vitamin* to good general resistance. You will also obtain extra Vitamin D to help make up for lack of sunshine at this season.

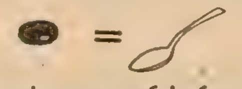
To put all this vitamin richness into a single tablet or capsule, only *natural* sources are used, such as good cod liver oil.

Taken *every day,* Adex will help you go through the winter in comfort. But make it a point to take it *regularly*. Have a package on the breakfast table every morning.

Now at any reliable drug store. Made by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists to the medical profession since 1858.

ADEX

The modern way for adults to take Vitamins A and D



One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

"You?" he said. "Not you!"

"Why not me? I need a job, and I haven't been able to find one in Washington. So why not?"

He wasn't quite sure himself, but—

"My business is in Florida," he said. "Headquarters in New Capri."

"New Capri? Why, that's where Mrs. Charlton went!"

"So she did, I believe," he said coolly. "Most of the town is on relief, so I felt that I ought to employ local people."

"Couldn't you take just one down from Washington?"

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

EARLY on her first morning in Washington, D. C., pretty Sally Phimister bumps into a young man with a glass eye and a monocle. That afternoon at a tea given by her cousin, Mrs. James Grandison, she meets him formally—"Duke" Williams, a retired aviator, looking for a job in the national capital, like herself. Sally is quite drawn to him, though she has a beau, Phil Strang, a cub reporter in Washington.

But Duke is head over heels in love with Avis Charlton, a young and alluring widow, whose husband was shot in an uprising in the Caribbean republic of Olorosa. Friends of hers are behind a bill to have Congress compensate her for her loss to the amount of $50,000. Among them are Gertrude Wills, a lady lobbyist, and Milton Soden, a powerful self-seeking politician who hails from Sally's and Phil's own congressional district. Sally hopes that Soden may help her get a job, but at the Grandison tea she fails to meet him, and he pays unusual attention to Duke Williams. He even hints at a position for him.

Against Miss Wills's express wish, Avis has lunch with Duke the following day, and she betrays that she has lost her heart to him. However, they must be discreet. Much depends on her conduct in relation to the congressional bill in her behalf, and Duke must make money before he can dream of getting married.

He and Avis part, she bound for New Capri, Florida, to rest and await her compensation if the bill passes, he to meet Milt Soden in his hotel room.

The politician has been to New York and has talked with certain principals about a scheme to run ammunition into Olorosa and start a fresh revolution there, using New Capri as a base of operations. He offers Duke a thousand dollars a month to be his organizer and agent in New Capri, whither Avis had gone. Duke is tempted, hesitates.

"Will you do it?" reiterates Soden.

"We'll think about it," he promised vaguely as the soup arrived.

"Meaning you won't think about it," she accused him. "Why not?"

She was a lovely child, and he liked her; and any one could read in her candid face that she liked him too—and admired him, embarrassingly. He wasn't so fatuous as to suppose that she was seriously interested in him; but even an adolescent crush might be embarrassing in a girl who worked in his office.

"Why not?" she persisted. "Sorry if I make a nuisance of myself, but you seem to be the only man in Washington who's hiring anybody just now."

"But— My dear girl, you don't mean this seriously, do you? . . . It would seem so incongruous," he explained lamely. "You're Mrs. Grandison's cousin; I met you there. If you sat at a desk and I gave you orders it would—"

"How old are you?" she interrupted.

"Thirty-four. Why?"

"Born in the twentieth century," she said, "but full of nineteenth-century ideas."

He realized that he had underestimated her.

"You wouldn't like New Capri after the season's over," he said. "And when you come from a small town, you don't want to go to work in another small town. Keep on trying till you've used up your contacts here—"

"I've used them up already—all but one: a letter to Milton Soden."

"Then try him. Milton Soden is a very remarkable man," he said with a touch of malice. "If it will help any, tell him I sent you to him."

At least, he reflected, that gets her off my neck; now she can be just a nice kid I'm taking to lunch.

Sally's eyes, roving about the room in quest of celebrities or people who looked like celebrities, came upon Phil Strang standing in the door. He was looking for some one who wasn't there; but just as he turned away he saw Sally—and nodded to her with a look of ludicrous astonishment. . . .

"But you haven't definitely and finally said no," she told Duke Williams as they left the table.

"Not definitely," he conceded. "But—go see Milton Soden."

"WHAT?" said Soden, beaming genially across his desk, "George Phimister's daughter? But didn't I see you at Mrs. Grandison's last week? Why have you been in Washington all this time without coming to see me?"

"Well, I've been seeing so many people; and I thought Mr. Dimock could do something for me—"

Soden laughed silently.

"Dimock! He can't do anything for anybody. . . . Maybe I'm prejudiced against him; he beat me for re-election in 1930. But look here, Miss Phimister, you don't want a job in Washington."

"Of course I do. Why not?"

He studied the smart coat, the clipped waves of blonde hair framed by the fur collar, the eager blue eyes.

"You don't fit the picture," he told

her with some amusement. "You ought to be lying around a Miami Beach swimming pool; not pounding a typewriter in Washington. You're a luxury product."

"That's the way Duke Williams talked at lunch today!" she said indignantly. "Pardon me, Mr. Soden, but it's nonsense. I was a luxury product; but now that father's lost his money— You knew he had, I suppose?"

"Yes," he said. "A great pity. And now you feel you must earn your way. Very fine spirit. But wouldn't you be better off in—in some small town where there's a more wholesome social life?"

"I don't know any small towns except Brushburg; there aren't any jobs there. I asked Duke Williams for a job today in a business he's starting in New Capri." With annoyance, she realized that she was blushing, and why. "But he didn't think it would do, for some reason. So—"

The telephone interrupted her. Soden excused himself, answered it—but as he talked in cryptic monosyllables, half his mind was pondering her last remark. She had lunched with Williams; he remembered seeing them talking at Mrs. Grandison's; and she blushed when she mentioned his name. And Williams hadn't wanted her in his office. He finished his telephone conversation, turned back to her.

"Well, Sally, I don't know what to do about you. Right now, in this town, a hundred people are jumping at every vacancy. . . . Give me a day or two to think it over," he said, rising. "Maybe I'll be able to find something for you."

SHE hadn't been out of his office ten minutes when Soden's secretary announced Miss Wills.

"It's not the bill," said Gertrude. "But I met Duke Williams on the street a while ago. He told me he had a job—in New Capri!"

"Why not? As a matter of fact I helped to get him the job. I happen to be counsel for a company that's going to open offices there, and since he knows the town so well—"

"But that's where Avis Charlton has gone!" said Gertrude in anguish.

"Well? What of it?"

"She went to lunch with Duke the day she left—ran away right after her hearing, when any number of useful people wanted to talk to her. I did my best to talk her out of it, but she went right ahead. And if they're to be in the same town, when everything depends on her being discreet—"

"Uh," said Soden. "Yes. . . . But look here, Gertrude. Williams takes lots of women to lunch. In fact I have some reason to think he's interested in somebody else. And he only met Mrs. Charlton at Mrs. Grandison's, where he certainly recognized the setup. He's smart enough to know that it wouldn't do him any good to make a pass at—a brave little woman."

"Brave little woman or cowardly

FEMININE HYGIENE
made easy

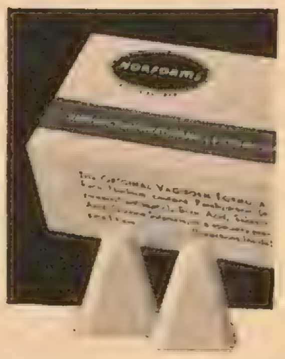
5 REASONS WHY WOMEN PREFER NORFORMS

Every day, more and more women are adopting Norforms for Feminine Hygiene, because:

1. Norforms are so *easy to use.* They require no awkward apparatus for application. They come in a small, convenient package of one dozen.
2. They contain *Parahydrecin*—a powerful and positive antiseptic developed by Norwich, makers of Unguentine. No danger of an overdose or "burn" with Norforms.
3. They leave no embarrassing antiseptic odor about room or person. In fact, they are deodorizing, and many women use them for this purpose alone.
4. They remain in effective, antiseptic contact for many hours.
5. Norforms can be used as often as desired. They are soothing and beneficial as well as antiseptic.

MILLIONS USED EVERY YEAR

Send for the new Norforms booklet, *"Feminine Hygiene Made Easy."* Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, complete with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, New York, *makers of Unguentine.*



Norforms Action Explained

Norforms are easy-to-use antiseptic suppositories that melt at internal body temperature and spread a protective, soothing film over delicate internal membranes—an antiseptic film that remains in effective contact for many hours. They are deodorizing as well as antiseptic and soothing.

NORFORMS

Known to Physicians as "Vagiforms"

© N. P. C. 1937

STOP
YOU BRUTE!

the
KLEENEX
HABIT
soothes tender noses!

● Have some consideration for your family! It's cruel to torture tender noses during colds! So put aside handkerchiefs and adopt the Kleenex Habit the instant sniffles start! These soothing tissues save noses, save money as they reduce handkerchief washing.

Yes, here's a habit that's good for everyone! Kleenex tends to retain germs, thus checks the spread of colds through the family. Use each tissue once—then destroy, germs and all.

Keep Kleenex in Every Room And in Your Car, too
To remove face creams and cosmetics ... To apply powder, rouge ... To dust and polish ... For the baby ... *And in the car*—to wipe hands, windshield and greasy spots.

KLEENEX
DISPOSABLE TISSUES

No waste! No mess! Pull a tissue—the next one pops up ready for use.

KLEENEX
A disposable tissue made of Cellucotton (not cotton)

big women, they all look alike to Duke. . . . But it isn't Duke that worries me; it's Avis. She wouldn't listen to me; she just seemed determined to—to do whatever she wanted to do."

"Damn!" he said.

Soden understood now why Williams had been so glad to get that job in New Capri.

"You can't tell a man like Duke Williams to keep away from a woman, Gertrude; you'd only make him go after her. . . . After all, that job of his will keep him busy; it's his chance—perhaps his last chance—to come back after a series of failures. He must be too smart to jeopardize that by fooling around with her."

"I don't see where it could do him any harm," said Gertrude. To be sure, nobody could see that who didn't know the connection between Duke Williams's job and the Charlton claim. "But one single indiscretion," she persisted, "however innocent, might ruin her. Can't you think of something, Mr. Soden? You've been so helpful."

WHEN she had gone he picked up the telephone—and then put it back again, undecided. Sex could be an obstructive and complicating force—but it could also be a useful force in the hands of a smart man. All the same, it was a high-voltage current that had to be handled with care; whoever brought a man and a woman together started a train of incalculable consequences. . . . But why the hell am I worrying about that? he wondered. This is an unsafe world anyway, and men and women have to take their chances in it. . . . He took up the telephone, called the Army and Navy Club.

"Captain Williams, please. . . . Hello, Duke. Soden. Look here, I don't want you to think this is a precedent; I don't intend to bother you about the personnel of your organization. But just this once. There's a girl named Sally Phimister. You know her, I believe. Daughter of an old friend of mine back home. She says she asked you for a job and you wouldn't let her have it. It would be a favor to me if you'd reconsider."

"I can't refuse a favor to you. But she doesn't look the type—"

"Type, hell! There's no businesswoman type any more. This girl comes of a fine family that's lost its money; she needs a job, and her testimonials indicate that she's competent to hold one. And—maybe you think this is an old-fashioned prejudice, but I don't like to think of a girl like her in the Washington atmosphere. Well, I wish you'd give her a job, anyway, Williams. Needn't make it anything special: just something with a salary that she can live on."

"All right," said Williams reluctantly. He had been frantically wondering what was Soden's motive. To plant a personal spy on him? But Sally obviously wasn't the type for that. Perhaps, after all, he was only doing a favor to an old friend. "But I'll tell her I'm doing it at your request, Mr. Soden. You ought to get the credit."

Soden laughed. "I guess I'll get the credit with the Recording Angel. However, tell her if you like. I promised I'd try to do something for her."

And thus, Soden reflected comfortably, I acquire merit with George Phimister and all the people I used to know in Brushburg. Never can tell when even that might come in handy. And—he chuckled—when you're doing a good deed anyway you might as well kill two birds with one stone; let one hand wash the other; make the thing finance itself. Which it certainly will do, if she keeps him away from Mrs. Charlton.

. . . . .

In Olorosa City they were celebrating Independence Day—the anniversary of that first pronunciamento, issued in a mountain village by a group of men who were ready to take to the jungle the moment a platoon of Spanish soldiers came in sight, that was the beginning of the glorious War of Liberation.

Olorosa City was decked with flags—Olorosa City with its great hotels (their bonds in default, unfortunately, on the New York Stock Exchange), its downtown skyscraper district (mostly empty, like skyscraper districts farther north). The army marched in parade down the Avenida de la Nación, past the long white façade of the Presidential Palace. Smart troops in perfect order, khaki-clad, steel-helmeted; infantry and cavalry, machine guns and field artillery; even a solitary tank, discarded by the United States army but still able to rumble down the Avenida de la Nación with a satisfyingly thunderous noise; while overhead droned a pair of airplanes—also discards from the United States army, but sufficient for their purpose, since they were the only fighting planes betwen Pensacola and the Canal Zone. Briskly the troops marched down the palm-bordered avenue between the cheering crowds; and as each unit passed the balcony of the Presidential Palace, arms snapped in salute.

FOR there stood President Gutierrez, gaunt-faced, gray-haired, in white linen; beside him the American Minister, dutifully sweating in silk hat and broadcloth cutaway; and at his other hand, most revered figure in all that group, a bent and wizened old man in a uniform of faded blue trimmed in red. The uniform was a historical relic, and so was the man—General Aquilino Tovar, last surviving commander of the Army of Liberation.

Liberation! thought President Gutierrez bitterly, as he mechanically acknowledged the salutes of the passing troops. The Americans meant well, no doubt; they paid us the compliment of making us over in their own image, overcapitalizing our country as they did their own. And they gave us no RFC to save us from defaulting. . . . Oh, well—give me another five years and perhaps—

The last squadron of cavalry had clattered down the asphalt street. The American Minister took off his silk hat, mopped his forehead, and turned to the old hero in faded blue and red.

"A magnificent army, general! If your Army of Liberation had been equipped like that, you'd have needed no help to win your independence."

"You are right, sir," agreed the general. "In those days a man started out with a machete; if he wanted a rifle, he had to get one from a dead Spaniard. If you had seen us in the jungle you wouldn't have called us an army; you'd have called us tramps. But there was one thing about the Army of Liberation: It didn't sell out!"

Meanwhile the troops were marching back to their barracks; and in due course most of them were dismissed, to find their way to the cafés.

IT certainly took the kinks out of your nerves, this beach life. Lying here with her head in the shadow, her body in the sun, with nothing on but a couple of wisps of printed silk, Avis Charlton felt an utter physical ease, the primitive contentment of a one-celled animal in harmony with its environment. The trouble with this climate was that it didn't stop with curing whatever ailed you. Once you were cured, it made you feel like getting up and doing things. Her days on the beach were all she could have asked; but evenings, alone in her apartment, when she looked out over the phosphorescent sea and wondered what had really happened to her and Duke—

If anything; it was a week, and he hadn't written to her. If he doesn't write pretty soon, she thought desperately, I'll go out and get drunk. With Bill Jones, or anybody else who asks me.

But a long swim soothed her, and a cocktail afterward with some friends on the hotel terrace. They invited her for lunch, and she wished she could; but if she stayed, no telling what she might get into.

So she walked home, across fields glaring white with coral rock, to a two-story frame house where she had rented the upper floor, with a private entrance by rickety wooden stairs outside. Coming in from the glare she could see nothing for the moment; and then— Two letters on the table, one addressed in Gertrude's hand, the other in a script that she didn't know; and that was the letter she snatched up first. . . . Duke, coming down here! He had a job—it sounded like a good job. His note was curt, without much detail; but he didn't need to write much, when he was going to be here where he could tell her everything.

She read the note three times before she opened Gertrude's letter with fingers that were still shaking.

> Dear Avis—Duke Williams is coming back to New Capri, and I must warn you once more—

She laughed aloud. No need to warn her; all she needed to steady her nerves, enable her to carry on, was just to see him—see him every day.

There was plenty for Williams to do in New York and Washington before he went South, while Soden was getting the corporation organized with a smooth swift efficiency. Letters to write, lists and memoranda to draw up; before long he had to ask Soden to lend him a stenographer.

"My stenographers are busy," Soden countered. "What's the matter with your own secretary?" And, as Williams looked blank, "You've hired Sally Phimister, haven't you? There's an empty office down this corridor that I can get; till you push off, that's the office of the Tropic Breezes Trading Corporation."

Sally was glad to be busy. After her incredulous joy when Duke Williams called her up and told her that at Soden's request he would give her a job after all, had come a letdown; she hardly knew how to put in her time, now that she no longer had to interview personnel directors.

Phil, to whom she had intended to tell the news triumphantly, was out of town, covering a special election in Pennsylvania; and after that telephone call she saw no more of Duke Williams till he told her to come downtown and start work tomorrow.

DOWN TO HIS LAST FRIEND

MY MASTER'S SO DOWN-HEARTED. AND NOBODY COMES HERE ANYMORE. GUESS I'LL CHEW UP THIS MAGAZINE.
HERE, YOU RASCAL! STOP THAT!
HM! WHAT'S THIS? "MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH. SEE YOUR DENTIST"... SAY! I WONDER...
YES, MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.

TWO WEEKS LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S
I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED THIS HOUSE IS JUST OVERRUN WITH PEOPLE THESE DAYS!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
Now—NO BAD BREATH behind his SPARKLING SMILE!

MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And the same tests prove that most bad breath comes from *improperly cleaned teeth.* Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special *penetrating* foam, removes the *cause*—the decaying food deposits in hidden crevices between teeth which are the source of most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel—makes teeth sparkle!

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Good Housekeeping Bureau

20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢

Her mother taught her
Never to let more than one day pass

Years ago her mother taught her the importance of regular elimination.

Ever since she can remember, there has been a box of Olive Tablets on the bathroom shelf just as a reminder not to let more than one day go by without doing something to assist Nature.

Originally the formula of an Ohio physician, Dr. Edwards, Olive Tablets are now widely recognized as a standard proprietary.

Mild and gentle in their action, one little pellet is usually all you need to take to get desired results. Thousands of women have made Olive Tablets their favorite laxative. Three sizes: 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All druggists.

DR. EDWARDS'
Olive Tablets
THE LAXATIVE OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

FREE for MOUTH-TEETH-GUMS La Dento—used and praised by Dentists, is an amazing discovery for preserving teeth, correcting trench mouth, cankers, sore gums. Makes wearing false teeth and bridges comfortable. Trial packet, acid mouth test and valuable information, Sent FREE. Write LA DENTO LAB'TS., Dept. A347 Minneapolis, Minnesota

The ONLY Cough Drop
MEDICATED WITH THROAT-SOOTHING INGREDIENTS OF VICKS VAPORUB

VICKS MEDICATED COUGH DROPS
Medicated with Throat-Soothing Ingredients of VICKS VAPORUB

He worked her hard—and Duke Williams dictating letters was a very different man from Duke Williams ordering a lunch. In office hours he was abrupt, impersonal—thoroughly correct, Sally realized; but she liked him better than ever as a person—and wondered how he liked her, now that he knew her better.

That night Phil came back, and asked Sally to dine with him.

"I've got a simply swell job!" she announced across a table at the Occidental. "Private secretary to Duke Williams, at thirty a week!"

"Duke Williams? Who may he happen to be?"

She hurried to explain, but his scowl grew blacker.

"I thought you wanted a job here in Washington," he said at last.

"Of course I did, but I couldn't find any."

"Did you expect to find one right away? If you gave up in a week—"

"I gave up when I got a job," she said coldly. "Why not?"

"But what a job! This town of New Capri isn't getting anywhere, for all the government money that's being poured into it."

"Captain Williams—Mr. Williams, he prefers to be called"—she reddened; he called her Sally; he had told her she might as well call him Duke—"Mr. Williams thinks the town has a future, and so do the people who have invested in the company. . . . And at least it's a break for me," she added cheerfully. "A job in Florida, when it's just one blizzard after another in the North this winter—"

"Uh!" he grunted. His eyes swept the dining room, crowded, bright-lit, then came back to fix themselves on her. "Sally! Will you marry me?"

"What? Good heavens, what a—" What a place to ask me, she almost said. "What an idea!" she amended. "Did it just occur to you offhand?"

"You know it didn't. If I'd stayed two days longer in Brushburg last fall I'd have asked you—and you'd have said yes," he accused her.

"I DON'T see what makes you think so," she said—loftily, but her cheeks were flaming. "Anyway, Phil, you looked different in Brushburg—and probably I did too." He grinned, and somehow looked more mature.

"We both did. You were the big shot's daughter—still the big shot, even if he'd lost his money. I was the home-town boy who'd made good. We weren't just you and me; we were personages. Washington dwarfs us. Here, we're pretty small shots—as yet. And what of it?"

"Oh, it wouldn't do, my dear." Her fingers twisted nervously, her eyes evaded his. "We can't be together half an hour without getting into a row over something."

"But we always make it up before we say good night, and we always get together again as soon as we can. If you studied any psychology in college, you ought to be able to figure that out."

"Quite able," she agreed, crimson but steady. "That isn't psychology—only chemistry, and that's not enough. The man I marry must be"—A personage? That was childish—"somebody I can look up to," she tried to explain. Then, desperately, "Please don't take that as a slap, my dear; I know you're going to be a big success. But—last fall you were sure of yourself; and now you're just—somebody like me, trying to get settled in your own mind; not quite sure what you are yet—"

"THAT'S true," he sighed. "I've had things to readjust in my mind since I came down here. I knew when I saw you that first day that we'd have to get reacquainted. I thought you'd get a job here, and we'd have plenty of time; but if you're going off to Florida— Don't do it, Sally! Stay here and let's get mar—"

"Well, of all the—" she gasped. "You know you aren't ready for me, and I'm not ready for you—but still you'd make the supreme sacrifice to save me from having to spend a winter in Florida!" She stood up. "I don't want any coffee," she said, "and I won't wait while you get your check. I'm going home—alone. . . . Really, Phil! You ought to hire somebody to plan your love-making for you. Even I wouldn't be as clumsy as you. Better let me draw your blueprints before you propose to your next girl!"

"Don't go, Sally!" pleaded Phil. "Stay here and marry me instead."

She was a little ashamed of that explosion the next morning. When he was fighting out his own problems in his mind, she ought to have helped him, not made things harder. But whether he fought out his problems or not was none of her business; the attraction between them was nothing that would work, and the sooner she forgot it the better. Luckily Duke drove her so hard that she didn't have time to think of anything but her job—until, toward noon, Soden walked into their little office.

"About ready to push off South, aren't you, Williams?"

"Just about. The first shipment of goods is on its way already—our office furniture."

"Office furniture? I didn't know you'd leased your offices already. And warehouses too?"

"Not yet. But I know exactly what I want; we can get them cheap."

"But—my God, Williams!" said Soden, staring. "You've got that stuff going down there, and don't know where you're going to put it?"

"I know, I tell you; New Capri's full of empty buildings whose owners would jump at the chance to lease them."

"All right, if you say so," Soden assented. "When do you leave?"

"I'll have to run up to New York tomorrow for a last conference with Wallick. I thought I'd take the Havana Special at ten five that night—it stops at Miami now. Gets there just in time for breakfast Friday; then I take the plane to New Capri."

"That train goes through Washington about three A. M., doesn't it? Pretty late for Miss Phimister—"

"Miss Phimister?" said Williams. "Lord, I forgot all about her! . . . My apologies, Sally. Well, now, let's see—"

"Pretty late to be getting reservations on a Florida train," Soden observed, "but I guess my office can manage it. Got yours, Williams? Compartment from New York to Miami? Good. Then I'll fix Sally up with a lower on the same train. . . . Wait—that's a two-night trip, isn't it? Well, I'm not going to have George Phimister's daughter spending two nights in a lower. We'll get her a compartment too, and charge it to the company."

"Thank you," said Sally. "But I'm just a secretary, and a secretary doesn't rate a compartment."

"Fine," Soden chuckled. "Good independent spirit. But a secretary takes orders, young lady, and I order you to travel in a compartment."

He walked out; and two minutes later Williams followed him to his office.

"Look here, Mr. Soden, I can't take Sally down there with me, on the same train! It wouldn't do at all."

"Nonsense!" said Soden with much inward gratification. For Williams would see that it was nonsense if he didn't have some personal interest in the girl that made him sensitive; an interest that would draw him away from Avis Charlton. "But if you're worried, call up Mrs. Grandison. If she thinks it would look at all peculiar, we'll send the girl down on another train. . . . Here—use my phone. We're in a hurry."

Mrs. Grandison, it appeared, didn't take Williams's scruples seriously.

"Why, Duke, if she's your secretary I can't see any objection to it. In the business world Sally expects to follow business customs. With another sort of man it might be a different story; but since it's you—"

. . . . .

The Havana Special was about to pull out of the Pennsylvania Station in New York; and on a platform beside a Pullman vestibule Duke Williams stood with a stocky, morose, bespectacled man—Mr. Wallick, operating vice-president of the Tropic Breezes Trading Corporation.

"Got the code in your head?" Wallick demanded.

Williams nodded. "I've memorized harder codes than that. But it's a very slick one," he acknowledged. "Your secretary and mine can read our letters without suspecting it's anything but ordinary business."

"I've been in this game quite a while, Williams—long enough to have learned how to be careful. This is your first whack at it, I understand; and you don't like it much, do you?"

Williams shrugged. "I like what—what I hope to get out of it."

"Money? Yes, we can all use that."

"I wasn't thinking of that exactly."

"Adventure?" Wallick queried. "Action? You won't get much of that. You'll stay peacefully at home in New Capri when the stuff is run over; you've got to, to disarm suspicion."

"I know. That's one thing I don't like about it. I build up the gunrunning outfit—but when they take the stuff over, I don't go along with the men and share their risk."

"You can get three years in jail for violating the neutrality laws," said Wallick dryly, "plus a fine up to ten thousand. That looks like a risk, to me. . . . I understand how you feel. You're an ex-officer and you think you ought to be out there getting shot at too. Well, I'm a business man and this is my business. But sometimes I get sick of it—you and I taking all the chances, and covering our respectable backers if anything goes wrong. However, that's what they pay us for."

Trainmen began to call, "All aboard."

"O. K.," said Wallick, gripping his hand hard. "See you in jail, Williams, if either of us slips up."

Will Duke be lucky or clever enough to put over this dangerous job? What will happen if Avis and Sally discover his part in the desperate conspiracy? But let us go along with them to New Capri for fresh surprises and new sensations in the next issue of Liberty.

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT
COMPANY
ST. LOUIS, MO.
Double Size

WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO TRY THIS tooth paste that has won its way into the favor of so many men?

Nothing fancy about it; no pretty colors; no effeminate odors; no ability to cure imaginary diseases; no ingredient to make your teeth flash like Jim Brady's shirt studs.

Just a manly, full-of-action sort of tooth paste created on the theory that its main job is to clean teeth superlatively well and leave the mouth feeling fresh and stimulated. That it is also noticeably economical, is perhaps a point you would like to remember—more than a quarter of a pound of tooth paste in the 40¢ size.

If you will try a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste you will immediately see why so many prefer it to highly flavored, soapy types.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

TRY TO FIND ANY TOOTH PASTE THAT **DOES** AS MUCH OR **GIVES** AS MUCH FOR THE MONEY

Tested and Approved 4602 by Good Housekeeping Bureau Conducted by Good Housekeeping Magazine

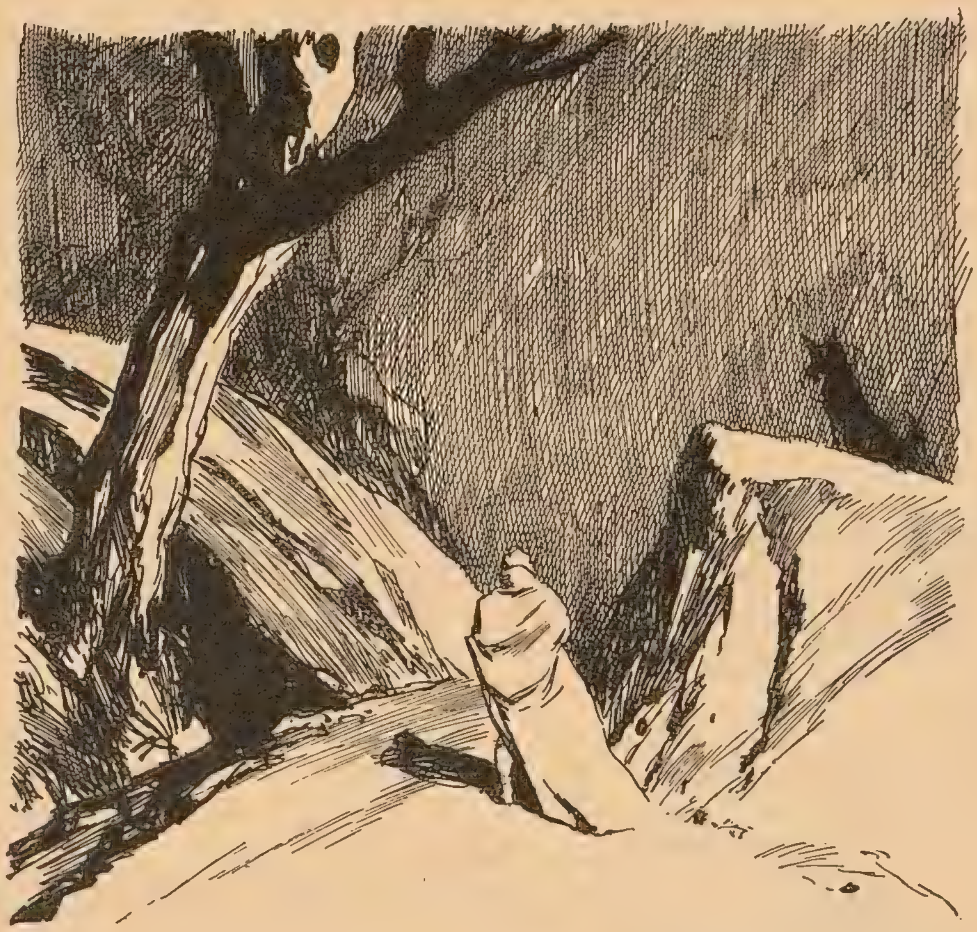
More than ¼ POUND of tooth paste in the double size tube - 40¢
Regular size tube - 25¢

Mr. Dunkle's DIARY

Tall Mr. Short—A Birthday Suit and a Banner—A Life of Ups and Downs Pursues Its Course

by NORMAN ANTHONY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS



In the wee small hours I did wend my way homeward, naked as the day I was born save for the banner wrapped about me!

MONDAY: Up betimes, and bidding adios to El Paso, we did follow the course of the Rio Grande, camping for the night in the town of Longfellow.

TUESDAY: Up and away early, and along the road we did come upon the tallest man I have ever seen who did inform us that he was on his way to San Antonio, and I did comment to my wife *sotto voce* that if he fell down he'd be halfway home, but we did give him a lift nevertheless, having first put the top down so that he could sit upright, and as we went on I did ask him how the weather was up there and how he came to grow so high, and he did reply that he guessed it was because he had told such tall stories all his life. Whereupon my dear wife did suggest that he might listen to me for a while if he wished to feel smaller.

So on into Del Rio with our tall friend, Mr. Short, and, having parked my wife, Mr. Short and I did repair to a tavern. So, at last, back to the trailer, leaving Mr. Short in comfort on a long bench in the railroad station.

WEDNESDAY: Up heavy-eyed and on our way, having collected our tall friend at the station, and as my dear wife offered to drive we did remain in the trailer, Mr. Short giving himself enough headroom by sitting on the floor. And I did find him an interesting fellow indeed, especially when he did produce a bottle of liquor, and I did remark to him that when he took a drink it had so far to travel that I should think he'd have to pay an export tax. But he did retort that it was just the contrary, for he was already full up to his neck, as he was drinking whisky to stunt his growth. And when I did ask him when he had started, he did reply, "At the age of ten!"

So on into San Antonio, dropping Mr. Short at his home. And he did thank us profusely, saying that if he came to New York he would certainly look us down.

THURSDAY: Up betimes, my dear wife wishing to do some sight-seeing in this historic city. When we did reach the Alamo and I did say, "You remember 'Remember the Alamo'," my wife did wish to know what musical comedy it was from, and when I did inform her that it was here that Sam Houston held off thousands of Mexicans, she did retort, "Well, then, see what *you* can do with this gang that's trying to sell us souvenirs!" So back to bed, remarking to my wife that I didn't deem San Antonio so hot. Whereupon she did exclaim, "Alamo reason for getting out of here!"

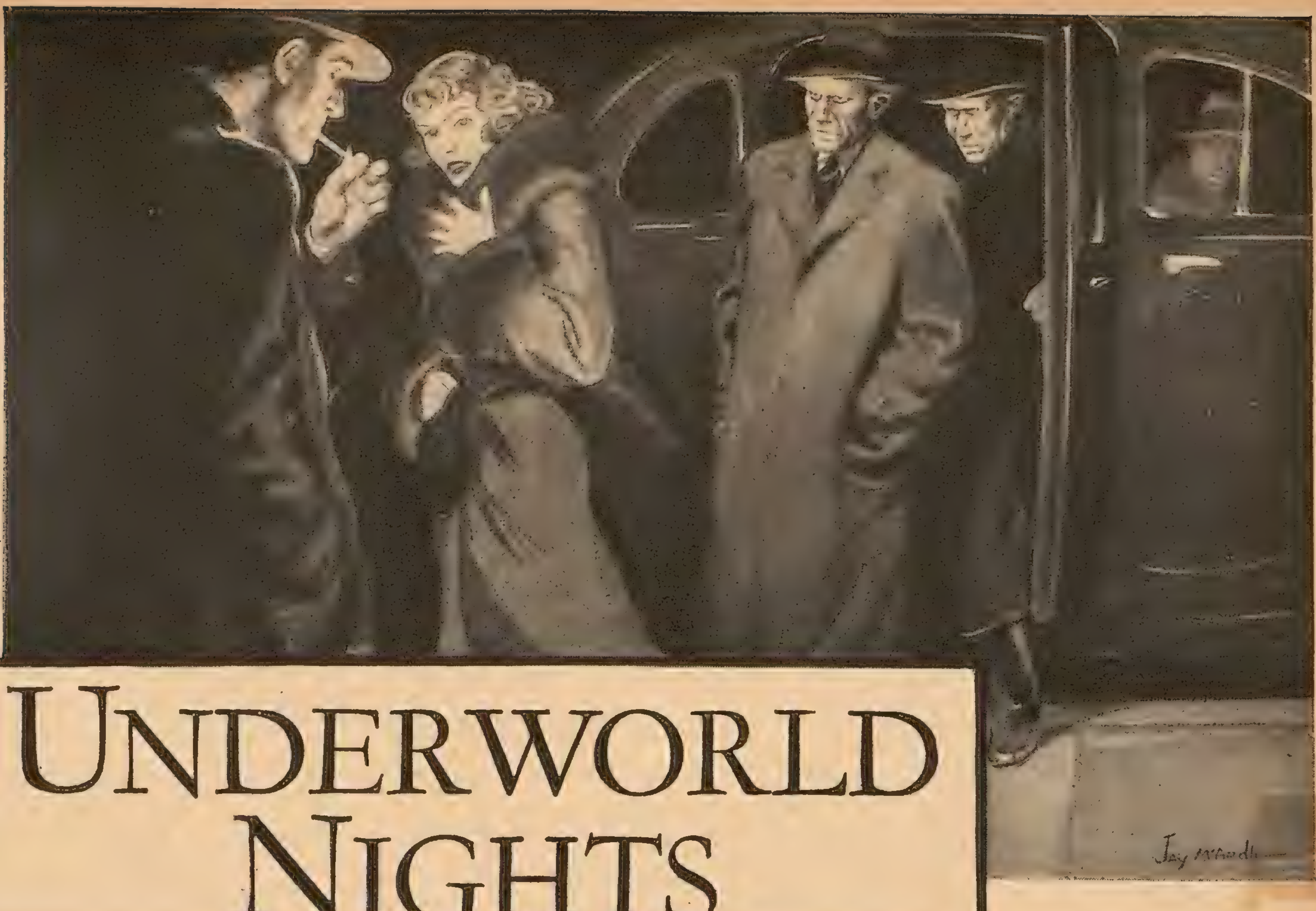
FRIDAY: Up late for a hearty breakfast, after which my dear wife did declare that she was henceforth going on a diet, and I did agree to do likewise, so, as I did remark jocosely, on our way reducing. And we did see three cowboys sitting by the side of the road, and when I did ask them if they would like a lift, one said, "Yeah, I wish you could raise these three jacks to a full house!"

So, seeing they were playing cards, I did join them with a bottle of whisky, and in no time at all I had won all their money, two ten-gallon hats, a revolver, a flannel shirt, and three pairs of whipcord trousers. So putting the boys in the back seat of the car and a blanket over their bare limbs, we did roll along merrily to Houston singing Empty Saddles, much to my dear wife's disgust, especially so when I did return the boys' clothing and money on condition that they would show me the town.

SATURDAY: Up early, having parked for the night beside the Buffalo Bayou. And a little later we did hear the strains of Empty Saddles, and looking out the window I did perceive my three cowboy friends in a dilapidated Ford bearing a large banner which read WELCOME TO HOUSTON! So at my dear wife's insistence I did join them in making a merry round of the town's taverns, and after much folderol we fell to playing stud poker. And in the wee small hours I did wend my uneven way homeward, naked as the day I was born save for the WELCOME TO HOUSTON! banner wrapped about me!

SUNDAY: Up, weary, remarking to my dear wife that on such a foggy day it might be advisable not to go on. But she did retort angrily that, on the contrary, the sun was shining brightly and that she would drive and I could remain wrapped in the arms of Morpheus and my WELCOME TO HOUSTON! banner. But as time wore on I became fully convinced that she was purposely picking the bumpiest parts of the road, and when I did lean out the window to remonstrate with her, I did lose my balance and fall out, thus being forced to stand in the middle of the highway clad in my Houston banner and attempt to thumb a ride.

The luckless but ever-hopeful Dunkles are due for still tougher breaks—as you'll learn in an early issue.



"I had to take a chance they didn't hear. They were right back of me."

UNDERWORLD NIGHTS

The Story of a "Ride"—and the Rack . . . A True Tale of Torments in the Realm of Crime

as Related to

EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

YOU know the one thing that keeps most crooks crooked—makes most people in the underworld stay there?"

I was sitting between Cokey Flo and Mildred Harris in Flo's new car. They had an appointment with "Uncle Tom," as they call Prosecutor Thomas E. Dewey.

"It isn't fear," Flo answered her own question. "It isn't natural criminal tendencies, either. No, the answer is dope. Drugs. Stuff. Junk. Opium. Cocaine. Morphine. Heroin. Marijuana."

"Most of the dope stories you read," Mildred said, "are written by wide-eyed boys and girls who have talked to some junky when he was high, or believed a main-liner when he was raving. A main-liner? Any one who shoots the stuff directly into a vein. You get a bigger kick out of it that way than by merely injecting it into the flesh."

"And try to quit taking it!" Flo said. "I've been picked up three times by cops, each time with a gun in my handbag.

"I was taken for a ride one night by three shakedown guys. I've known all sorts of horrors—but the worst torment I ever suffered, the most terrible hell I ever went through was caused by dope—by trying to get rid of the habit.

"I expected that shakedown mob was going to kill me. They came to my place and demanded five hundred dollars. They took me out of the house and shoved me into a car. Two of them sat with me on the back seat, one on either side of me. Each of them had a gun. One gun was jammed against my neck. The other was stuck into my ribs.

"It's like that in the underworld, if you've got any money or somebody thinks you have, you're likely to be shaken loose from it. And what can you do? Holler for a cop? You give up—or else.

"We rode around for half an hour or more, with me stalling for all I was worth. 'Look,' I said finally. 'I ain't got five hundred any place in the world. I won't have in the next two months. But there's a guy down in Mott Street owes me half a grand. Maybe he'll kick in tonight, if you take me down there and let me talk to him.'

"'You're lying,' said the guy with the gun in my ribs. I had a black-and-blue spot for weeks after that ride—where the muzzle of that gat prodded me.

"'Why should I lie?' I said. 'Do you think I want to die? I'm fighting for my life, see? I'm trying to get you the money. You want it, don't you? Well, this guy's my only chance—and yours too. So what?'

"Well, they were dumb. They drove me down to Chinatown. We went through Mott Street, and the guy I wanted to see was standing out front.

"'That's him,' I said.

"The driver stopped. 'Get out and nail him,' he said. 'Any funny business and you both get rubbed out.'

"I got out, and the guys in the back seat got out with me, their gats in their coat pockets.

"'These guys are shaking me down,' I whispered, as soon as I got close enough. 'Play up.'

"I had to take a chance they didn't hear what I said. They were right back of me and knew I'd said something;

A Man Is Known By The Hair He Keeps

TRY THIS TREATMENT

When your hair starts to come out in excessive quantities, get a bottle of Lucky Tiger Magic Dandruff Remover Shampoo. Use it according to easy directions and say "farewell" to clinging dandruff that smothers new hair growth. Give yourself a daily scalp rub. Keep your scalp muscles active and you're more likely to have soft, luxuriant hair.

Try LUCKY TIGER SHAMPOO DANDRUFF REMOVER

Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. At druggists and toilet goods counters. . . . Professional shampoos at barber and beauty shops.

SKIN RASH

RELIEVED....ITCHING STOPPED

For quick relief from itching of eczema, rashes, pimples, athlete's foot, and other externally caused skin eruptions, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION. Greaseless, stainless, dries fast. Stops the most intense itching in a hurry. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

D.D.D. Prescription

Allen's Foot-Ease

IN THE NEW SHAKER TOP TIN

The antiseptic, soothing powder for the feet in a handy and convenient container for the dressing table and traveling bag. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Soothes tender, swollen feet. For Free Sample and Walking Doll address

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, LE ROY, N. Y.

DON'T LET COUGHING TEAR YOUR THROAT

MILLIONS USE PERTUSSIN FOR QUICK RELIEF

It's the drying of tiny moisture glands in your throat and bronchial tract that often causes coughs. Sticky phlegm collects, irritates, and you cough.

Pertussin stimulates these glands to again pour out their natural moisture. Sticky mucus is loosened and easily expelled. Irritation goes away—coughing is relieved. Try Pertussin at our expense. Use coupon below.

PERTUSSIN

30¢ Prescription FREE

Seeck & Kade, Inc., Dept. AC-21,
440 Washington Street, N. Y. C.
Please send me 2-oz. prescription of Pertussin FREE . . . by return mail.

Name____________________

Address____________________

so I turned around and said, 'And these are the men I owe the money to. They got to have it right away.'

"'Gees!' my friend said. 'I'm sorry, Flo. I ain't got two centuries in the place. I know I owe you five Cs. But if you come back tomorrow morning—'

"He was playing up swell. Before I realized it he had the mob believing him.

"'All right,' they agreed finally. 'We'll come back tomorrow morning —early.'

"'And I'll lay the whole five hundred on the line,' my friend said. 'Sorry I ain't got it tonight, but you know how it goes. So long. So long, Flo. See you soon.'

The conviction of "Lucky" Luciano, New York's vice czar, was clinched by Cokey Flo and Mildred Harris, women from the underworld, who in their testimony kept faith with Special Prosecutor Dewey. These two will be heard from again in an early issue of Liberty.

"The minute the shakedown car turned the corner, I knew that guy and six or seven others would pile into another car. They'd follow us. There'd be more fireworks than any Fourth of July ever saw. And maybe I'd get my little head blown off.

"The driver saw the car following. He put on speed. The car behind us fell back and then shot on, going just as fast as we were.

"'You dirty double-crossing little—'

"Honest, I expected to hear two guns go off at once. I expected to feel rivers of hot lead go crisscrossing through me!

"'It's the cops, you nitwits!' I screamed. 'You're going too damn fast! Slow down! Slow down!'

"Slow down nothing. The guy at the wheel jammed his foot hard against the accelerator and flew through a red light. He turned down a one-way street, going the wrong way.

"And back of us the loveliest sound in the world let loose with a screech and a wail—the sound of the siren on a police squad car.

"'I told you!' I shouted. 'I told you it was the cops! But you wouldn't believe me, you fools! You thought I was kidding! Ditch your guns—quick! And stop!'

"BEFORE I could say any more the squad car was forcing us in to the curb. I never thought I'd be so glad to see a copper with a gun pointed in my direction.

"It was too late for the mob to do anything but shed their artillery. The guns went banging down on the floor of the car. We stopped with a jerk. We came out with our hands up. Those three punks were so scared they couldn't talk.

"My gang wasn't far away. They saw what happened. They got me sprung. It cost plenty, but they didn't hesitate. Then they raided a gambling joint one of the shakedown guys owned and wrecked it completely.

"I was pretty scared that night—scared of dying. But that wasn't anything to the torture of taking the dope cure. Then I was scared I wouldn't die.

"I started smoking opium when I was about seventeen. I would have started earlier, or I would have tried cocaine, if it hadn't been for a girl named Dorothy who sort of led me by the hand into the inner mazes of the underworld. She used coke; but she never would let me touch it. Not that she was solicitous for me, but, as she explained, it cost like hell, and I wouldn't appreciate it anyway.

"But when I was seventeen—and passing for twenty-two—some one asked me if I'd ever smoked a pipe. I said sure I had. So he invited me to go smoke with him. It was some time after I learned about opium that I became curious about cocaine. Before I realized it I had the coke habit—and the name that has stuck to me from that day to this, Cokey Flo.

"The time came when I had to take a rap and do a stretch in jail. There was no way out of it. So I determined to cure myself of the dope habit. I wouldn't be surprised if you've read how merciful science cures drug addicts in prison; how they are given lesser and lesser doses every day; how finally a cure results.

"AS a matter of fact, the average jail tortures a drug addict atrociously, shamefully, and without mercy. He's not treated as a sick man. He's treated as though he were the vilest and most contemptible criminal on earth.

"He's kicked and beaten. He's denied the drugs he craves. Sometimes the torture is such that he kills himself. Sometimes his need for drugs is so awful he drops dead.

"The wise crook, when he sees he has to do a stretch, will hire a doctor and a nurse, get a room somewhere, and take a cure. There's a lot of irony in this—for many of the doctors who 'cure' drug addicts are peddlers who supply them with dope. They charge plenty for the cure. Then they get the patient to go back on the stuff again. They also make money selling hypodermic syringes and hypo needles.

"I won't bore you with all the torment I went through curing myself, nor with all the illusions I had—such as the belief that my body was slowly turning to stone, toes first. I knew that, day by day, I was surely petrifying. I knew that when the process reached my heart it would stop beating—but it seemed that would never come.

"And I wanted it to come, to come rushing. To end the agony. To stop the pain."

"Yes, there are more horrors in trying to wean yourself from dope than there are in the Spanish revolution," Mildred said. "Most people can't stand the ordeal; never finish the cure. They go back to their drug, and would rather die than take another cure."

THE END

to the Ladies

by

PRINCESS

ALEXANDRA

KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 36 SECONDS

GRETCHEN REIGHARD

AT Mansfield, Ohio, I met a girl you would like to know. She isn't famous, or even prominent in a big way, yet she is certainly a special sort of girl. In everyday life she works as a waitress at a local restaurant, supports herself and helps half a dozen sisters and brothers by serving the coffee and cakes. Between meals—as you might say—she is a parachute jumper. Has made fifty-four exhibition leaps at carnivals and fairs. Does it not for the money alone—twenty-five dollars a jump—but also because it gives her a place in the flying profession, which she adores. She is one of the only six American airwomen who have qualified for a C license—the official permit to do dangerous glider flying.

Her name is Gretchen Reighard. In her middle twenties, she is dark-eyed, dark-haired, small. On her mother's side she's descended from William Whipple, one of the signers of our Declaration of Independence. During the past two years she has contracted her parachute jumps under an assumed name, so that her mother wouldn't worry. That won't be necessary any more. Her mother died this year.

"The worst part of jumping," she told me, "is putting on the harness before you go up. You wonder how you'd look, dead, all tangled in a contraption like that. Group jumping is funny. Some one coming down faster yells at you, 'Get out of my way, you so-and-so! Do you want the whole sky?' Then, when he passes you, he thumbs his nose at you and says, 'Oh, *pardon* me!' You don't feel like talking to anybody before you go up for a jump. The best preparation for your nerves is a quiet ten-minute ride in a car."

Gretchen has landed once in a field of fresh fertilizer, once in a ripe-strawberry patch. The dream of her life is to be a pilot. I hope she gets a chance to make that dream come true. I think she deserves it.

● *Note for schoolteachers who love Noel Coward:*

"When I was six," reveals dear Noel in his forthcoming autobiography, "I was sent to a day school kept by a Miss —— —— who wore blouses with puffed sleeves, plaid skirts, and hair done over a pad. I didn't care for her. On one occasion, when she had been irritating me over some little question of English grammar, I bit her arm right through to the bone, an action I have never for an instant regretted."

● I have been talking with a doctor who examines people for an insurance company. By weighing them first with their clothes on, and then undressed, he has found that the garments worn by the average male are about four pounds heavier than those of the average female. "Yet men catch cold more often than women," says my doctor friend, "and women take hours longer to dress."

He thinks both sexes would benefit if men dressed more lightly—and women more quickly.

● Letter from a lady down South asking if I know any way by which the work of selling things from door to door can be made more lucrative and less heartbreaking.

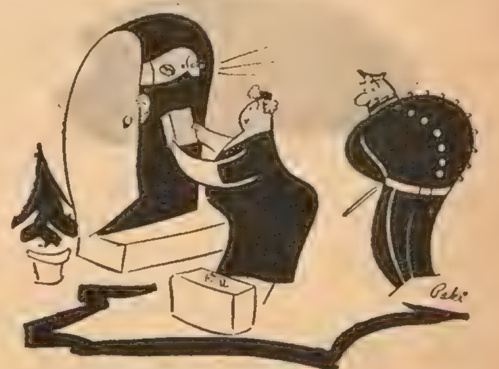
"It seems to be the only work I can get," she writes, "because I am no longer young and never was trained for a regular job. I do my best, but it makes me feel miserable to be turned away time after time. Not caring to impose upon friends, I call at the homes of strangers, and while most of them are kind, they aren't often interested."

A sad letter. I really don't know how to answer it. Apparently some folk are born with the ability to sell; others are not. I am afraid the little advice I can give will seem rather commonplace. If you *must* sell and you don't enjoy selling, try not to be thin-skinned. The art of salesmanship requires a smooth exterior but a tough spirit. Keep in mind the fact that it is a very ancient and very honorable art.

● Latest decorative stunt is a dining-room screen made with enlarged photographs of your pet goldfish swimming around in their bowl. Each panel at least two feet square. If you're a camera fan you can have lots of fun and waste lots of time trying to get amusing pictures.

● How to buy *good* straw hats, judge the quality of milk or liquor, of meat or cosmetics, tooth paste or linoleum . . . H. Bennett's new book, More for Your Money, is briskly instructive on all such consumer problems. (Published by the Chemical Publishing Company of New York; $2.75.)

● Here's a springtime recipe for eggs in aspic, with the famous Sauce Verte invented by a celebrated chef. He's as proud of this "green sauce" as any woman could be of a genuine emerald necklace. First poach the eggs, trim neatly, cool and lay in a fairly deep dish, each egg on a round of cold boiled ham. Pour in enough well flavored, slightly cooled aspic to cover eggs. Place in refrigerator. And now for the sauce! Make a smooth paste with yolks 2 hard-cooked eggs, 1 tablespoon prepared mustard, ½ teaspoon sugar, salt, pepper. Add ¾ cup salad oil drop by drop as for mayonnaise. When thoroughly mixed add 1 tablespoon cider vinegar, then chop finely and put in 1 tablespoon each of water cress, green celery leaves, chives, and 1 teaspoon minced onion. Serve sauce in bowl to accompany eggs in aspic as first course.



Is Fact Really Stranger than Fiction? Read, and Judge for Yourself: The Poignant Story of a Girl Life Forgot — and Then Remembered Again

Flood

by FAITH FIELD

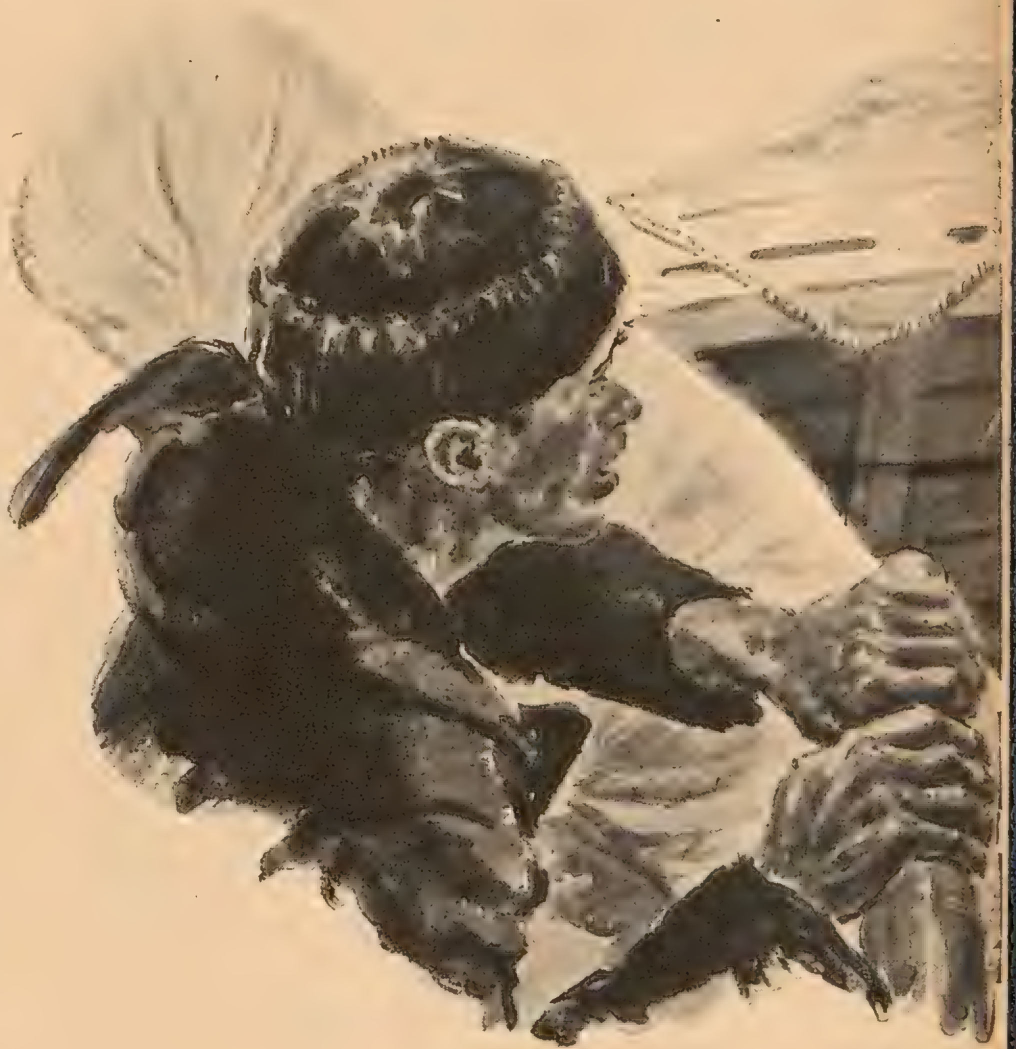
READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

The Author

LATE in the winter, when the flood was devastating the valley of the Ohio, this story came to Liberty from Milford, in that state. On the face of it, it was fiction—but with it came this letter to the editor:

" The situation here is appalling—you cannot know the enormity of this flood. I wrote the enclosed story for you by candlelight. It is a true experience that I came across while doing relief work. I've changed my name, as you can see, from Hope Field. I thought I'd try Faith for a while."

Faith having proved justified, Miss Field has since told Liberty that she lives quietly on a farm in Milford, has been writing stories three years and has just completed a novel, and has won a national tournament at bridge and many state and city tournaments.



NATURE was deranged. Rain—steady, relentless rain—continued to fall, and the swollen yellow river widened ominously over the entire Ohio Valley. In the city of Louisville, Kentucky, only the tops of houses could be seen, strangely stationary amidst the surging torrent of waters.

Rescue workers rowed frantically in flat-bottomed boats past dark inundated buildings. All lights were cut off to avert the danger of electrocution by persons touching wires near the water's surface.

Huge menacing tanks of gasoline, broken loose from their concrete moorings, floated about, spreading inflammable fluid throughout the flood zone, so that even the comforting glow of a cigarette was prohibited.

The public library, converted into an emergency relief station, held three hundred refugees. They huddled close together as though contact with other human beings might revive the spark of hope that muddy waters had quenched. The building was cold and damp; the lack of electricity had thrown all heating equipments out of operation. It was an unbelievably dreary place—one lantern and a few candles threw flickering lights. All was quiet except for an occasional cry from a frightened child and the persistent, exhausted voice of a radio announcer coming out of an old battery set.

One girl sat apart from the others. Startlingly calm she was. Her hands were folded one over the other, her eyes submissive, as though nothing could ever hurt or surprise her very much any more—nothing could cause dismay.

A grave face for one so young and so pretty.

Her name was Erin Dahl, and she could have left Louisville while there was still electricity and water and earth under her feet.

" Come with us, darling," one of her friends had implored. " We'll run down to Florida and have fun! "

Erin had smiled, " I'll stay."

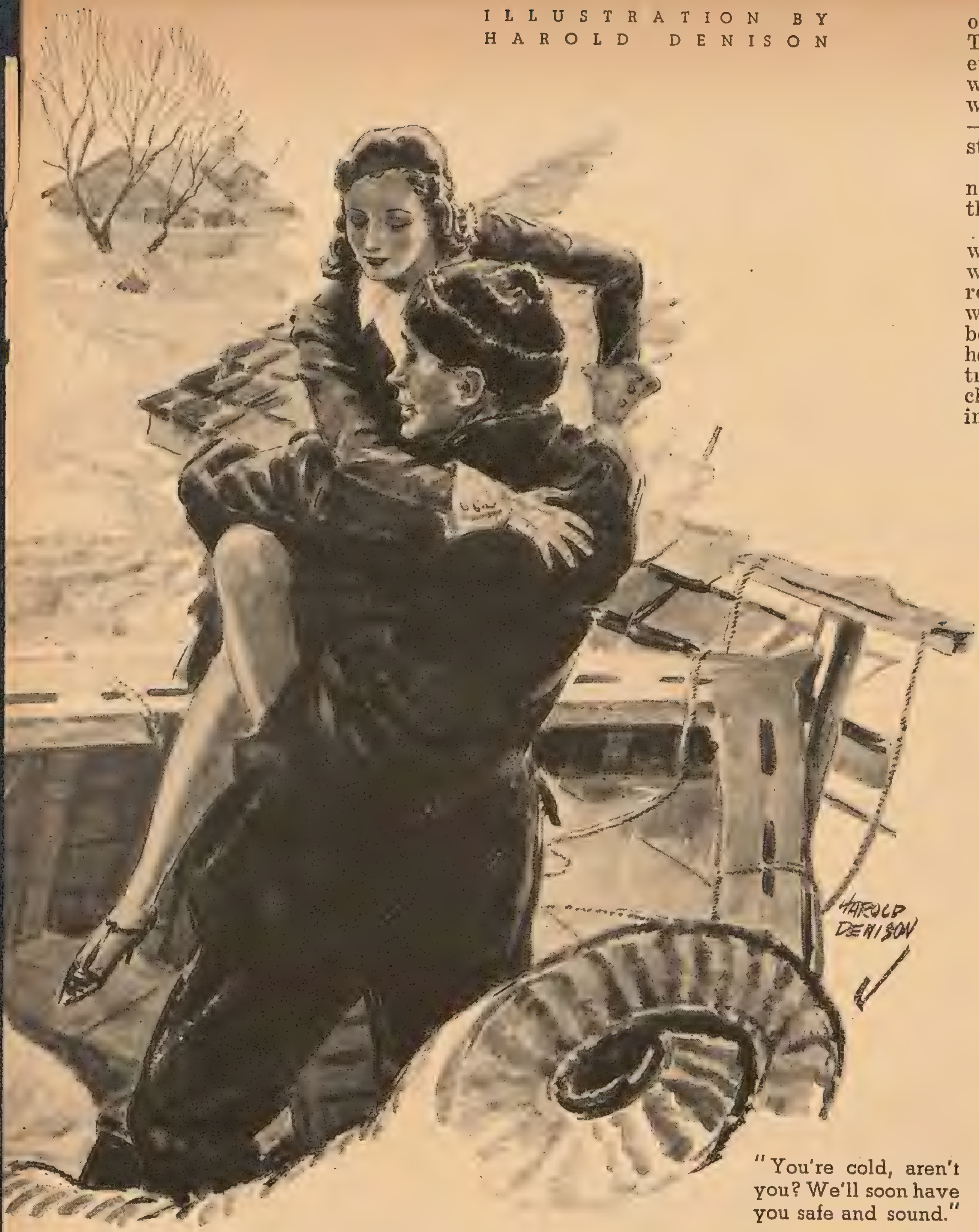
" But there won't be a thing to do, darling. You can't even see a movie! Of course it's all too dreadful for the poor people, but surely we can't help them by staying."

And at Erin's gentle negative the girl had felt a deep exasperation because she could not understand Erin.

" The papers have predicted a crest of sixty feet," she continued. " You must get away."

But Erin had smiled passively and all her friends had gone away. She chose to ride the flood alone in her own home. She was not annoyed when the water crept slowly up her cellar stairs and into her living room. She knew now how muddy waters could play with small Oriental rugs, rolling and kicking them about. She saw her baby-grand piano, Ted's wedding present to her, tip and tilt in a crazy dance to the tune of rushing waters.

ILLUSTRATION BY HAROLD DENISON



"You're cold, aren't you? We'll soon have you safe and sound."

She did not care. She really did not care about anything any more. When Ted went away, it was as though she had undergone a surgical operation; all the joy of living was cut out of her. She had even lost the trick of laughter.

Only yesterday she had heard the last frantic report over the radio:

"The electric power will be cut off in an hour. The telephone lines are down. No water. The gas mains are damaged. Seventy thousand Kentuckians have abandoned their homes before the greatest flood in the history of the Ohio Valley. We beseech every citizen of Louisville to evacuate immediately."

Erin had not moved one little muscle. She had thought how Ted would have loved all this excitement. Ted, too, would have stayed, his eyes bright and twinkling with the danger of it.

He would have held her close. "Thrills, Erin?" he would have said.

Thrills! That was Ted's byword. His perpetual quest of life. Thrills. But when Ted had lived here nothing ever happened. Louisville was dull and unexciting. That was why Ted had gone away—leaving only memories stained with tears.

Incredible that a flood could not drown Ted from her thoughts.

Slowly, relentlessly, the waters forced Erin up the winding stairs to her bedroom, and soon followed. She watched them slip over her bed like a brown lover, into her dresser drawers, through trousseau nightgowns, the chiffons and laces; destroying everything except her memories. Erin looked on patiently, uncomplaining.

At last the water evicted her from her home. She moved out on the roof, and for many hours sat in the cold rain, propped against the chimney, carelessly acquiescent.

And Erin learned that death was not frightening. Death was warm and black and sweet. She glanced down at her cold hands folded in her lap. They were pretty hands. She wondered if Ted had forgotten her hands. Tomorrow they would be stiff and gray. She tried to feel horror at the thought, but she did not seem to mind at all.

And just then a coast-guard surfboat slid silently up to her.

"Got the report you was stranded here." The giant manning the boat smiled warmly. "I came as quick as I could."

He was cheerful, young, talking excitedly as he helped her into the boat.

"Bet you're cold, aren't you? Well, we'll soon have you safe and sound!"

It was not often he rescued such a pretty girl.

"I heard tell that Cincinnati is on fire for four square miles," he continued. "Gee, we don't know our luck!"

Erin listened to the lap-lap of the oars as they rowed along the curiously bedraggled streets. Everything seemed crushed and demolished by the hungry waters.

"You'd hardly recognize the old town, would you?" the man asked.

Erin shook her head gravely.

When they pulled up to the library, she said: "Thank you very much, and God bless you."

And now, in dry clothes, a warm blanket around her, Erin sat apart from the others and tried earnestly to feel grateful, to be enthusiastic about life. But she was so alone—as lonely as a log that floated with the current down the river. Loneliness that was like a pestilence which only death could wipe out.

She sat patiently, hands folded, meekly submissive to whatever nature or humanity could do to her.

HEALTH BULLETIN

TRADE MARK

Relieve your cough *promptly!* When that rasp begins, take a soothing Smith Bros. Cough Drop (Black or Menthol—5¢.)

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A

This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

NOW AVAILABLE—TWO OUTSTANDING BOOKS BY

Madame Sylvia

NO MORE ALIBIS—In this nation-wide best seller, Sylvia describes the very treatments she has given the famous Hollywood stars. She gives special attention to reducing and building up the body and covers the subject thoroughly with sensible non-starvation diets and effective exercises. Over 40 illustrations—price only $1.00 postpaid.

PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, BABY—This new book by the famous adviser to the Hollywood stars contains hundreds of simple ways to develop charm, glamour, personality. It is packed solid with excellent beauty hints—new stimulating exercises to help you develop a graceful, supple figure. Tips on how to overcome self-consciousness. New ways to radiate with loveliness. Completely illustrated—price only $1.00 postpaid.

SEND FOR THESE GREAT BOOKS TODAY

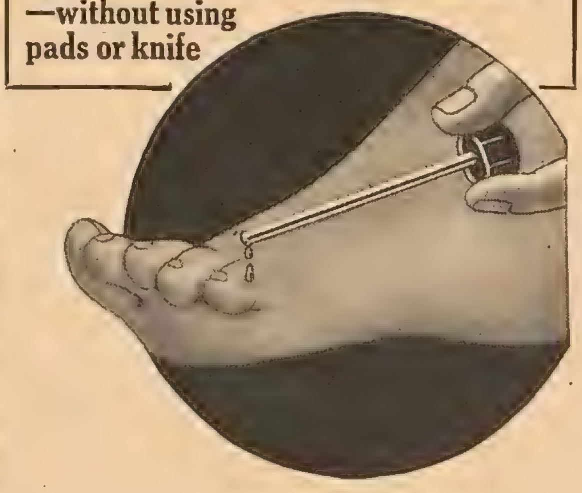
Mail orders to . . . Dept. L-327 Macfadden Book Company
205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Rollfast
ROLLER SKATES

The big steel balls make them sturdier . . .

D. P. HARRIS HDW. & MFG. CO., INC.
D. P. HARRIS BLDG., NEW YORK, N. Y.

HOW TO REMOVE CORNS
—without using pads or knife



Just drop Freezone on any tender, touchy corn. Quickly it stops aching. Then in a few days you can lift that old, bothersome corn right off with your fingers. A bottle of Freezone costs a few cents at any drug store and is sufficient to remove most hard corns, soft corns, and calluses. Try it.

FREEZONE

The tired voice of the radio announcer was still droning out messages:

"Urgent. Indianapolis. Urgent. We are badly in need of spark plugs for our boats. Rush them to us. Urgent. Indianapolis. We are badly in need of spark plugs. Rush. . . . Attention. Attention. Woman collapsed at Third and Second. Rush doctor. Corner house. Third floor. Woman collapsed at Third and Second. Rush doctor. . . . Attention. Boat go to seventy-six Samuel Street. Fifteen people marooned on roof. Attention. Boat go at once to seventy-six Samuel Street. Fifteen people marooned there."

Erin heard an official of Louisville make an urgent plea for help:

"Will the mayors of other cities send us fresh man power? We are desperately in need of men. Doctors have been working without cessation for forty-eight hours and are still without rest. Policemen are beginning to crack under the strain. Send all the men you can spare in planes. They can land at Bowman Field."

You can't help but like Flood, can you? It's a story from real life, and such stories, when well told, are more than likely to be appealing and convincing. That's why Liberty welcomes them, and wants to see a lot of them, and will pay, at full professional rates, for any it can use. Have you yourself a good story from real life to tell? If so, why don't you write it and send it in?

It was wonderful, Erin thought, how humanity rose above disaster.

Wonderful and splendid.

Trouble brought out the truth, the courage in people.

She learned from a Red Cross worker that the refugees were being sent to Columbus, Ohio. Truckloads of human beings shipped to dry land. Erin wondered vaguely what Columbus would do with all of them.

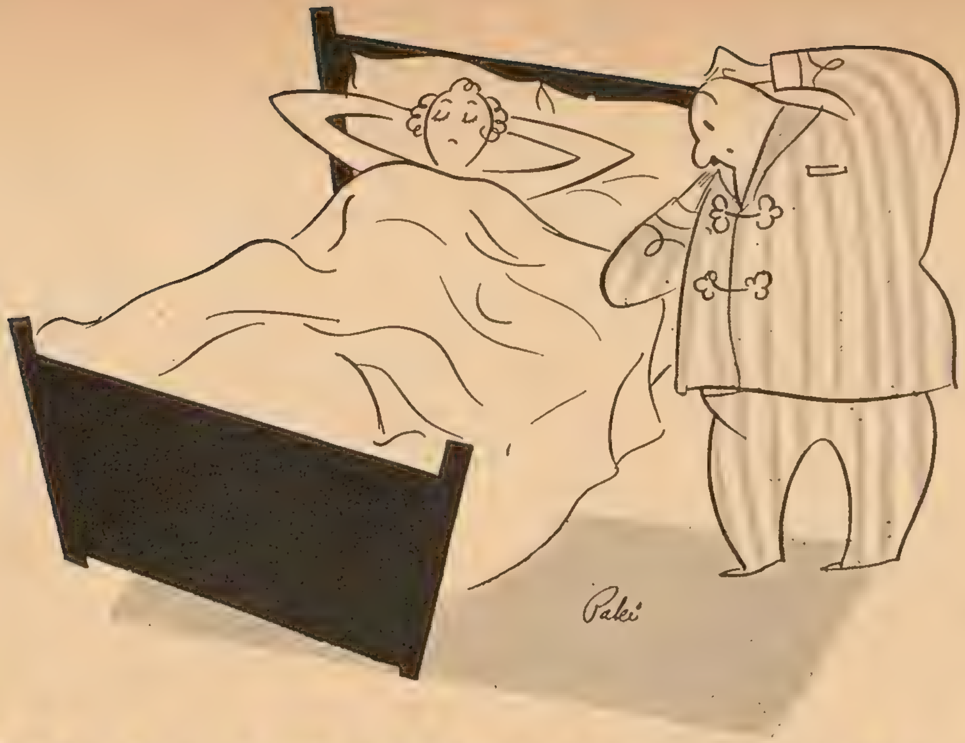
The radio announcer seemed to have taken a strong stimulant. It was the buoyant voice that caught Erin's attention:

"Here is a personal message with such romantic appeal I am going to send it through. The message reads: 'I have flown a thousand miles to get to Louisville. I must find my wife. I left her several months ago and it took a major disaster to wake me up. If any one knows the whereabouts of Erin Dahl, please—please tell her that I am waiting at the airport. I will wait day and night until she comes to me.' The message is signed 'Ted Dahl.'"

There was a grin in the announcer's voice as he continued:

"So please, everybody, let's try to find Erin Dahl. Because it's swell to know that the flood can bring happiness to at least one person."

THE END



FOR WOMEN ONLY...

Secrets No Man Should Read

To the Ladies—
Some Wise Whispers
About Slumber and
Beauty and YOU

by
MADAME
SYLVIA

CARTOONS BY PAKI

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

YOU'VE all heard, at one time or another, that little ditty about early to bed, early to rise making men healthy, wealthy, and wise. But not always, babies. The vital factor is, how *well* did you sleep during that early-to-bed and early-to-rise business? Unless your sleep is sound and profitable, you can forget that old proverb. Without restful sleep you can't be healthy. And riches or wit are no substitutes for that most priceless of possessions.

Don't think for a moment that sleeping twelve hours Sunday morning makes up for the rest lost during the week. It's just a hoax that you think permits you to lose it all over again.

If you have a serious illness or painful disease the agony may keep you awake for hours. In cases of that kind your doctor will prescribe a remedy for you. He won't want you to suffer from loss of sleep, not only because that gives you more waking hours of pain but because loss of sleep slows up the process of recovery.

For cases of sleeplessness in apparently healthy people, caused by imagination, worry, or indifference to sane living, mama has a couple of lullabies for you. Close your eyes like good children and listen.

The usual remedy given out to poor souls who cannot sleep is, "Don't worry." All right, all right, I know. That's easy enough for the next fellow to say. Even so, it's still a good piece of advice. But, like all good advice, it won't do a bit of good until you make up your mind to supply the rallying spirit. Until you make up your mind that you *want* to stop worrying. However, in the case of sleeplessness the above-mentioned advice should be boiled down to "Don't worry *about your sleeplessness.*" If you are accustomed to sleep seven or eight hours every night, and suddenly one night you get only five, don't get yourself in a dither over those two or three wandering hours. They'll come back. If you do worry about them the next night you'll probably sleep only those two or three hours, spending the other six wondering if you're ever going to sleep again. And does it help? No—a thousand times no!

And for goodness' sake don't add to your daytime worries by talking yourself into sleeplessness. Oh, yes, some of you do! You sell yourself a bit of goods marked, "I'm not going to sleep tonight." Well, sure as the devil, you won't! The power of thought is potent. But it can work two ways. Test it out sometimes the *right* way, and sell yourself on the idea that I *will* sleep tonight. Of course you must see that you have helped matters along a little by eating foods that are easily digested, or that are well on their way to be so, before retiring.

Naturally, we all must have some anxious moments to appreciate the blissful ones. That makes life intriguing. But don't let worry become a habit. It is unnecessary, doesn't help at all, and is detrimental to good health and beauty.

Many people complain: "I can't drink coffee; it keeps me awake. I really shouldn't have even this little sip. I know what will happen!" Well, if you are so sure, skip it. But be just as sure that it isn't some other indigestible or highly stimulating food that you've eaten. More often than not, that's the case; but the poor old coffee gets the blame. You can easily clear up the matter for yourself by cutting out the coffee for a few nights. If you still cannot sleep, then it *must* be something else. A simple process of elimination. Try that with foods, too, if you find that after eating you're in distress.

Speaking of elimination. Regular and proper elimination of the waste matter from the body is vitally important in your battle to get a good night's sleep. Poisons and fermentations from improperly digested foods that remain in the system cause irritation to the nerves. It

Safe sure ways to
WORM PUPS AND DOGS

● *Be safe!* Use Worm Medicines made both for the *size* of your dog and for his particular type of worms.

For Roundworms or Hookworms in Puppies or small dogs ask for Sergeant's Puppy Capsules. For Roundworms or Hookworms in grown dogs or large puppies use Sergeant's Sure Shot Capsules or Sure Shot Liquid.

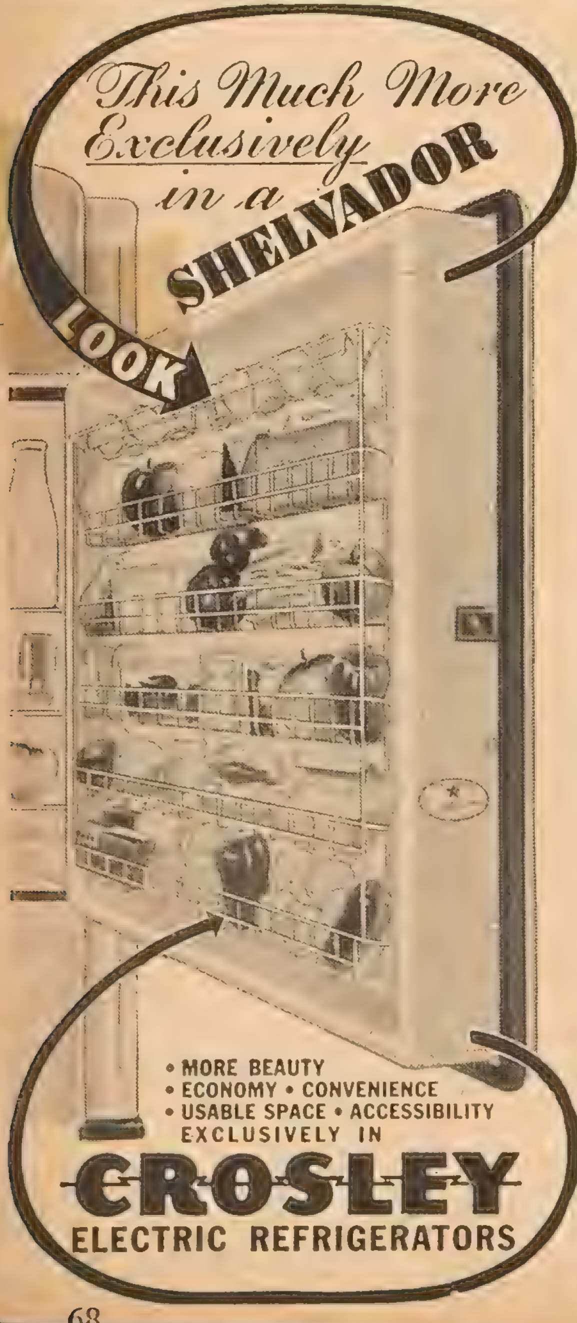
For Tapeworms in all puppies and dogs ask for Sergeant's Tapeworm Medicine.

By using a medicine made for your type of dog and his particular trouble you may save his life.

There are 23 tried and tested SERGEANT'S DOG MEDICINES. Standard since 1879. Made of the finest ingredients. Sold under a Money-Back Guarantee by Drug and Pet Stores. Ask them for a FREE copy of Sergeant's Book on the care of dogs or write:

POLK MILLER PRODUCTS CORPORATION
1514 W. Broad Street • Richmond, Virginia

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES



This Much More Exclusively in a SHELVADOR

LOOK

- MORE BEAUTY
- ECONOMY • CONVENIENCE
- USABLE SPACE • ACCESSIBILITY

EXCLUSIVELY IN
CROSLEY
ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS

gives you the fidgets. But don't attempt to get results by strong purgatives or harsh laxatives. They are only a further strain upon your nerves and sap your energy. Correct eating and sufficient physical activity is the only sane way to combat constipation.

Destructive emotions, such as revenge, hatred, greed, self-pity, and even ambition, unless it is controlled, can be the cause of sleeplessness. Avoid them. Or any unpleasant quarrels at night. If you must spar a few rounds with papa, do it when you get up in the morning. Emotional outbursts goaded on by the above destroyers affect the entire system, and all sorts of things can happen. Lines in the face, pimples, and sour dispositions are just a few of the resulting scars to your beauty.

Fear can be the cause of sleeplessness. Fear of the dark; fear of sickness, death, and taxes; fear of what Mrs. Jones might think. But none of these are as devastating to sleep and beauty as the more common variety: fear of yourself and your capabilities. We're so darn busy these days scrambling for existence, trying to beat the other fellow, that we're afraid to go to sleep, for fear—fear that he will pass us in the night and get there before we do! What's all the running and scurrying for? You can't take it with you. There is no doubt that this is the flying age. But, gosh, *everything* can't be done on the wing. Wouldn't it be just dandy if we could do our sleeping as we walk on the way to work, or at the lunch counter in the drugstore? Well, you never can tell, we may be able to do that too. I see a lot of people sleeping in the movies these days, so maybe that's one step forward.

A GREAT deal of simple insomnia is caused by poor circulation. Learn to relax. Taut muscles and kinks retard circulation, and the congested condition irritates you until you want to scream. Here is a little trick that will relieve the pressure around the neck. Do it at night when you're in bed. Lie on your back. With your right hand take a firm grasp on the muscle on top of the left shoulder, close up to the neck. Now squeeze that muscle between the palm and the fingertips. Squeeze hard. Release and take another hold. Ten times on that side, then repeat on the right side, using the left hand.

Try this for general relaxation: Lie on your stomach. Scoot down in bed so that your arms will be outstretched and you can barely reach the bar across the head of the bed. Grasp the bar tightly with both hands and put enough umph in that grasp to make every muscle in your body tense. Slowly release your hold on the bar until the whole body is completely limp. Keep this up for a few minutes and you will gradually become drowsy.

Never stifle a good honest yawn. I don't mean that you should gape smack in your hostess's face. But let it be complete. Don't suspend it in mid-air. Yawning is nature's way of releasing the tautness in the face and throat and has a soothing effect on the entire body.

There are many theories about the position one's body should be in for sound sleep—such as the head pointing north and the stern to the east. Sleep any way you can get it, babies—the way that is most restful and beneficial. If you will just go to bed and let come what may, instead of worrying about whether you should sleep on your right side or the left, or whether it is conducive to sound sleep to hold the big toe in the palm of the right hand while you spell Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the other, you'll get along better.

HAVE your night clothing loose. If you're a squirmer or a kicker-upper the old-fashioned nightgown should be discarded for a comfortable pair of pajamas—preferably a pair with a not too tight elastic in the waistband, to allow for easy breathing. Most nightgowns have a faculty of ending up around the neck. They're just slips that pass in the night.

Let's not forget the value of a good bed and its bedding. Your body may be in a perfectly relaxed and healthy condition, but the place where you park it must complement it. Your bed must be fresh, smooth, and comfy. Heavy cumbersome bedclothes can often disturb the slumber. Or bedclothes that have been tucked in so tightly that you have to use a shoehorn to get in between the covers.

Change your bedclothes often. Smooth sheets and cool fresh pillows help to bring relaxation. That's why, when you're sick, the nurse keeps the bed fresh and smooth. When you cannot sleep your nerves are sick, and the least you can do for the poor frazzled darlings is to give them a fresh bed to lie upon. Keep an extra pillow handy—for two reasons: to replace the hot rumpled one you've been sleeping on, and to raise the head to a slightly different position. This little change will often do the trick and encourage sleep. Try it sometime; it may do it for you.

Fresh air is extremely important. Keep your room well ventilated, even in winter. Just because you have a window open, you don't have to bury yourself like an old bone in order to be warm enough. You can get bedclothing that is light as well as warm. Fresh air is a potent beautifier; but I suppose a lot of people think because there's so much of it, and being free, it can't be so good. One of these days some one will put it in a bottle and sell it for three ninety-eight—then they'll believe it.

If your digestive system is a sensitive one, put a padlock on the icebox after dinner. Midnight nibbling is taboo. If any greasy, soggy, highly spiced, or stimulating foods are eaten, the rumpus that follows will invariably keep you awake. If you think you must hit the icebox, have a glass of fresh grapefruit juice, or a dish of gelatin, or fresh stewed fruits, or an apple (if you can eat it without distress). A glass of hot milk (not boiled) is soothing.

Don't ever try to overcome sleeplessness by taking drugs or dope of any kind. Sure, they put you to sleep temporarily; but continued use of them will ruin your beauty and health permanently. The toll you pay for that kind of sleep is a heavy tax on your whole personality. You will look as dopy as you are if you've been foolish enough to fill your system with harmful drugs.

Get your sleep sensibly and healthfully. Remember, girls, sound, restful sleep is the world's best beauty treatment. You must sleep well to look well. You can skid into bed with your face creamed to within an inch of your husband's good nature; but unless your sleep has been profitable, giving nature a chance to repair worn tissues, rejuvenate tired nerves, and revitalize your whole system, then you've been just slightly unconscious. Instead of waking up with fresh, radiant beauty, you'll wake up with just another greasy face. And when you wipe it off and find the lines and bags still there, of course you'll say: "This cream is sure terrible." Well, you may be right, at that!

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 35

1—O. Henry (William Sydney Porter), 1862-1910.

2—Adam and Eve, Genesis 2:25—"And they were both naked, the man and his wife, and were not ashamed." (Other nudists were Saul, Isaiah, and Simon Peter).

3—In Westminster Abbey, inscribed upon the tomb of the Duchess of Newcastle.

4—The fleur-de-lis (flower of the lily).

5—For the Big Trees found therein.

6—No; post-office regulations forbid it.

7—Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

8—Fred MacMurray.

9—Thin steel sheets plated with tin.

10—None.

11—Henry VIII. The third venture produced Edward VI.

12—Of France.

13—A federal water-power project in the Yosemite, California.

14—Ashdour.

15—Baron von Richthofen (1888-1918).

16—Two of the sun (June 8 and December 2); one of the moon (November 18).

17—Twenty-second and twenty-fourth.

18—The first day of spring.

19—Because the cat employs its tail to break the fall.

20— Arthur Conan Doyle

DO YOU LIKE PEPPERMINT...
IF YOU DO YOU'LL LIKE THIS GUM
WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLE MINT
CHEWING GUM

GLOVER'S
MANGE MEDICINE

DANDRUFF

Dandruff leads to BALDNESS! Start today using Glover's Mange Medicine. Persist with this treatment and see the difference it makes in your hair and scalp. Shampoo with Glover's Medicated Soap. Sold at all druggists. Or have your Barber give you Glover's.

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Dr. T. J. Rastelli; well-known physician and surgeon of London, England, says: "The chief way your body cleans out acids and poisonous wastes in your blood is thru 9 million tiny, delicate Kidney tubes or filters, but beware of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs." If functional Kidney or Bladder disorders make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Backache, Circles Under Eyes, Dizziness, Rheumatic Pains, Acidity, Burning, Smarting or Itching, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription called Cystex. $10,000.00 deposited with Bank of America, Los Angeles, California, guarantees Cystex must bring new vitality in 48 hours and make you feel years younger in one week or money back on return of empty package. Telephone your druggist for guaranteed Cystex (Siss-tex) today.

Dr. T. J. RASTELLI
London Physician

Before a Cold gets you DOWN...

...Get your ALKALINE RESERVE UP!

Because many medical authorities say that a cold is often the result of a lowered alkaline reserve, Luden's have added a tasteless natural Alkaline Factor to the original Luden formula. This means that Luden's now actually help build up your lowered reserve when you have a cold.

LUDEN'S
MENTHOL COUGH DROPS 5¢

CLEAR YOUR HEAD...
Luden's Menthol vapor clears the nasal passages.

PROTECT YOUR THROAT...
Luden's 11 medicinal ingredients soothe and moisten the membrane.

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK!

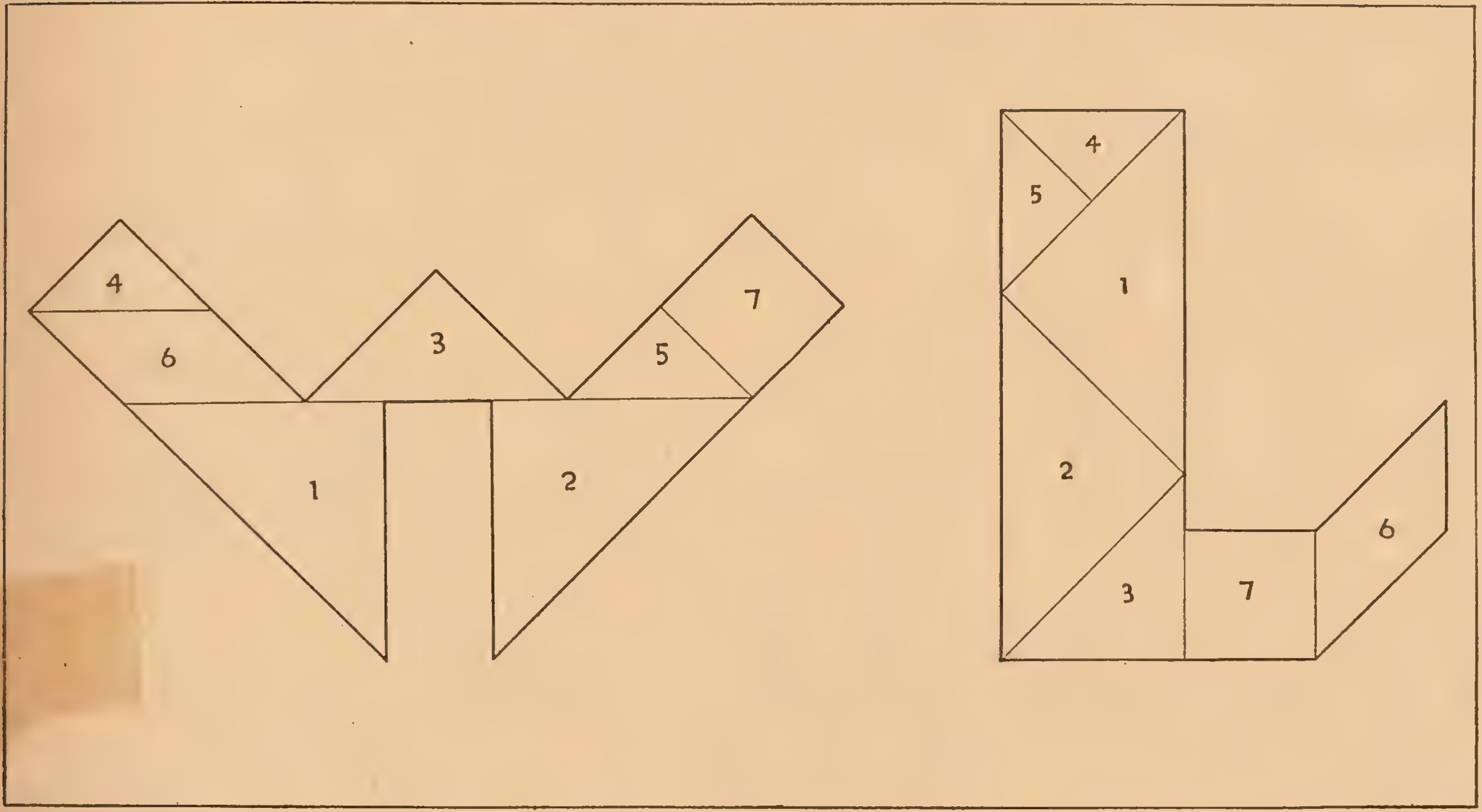
LIBERTY'S

$2,500

CASH PRIZE

ALPHA CONTEST

FUN! RELAXATION! EASY MONEY!



These letters are reproduced to show how the master figures can be combined into the contest outlines. They will not be used in the contest and are printed merely for your information.

NEXT week in Liberty you will find the first section of a new and different contest which promises every member of the family unusual interest in the solving and unusual cash prizes totaling $2,500 for the winners. The contest involves the letters of the alphabet constructed with the same seven geometric figures in each. An official master set of the figures, comprising five triangles, a square, and a parallelogram, as illustrated above in the formation of the letters W and L, has been used. As the other twenty-four letters are printed in outline, your problem will be to discover the combinations of the master figures which will form the given outlines. The rules and individual prizes will be published next week together with the first three outlined letters. Watch for them and be ready to begin your entry. And here is a suggestion: Each contestant must work with an official set of the master figures which will become a part of the entry at the close of the contest. Why not send for your set now and be ready to mark in the figures in next week's outlines without delay? The figures are available. Fill out the convenient coupon and send it now!

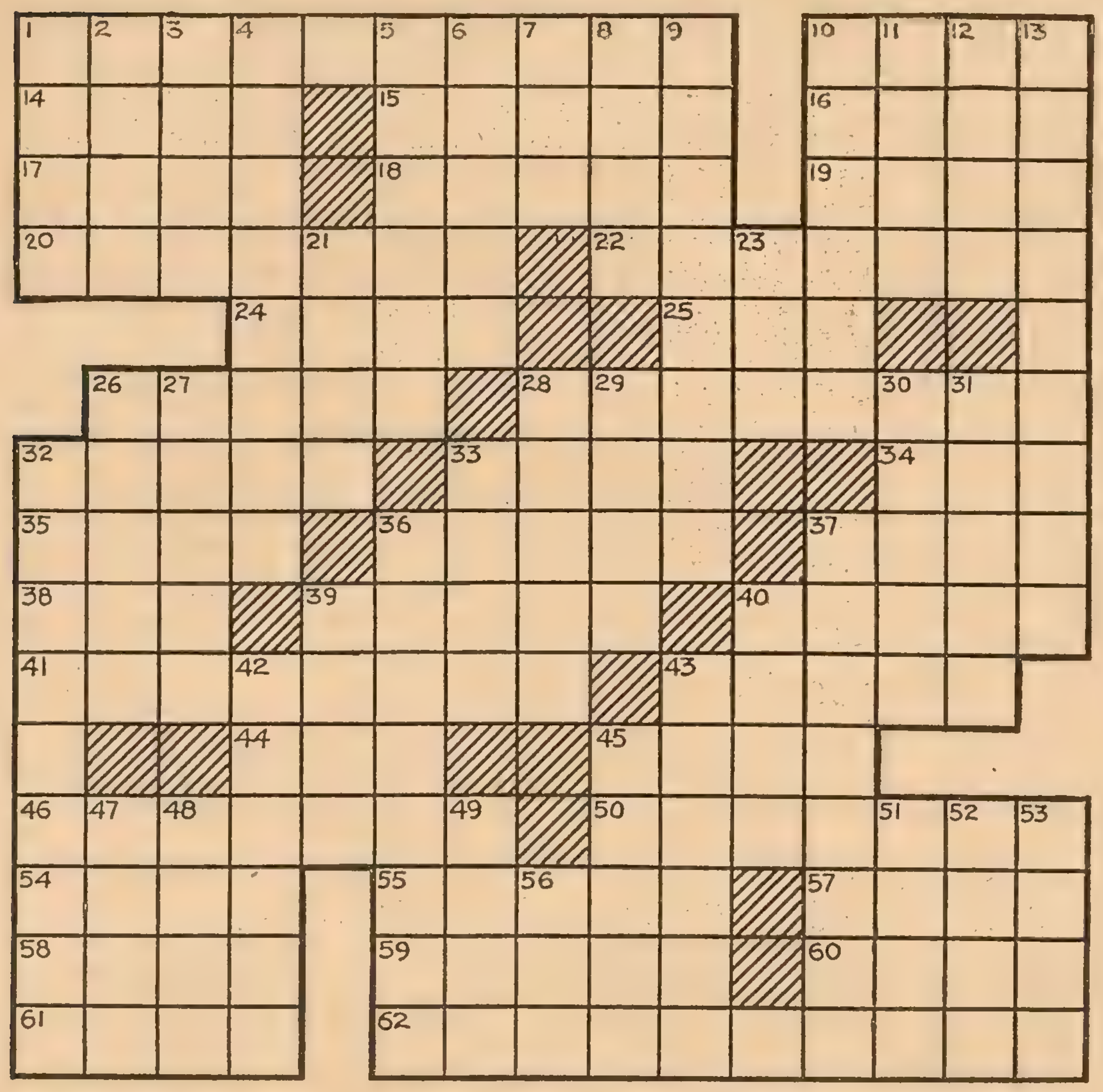
ALPHA CONTEST EDITOR,
Liberty Magazine,
P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

I intend to enter the Alpha Contest and enclose ten cents, for which please send me at the below address an official set of master geometric figures with which to work out my solutions.

NAME..
STREET..
CITY..
STATE..

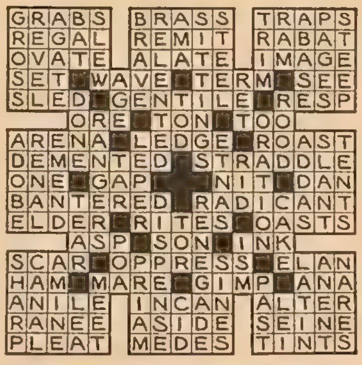
Cockeyed Crosswords

by TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 Conventional fellow, for years associated with one club
10 Addison, the Man No One Forgot
14 This covers a lot of ground
15 There's a lot of this Jack in the movies
16 Dobbin's second gear
17 Nasty-sounding air
18 Social skin no well dressed woman'd be seen without
19 Thundering heard in Africa
20 What he got when he joined Eta Bitta Pi
22 Jug unpopular in Georgia
24 What Mrs. Santa Claus got in her stockings during the depression
25 Popular coat at Palm Beach
26 Put one darned thing after another
28 Instrument used in making dinner music (two words)
32 Found the way into Winchell's column
33 An awful thing to run into
34 There's a rheumatic charm to it
35 What she left in when she got insulted
36 Ticker
37 In a nutshell: Boy meets girl, boy loses girl, boy gets girl!
38 Yammering Microphony Ear (abbr.)
39 A snappy outfit
40 Things old Boers are always up to
41 What he did for the 5.15
43 A lush athlete
44 This leads a lousy life
45 The fairy in the bottom of my garden
46 Member of the yellow race
50 Brings the body to
54 Preposition



G	R	A	B	S		B	R	A	S	S		T	R	A	P	S
R	E	G	A	L		R	E	M	I	T		R	A	B	A	T
O	V	A	T	E		A	L	A	T	E		I	M	A	G	E
S	E	T	■	W	A	V	E	■	T	E	R	M	■	S	E	E
S	L	E	D	■	G	E	N	T	I	L	E	■	R	E	S	P
			O	R	E	■	T	O	N	■	T	O	O			
A	R	E	N	A	■	L	E	D	G	E	■	R	O	A	S	T
D	E	M	E	N	T	E	D	■	S	T	R	A	D	D	L	E
O	N	E	■	G	A	P	■	■	■	N	I	T	■	D	A	N
B	A	N	T	E	R	E	D	■	R	A	D	I	C	A	N	T
E	L	D	E	R	■	R	I	T	E	S	■	O	A	S	T	S
			A	S	P	■	S	O	N	■	I	N	K			
S	C	A	R	■	O	P	P	R	E	S	S	■	E	L	A	N
H	A	M	■	M	A	R	E	■	G	I	M	P	■	A	N	A
A	N	I	L	E		I	N	C	A	N		A	L	T	E	R
R	A	N	E	E		A	S	I	D	E		S	E	I	N	E
P	L	E	A	T		M	E	D	E	S		T	I	N	T	S

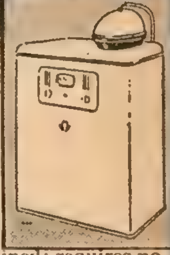
Answer to last week's puzzle

55 Kind of suit that is made by scheming mothers for dotters
57 War grab
58 Adam good homesite long, long ago
59 This's r'arin' to go
60 The Montez dame
61 A little, but not too much
62 Here's a dame who looks only on the seamy side of things

VERTICAL

1 Heat wave of 1920; a hot number
2 Lily Pons always carries one
3 This word is always wanting
4 You've got to use your head to make this
5 He's just a rat!
6 Shakespeares
7 Mike's Siamese
8 She smiled her way out of Da Vinci's life
9 Glass of fashion in the scientific world (two words)
10 Jolly old Main Stem in jolly old Lunnon
11 This is striking and comes in sizes 1 to 10
12 This was ditched in feudal times
13 Hay kellies (two words)
21 What Alfred & Fontanne are followed around by
23 Sparking place; extra seat in the subway
26 Man with a lump where his head ought to be
27 Well known bid
28 Here's a course that's all greens
29 Where they made a Bomsk out of a fellow before shipping him to Tomsk
30 Land pools
31 A steel radiator
32 Body works
33 Obscure Hardy guy
36 Fuddy-duddied; took time about
37 Half dried fruit, half woman
39 Kind of wit dear old grammaw was
40 Student of horseflesh and a fund of misinformation
42 Gab monotonously; some call it music
43 Greek goaties
45 What the blinding sun of fame does to the romance of Hollywood marriage
47 Put what's gone forward in reverse
48 A thing
49 A spanking good place on Johnny
51 Neckery
52 This is one on the government
53 This shines in celluloid
56 You can always tell an actress but you can never tell her this

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



X·ER·VAC for BALDNESS

Therapeutic Method for Hair Growth Developed by Dr. Andre A. Cueto, M. D. Manufactured under patents issued and pending solely by The Crosley Radio Corporation, Cincinnati, Ohio.

NOW AVAILABLE IN YOUR HOME, BARBER SHOP, BEAUTY SHOP AND LOCAL HAIR-GROWING SALON * * *

Few people, other than scientists, ever had heard of the X·ER·VAC until national publications commented editorially on its startlingly successful results. Now, thousands of men and women take X·ER·VAC treatments to regain normal, healthy hair, in barber and beauty shops. Also, hundreds of persons who prefer self-treatment in their homes have purchased the X·ER·VAC apparatus from their barber or beauty shop or from Crosley radio and refrigerator dealers. The X·ER·VAC is completely self-contained; requires no supplies; little space. It is easily, simply operated. Based on an approved therapeutic principle, the X·ER·VAC has been clinically tried and found effective in the successful treatment of baldness, falling or lifeless hair. Write The Crosley Radio Corp., Cincinnati, for information on getting or giving X·ER·VAC treatments. State whether you desire (1) to purchase the X·ER·VAC for home use; (2) to make money by giving commercial treatments as a barber or beauty shop operator; (3) to obtain X·ER·VAC treatments—in which case send us the name of your favorite barber or beauty shop.
Licensed exclusively under Taylor Instrument Companies Letters Patent No.U.S.2055128–Other Patents applied for.

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION Dept. 337-B, CINCINNATI

Copyright, 1937, The C. R. Corp.

SEE NEW YORK · 3 DAYS · $11

This low price includes: de-luxe room (bath) at the 26-story Piccadilly; meals, Hollywood Cabaret, sightseeing, etc.! Reservations necessary! Write L-Travel Dep't., 227 West 45th Street (Times Square), New York City.

HOTEL PICCADILLY

CATARRH AND SINUS CHART—FREE

Guaranteed Relief or No Pay. Stop hawking—stuffed-up nose—bad breath—Sinus irritation—phlegm-filled throat. **Send Post Card or letter for New Treatment Chart and Money-Back Offer.** 40,000 Druggists sell Hall's Catarrh Medicine
63rd year in business. . . Write today!

F.J.CHENEY & CO. Dept. 43, **TOLEDO, O.**

SECRETARIES, STENOGRAPHERS AND TYPISTS—

BECOME AN EXPERT STENOTYPIST

Stenotypists win today's preferred jobs and better pay. Stenotype's machine speed, accuracy and ease make your work faster, better, easier—and you get the credit. Executives welcome this machine way of taking dictation—faster than any man can talk. Stenotypy is easy to learn—easy to write—easy to read. We train you thoroughly at home in your spare time—at low cost and on easy terms. Write for interesting, free booklet, "Stenotypy, the New Profession," describing the many opportunities in Stenotypy and telling how you may master it successfully.

THE STENOTYPE COMPANY
Dept. 331-STA 4101 S. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Illinois

Please send me, without obligation, your booklet, "Stenotypy, the New Profession," and full information as to how I can prepare myself for the opportunities in Stenotypy.

*Name*__________
*Address*__________
*Position*__________ *Age*______

Stenotypy . . . . The New Profession

Vox Pop

Making a Fortune Today Depends on the Man

DETROIT, MICH.—To encourage some young men and prove that Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt is right in February 6 Liberty, I will tell you a little of my experience in the last six years.

The summer I was sixty-five, back in 1930, just at the beginning of the depression, I found myself down and out, with no job and not able to get one, and but $15 in my pocket.

After buying a few things I needed badly I just had enough to buy merchandise to the amount of $7.50 and a hand wagon for $4.39 to start in business selling small articles from door to door. This was in March. But as my family didn't like my " pushing " business, the first of April I rented a little house, for which I paid $25 per month, and moved in. I paid one week's rent in advance, $6.25, and went the next day and borrowed the most of it back so I would have $10 to buy more goods.

Well, I worked hard that summer, and by fall I was able to buy an old Ford for $25. I had a top put on it that cost me $100. Paid a young man $30 and board to help me get started, as I had never driven a car before.

Money was getting scarcer and scarcer. Times got worse. But I worked hard that winter, and by the spring of 1931 I was able to buy a one-ton truck for $40. I had that fixed up with a top which cost me more than $100, and then I was *going to town.*

I drove that summer and the next winter. But in the spring of 1932 I got sick and soon found the truck too much for me. I rented a small room in a small business section on the outskirts of the city and went into business right.

I worked in the one room for a year, and when the one next to me was vacated I rented it, cut down the partition, and spread out.

Now, during this time I have been sick a great deal. But I have paid off a number of bills I owed, and I have helped others that were not getting anything because of no work.

So today I have a nice little business that makes me a living—for which I thank my good Lord. I believe if any young man will work hard and do what is right, he will do well in most anything he goes into.—*Successful Oldster.*

DALLAS, TEX.—I disagree with Mr. Vanderbilt's general thought in You Still Can Make a Fortune! When the youth of today begin to realize that they have got to have *specialized skill* as well as ability to deal with unpleasant situations in a quiet, unassuming manner, then, and then only, will we agree with Mr. Vanderbilt's general idea.

Let Mr. Vanderbilt use an assumed name, reduce his cash resources to a nominal amount, and start out at the bottom, and see where he gets to without help of friends or relatives, as many of our youth of today have to do.—*Henry Thompson.*

PECORA, N. M.—Allow me a little correction. Mr. Vanderbilt in his last article missed a few more opportunities open to every man in this country, i. e., to become President, senator, or representative, and, better yet, to win the Irish Sweepstakes.

I myself believe that a young man has a better chance at the above opportunities than to become an Edison, a Lindbergh, a Pasteur, or a Rockefeller, as Mr. Vanderbilt so candidly advises.—*Albert C. Marr.*

JOE MILLER'S FRESH WIT

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—The life of the Dunkles is never dull—and why the heck should it be, when editors are willing to pool our nickels into fat checks for such scintillating fresh wit and humor? Not everybody has a file of old Life, Judge, Whiz-Bang, Eye-Opener, Tit-Bits, etc., and copies of Joe Miller's Joke Book are practically nonexistent — Anthony and the radio comedians have worn them all out.—*Edward Austin Sumner.*

100,000,000 BUSHELS RIGHT

CHICAGO, ILL.—We read with much interest The Food Shortage Is Here (February 6 Liberty). However, we are wondering if an error has been made in the statement, " Directly, as corn products, we eat only about a hundred thousand bushels."

We are wondering if this should have been " a hundred million bushels." For the members of our organization grind many hundreds of thousands of bushels of corn for human consumption within a year.

We thought it proper to bring this matter to your attention, because if the figure is correct it may lead to a lot of complications.—*Harry Hunter, Secretary, American Corn Millers Federation.*

TELL US, PRIZE WINNERS!

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—What has happened to George A. Elwell, the winner of $20,000 for the name Liberty? Many people must have wondered where his good luck led him. It might be good reading for an interesting article.

Also I have often wondered what the winners of big prizes in your contests do with the money they get.—*C. E.*

BEARS, DOGS, AND ARITHMETIC

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The current joke at this time seems to be: " There was a mother bear and three little bears sitting on a log. After a while one of the little bears said, 'I'll go out and get something to eat for the six of us' "; and the answer is, " He couldn't count."

In February 13 Liberty, Sylvia Godwin says in her article entitled Hot Diggity Dog, " By night Gytha was the mother of eight active offspring—seven males and two females." Now, my question is, Why did she say *eight offspring?* and the answer must be, She couldn't count.

In spite of the mistakes that *will* occur, I enjoy Liberty immensely every week.—*Bettye Rothschild.*

ANYTHING BUT SISSIES!

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—May I make a couple of points clear to Monte Crews, the artist of February 13 Liberty's cover?

A. The Boy Scouts of America have *brown* as their official uniform color.

B. Girl Scouts have green as *theirs.*

Please, oh, please, Mr. Crews, don't paint us in green—make us look like anything but sissies!—*Howard Symons, Troop 9.*

GO WEST, MR. MARSH

AUBURN, WASH. — Since when is Blaine in Oregon? (February 13 Liberty, page 50, column 2, paragraph 3.) Customs Officer Pike was wounded at Blaine, *Washington,* at the international boundary line. Howard Marsh should come west of Chicago sometime and see what it's all about.

Why is it we uncultured Westerners are more informed and cosmopolitan than the naïve (?) Easterners? Come and see our Indians play golf sometime. —*E. D. Perry.*

"I BEGIN AT THE BACK"

HEBRON, NEB.—As soon as your mag hits the stands, I scoop up a copy, and become so lost in it that I snarl at my children when they ask to have their noses wiped.

Imagine what a menace you are to the innocent childhood of this great land of more abundant life!

Because your snappiest features are in the back of the mag, I have developed a queer method of consuming it—I begin at the back. Then, when I have reached the front, I go back through and finish reading the long parts. A bit peculiar, perhaps, but I get lots of good from this coming-and-going idea. I enjoy most the page To the Ladies—which is no reflection on the quality of the rest of Liberty; it is just a personal preference.

Pardon me while I go back to the last Liberty before I have to stir the stew or shut the children in the attic.—*Louise Ackerman.*

IS THE ABDICATION OF EDWARD VALID?

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—With reference to the abdication of King Edward VIII of Great Britain:

Is there not a question of the validity of the abdication document, due to the fact that the instrument was witnessed by a beneficiary, viz., the present King George VI?—*W. Holmes.*

KIDNAPER INSURANCE?

DEMING, N. M.—I believe that kidnaping for ransom can be entirely stopped by kidnaping insurance, a cooperative society, or by some other means of establishing an enormous fund of ready cash—larger than any kidnaper would ever be expected to ask for—to be paid as a reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of any kidnaper, or any one giving aid to a kidnaper, or any one who knows of a kidnaping plot and does not report it to proper authorities.

It is generally agreed by those who have worked on such cases that few if any kidnapers ever work entirely alone. It is imperative that they have some one at least friendly to their cause. That being the case, it would be reasonable that any one planning a kidnaping would be afraid to seek help for fear of being framed for the reward.—*H. L. Boggs.*

HARDTACK AND THE LADIES

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Just a line to let you know Hardtack must have some attraction for the ladies. Every week my youngest daughter grabs Liberty and makes me read Hardtack to her. Does that mean she is noticing the boys too early or that your kid has S. A.?

At that, he might make a nice son-in-law.—*H. J. McGuigan.*

At a "House Party" of the Oxford Group

ANN ARBOR, MICH.—Your January 30 Liberty cover girl, with her skis and zest, was certainly a contrast to the theme of your first article. I thought Buchmanism in America had done all its sweeping in 1933 and was now being swept itself. So, according to Mr. Will Irwin, Buchmanism is "morality and religion." If Mr. Irwin is sincere about this statement he must think Freud is a nursery-rhyme author.

Gentlemen, in the year 1933 some two dozen Buchmanites descended upon my alma mater for a two weeks' visit. In my life I have come in contact with people who enjoyed talking about their amorous experiences; but never have I met such a group as that group of "moral and religious" visitors!

Oh, these "house parties"! There is a definite technique pursued. The group sits quietly about a fire after a warming meal. In the quiet, restful, and cozy atmosphere mutual confidences are easy. One of the converts switches the conversation to sex. Another relates an intimate experience, another follows; that is the general conversation. It was weeks before our campus seemed the same again. If Buchmanism is religion, I go to atheism. —*Charles E. Parkinson.*

FORT MYERS BEACH, FLA.—As an Oxford graduate and teacher who is spending twelve months in your country, I was interested to read your article last week on the Oxford Group. I was surprised that you had unearthed the old name of Buchmanism, which died a natural death some time ago in Europe.

It seemed to me that the writer missed a trick by not saying more about the part which the Oxford Group is playing in the national life of a number of European nations, laying foundations for real recovery and offering the most hopeful program for peace that I know of. This is the opinion some of our leading English statesmen have of the Oxford Group, and its achievements certainly warrant it.—*Morris H. Martin.*

JUST TO SAVE YOUR BRAIN

PARSONS, KAN.—Great grief, will it never end? Bigosh, I'm beginning to get hot under the collar. Why don't you "brain-teaser" authors get together and make a book on those silly things? I do get a kick out of 'em, but I don't tease my brain trying to figure them out. They remind me of and have about as much sense as the one I read some place. It goes like this:

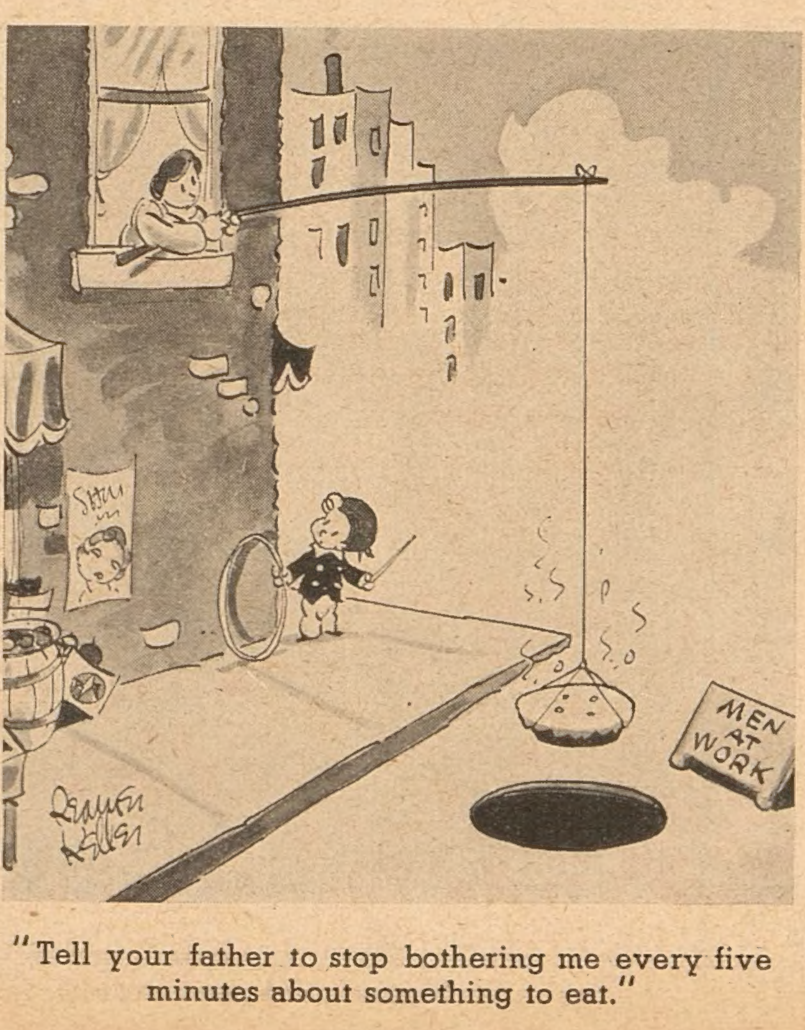
If 7 men can mow a field in 1 hour and 15 minutes, how long will it take 5 men to mow the same field?

Just to save your brain, here's the answer:

Why should the 5 men bother with it, since the 7 have already mowed it?

Now, there's some sense to that—which is more than I can say for your recent Vox Pop cats-and-rats, woodpecker-doughnut, and grasshopper-dill-pickle brain storms.—*Ella Mahler.*

"HARDTACK"



"Tell your father to stop bothering me every five minutes about something to eat."

WILD BILL HICKOK'S STEM-WINDER

SEATTLE, WASH.—Tell me, did Beverly Hills give The Plainsman only 3½ stars because of the notorious laziness of Cecil B. and his "historical experts"?

Imagine Wild Bill Hickok (Gary Cooper) in the roisterous '70s flashing time and again a *stem-wind* repeater watch, when only key-wound watches were known and nobody dreamed of a repeater watch with chimes! That cutback stuff with the bull whip (by Jean Arthur) was really a calamity, whether wielded by Jane, Jill, or Jean. And Cecil B. told about it in a more recent radio broadcast!

Notice how Calamity Jane had a different bull whip in each sequence. In one scene it was a piece of lariat nailed to a stick! And in the splashing charge of the Blackfeet our hero pumped lead with double-action Colts when the '76 Model Frontier model single-action Colts had not yet been invented! Following which he stem-wound his watch and sapiently listened to the tinkle of the chimes when men were "dying" around him.

O Truth, thou art a stranger in the cinema world!—*L. W. Pedrose.*

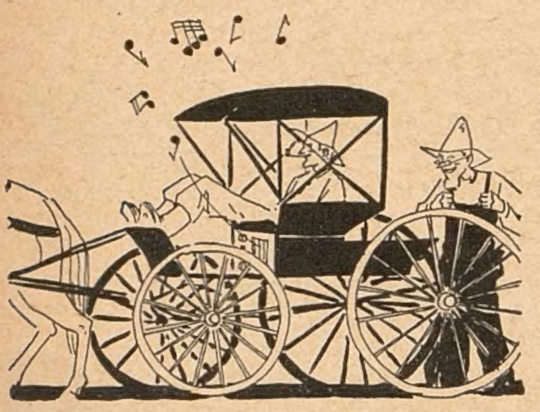
TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

It Happened In

OXFORD, OHIO—A Miami University coed asked a local pharmacist for "a prescription for a cold."

"I don't want something to cure a cold," she explained, "I want something to catch one. I've sat in drafts, gone around with snow in my shoes, and tried nearly everything. If I don't have a cold by Wednesday, I'll have to make a twenty-minute speech."

ST. THOMAS, ONT.—A farmer here has "modernized" his horse and buggy. He has installed a radio under the seat. He grounded the set by trailing a wire behind the buggy, and used the steel in the buggy for an aerial.



SAN JOSE, CALIF.—Exhibiting two badly bitten ears, Mrs. H. appealed to the police.

"I want my neighbor arrested. She no fight fair," she declared.

TOLEDO, OHIO—A few minutes after he obtained his marriage license at the recorder's office, a prospective bridegroom came rushing back.

"This isn't the kind I want," he protested, waving the license. "I intend to stay married permanently."

Clerks looked puzzled. So he pointed to the sentence:

"Good for 30 days."

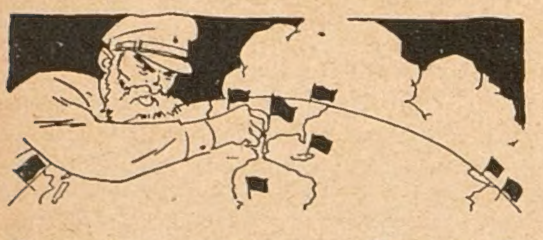
HOW THIS BOLSHEVISM WORKS

They say—

That their real aims are peace and disarmament. They disavow instigation of revolution throughout the world.

But—

"The Communist Party of the U.S.S.R. takes upon itself the responsibility of directing and leading all revolutionary Communist movements all over the world." From Communist Almanach, Moscow, 1929; page 499.



"Our proletarian movement will vanquish the whole world. Long live Leninism!" Stalin, speaking in the Red Square in Moscow, January 21, 1935.

"We are guided and pushed forward toward new victories . . . by the Marshal of the Communist movement of the whole world, by our great Stalin himself!" Voroshilov, Commissar for Defense, speaking in the Kremlin, as reported in Izvestia, November 20, 1935.

CONTENTS

Editorial

How Long Must We Carry This Staggering Load? Bernarr Macfadden 4

Short Stories

Love Has Wings................Adela Rogers St. Johns 12
Scarecrow—Liberty's Short Short....................Paul Jones 17
One Does What One Can........................Walter Brooks 22
Mr. Dunkle's Diary..........................Norman Anthony 60
Flood.......................................Faith Field 64

Serials

Marching Dead Men—Part III...................Terry Brennan 28
as told to Captain W. J. Blackledge
Henrietta's Big Night—Part II......................Edwin Balmer 42
Discretion Be Damned—Part III......................Elmer Davis 52

Articles

Can Uncle Sam Chase Death from the Highways?
Wilburn Cartwright, as told to Jack Drew 6
Such Men are Dangerous!—Insane Criminals Look All Right. Will Irwin 9
An Inside Forecast of New York's World's Fair....Grover A. Whalen 18
Hi, Carl! Hi, Gus!.................Gus Mancuso and Carl Hubbell 20
Hollywood Can't Act, Says Gladys George...Frederick James Smith 36
Underworld Nights...........................Edward Doherty 61
For Women Only..Secrets No Man Should Read....Madame Sylvia 67

Features

Twenty Questions, 35; From a Land Afar—An Adventure in Beauty—Movies—by Beverly Hills 49; Good Books by Oliver Swift 51; To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin 63; $2,500 Alpha Contest, 70; Crossword Puzzle, 71; Vox Pop, 72.

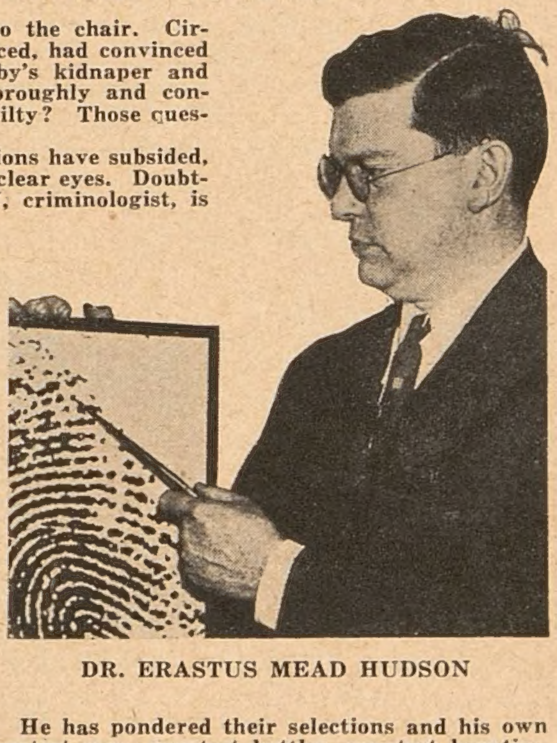
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

ONE YEAR AFTER—A SCIENTIFIC VERDICT ON THE LINDBERGH-HAUPTMANN RIDDLE

It was on April 3, 1936, that Hauptmann went to the chair. Circumstantial evidence, much of it scientifically deduced, had convinced a jury of laymen that he was the Lindbergh baby's kidnaper and murderer. But—was he? Was that evidence thoroughly and conclusively scientific? Was the man really proved guilty? Those questions will not down.

A year has elapsed; passions have cooled, contentions have subsided, and today the whole enigma can be considered with clear eyes. Doubtless the name of Dr. ERASTUS MEAD HUDSON, criminologist, is linked in your memory with the Hauptmann defense. Did you know that he originally entered the case long before Hauptmann was arrested or ever heard of?—entered it, on invitation, solely as an investigator in the interest of justice? In this article he bends an X-ray scrutiny upon the vital points that brought about the German carpenter's conviction. Having done so, he affirms that there is proof at least that Hauptmann was not the sole criminal—and this proof he lays before you!



DR. ERASTUS MEAD HUDSON

THE TEN GREATEST FOOLS IN HISTORY

Who are they? What ten mortals since Adam have displayed the most phenomenal folly, the most colossal stupidity? This fascinating question has been for twenty-five years a hobby with CECIL B. DE MILLE, the movie magnate. He has employed, he says, a veritable "staff of human bloodhounds" to track down fools throughout the world's annals. He has also consulted educators, historians, scientists, clergymen—anybody and everybody likely to be a wise judge of foolishness. He has pondered their selections and his own and has arrived at a decision. Lists of the ten greatest men, greatest battles, greatest beauties, greatest books, etc., have been legion. It remained for Mr. DE MILLE to award ten monumental dunce caps—and he's going to do it in Liberty next week.

SECRET CHILD

Here comes an enthralling story of the American home. A story of love, and of valiant hearts in conflict. The California sun warms the gorgeousness of the mansion beside the sea where the Blaylocks dwell in envied luxury. But the primrose path of a prodigal son winds dangerously through the lives of his proud, implacable father, his vibrant and beautiful sister, the men who struggle to win her love, and a baby. Follow that path through this delicate yet gripping novel, fresh from the pen of Patterson Dial. It begins in next week's issue.

Also stories and articles by James M. Cain, Ruth Burr Sanborn, "Rabbit" Maranville, Bert Green, Elmer Davis, and others.

NEXT WEEK IN Liberty ON SALE MARCH 24

Get Your Copy of Liberty on Wednesday

LET THESE BOOKS START YOU TOWARD A CHERISHED GOAL!

Civil Service Handbook by William A. Brooks—Here at last is a comprehensive Civil Service Handbook at a price you can afford. This volume contains a wealth of information on how to go about getting yourself on the Government payroll, detailed Home Study Courses, including 1000 Questions and Answers of former tests, 30 actual previous examinations (with correct replies) for such positions as postal clerk, mail carrier, stationary engineer, factory inspector, electrician, librarian, fireman, bookkeeper, prison keeper, and many others. It tells the mistakes to avoid in arithmetic, grammar, spelling, geography, history, civics—just the type of information called for in civil service examinations. Do not miss this chance! See how simple it is! Exactly what you need to prepare yourself for the big opportunity. Send for it today—only $1.00 postpaid.

The Secrets of Cartooning is a fascinating book for amateurs, beginners and teachers of elementary art, profusely illustrated with over three hundred humorous drawings and diagrams by the author, Chuck Thorndike. The unique method of instructing is amazingly simple. You can learn to draw a head, express amusement, anger, surprise, action—and use color. These are a few of the features covered in the ten practical lessons it contains. Other chapters explain comics, sports, advertising, and various types of cartooning. The author, a popular artist, is gifted with exceptional talent for teaching others. So constructed with its big 8¼ x 11 pages and heavy antique paper cover that it will lay flat open on the drawing board before you. Our timely offer, postpaid $1.00.

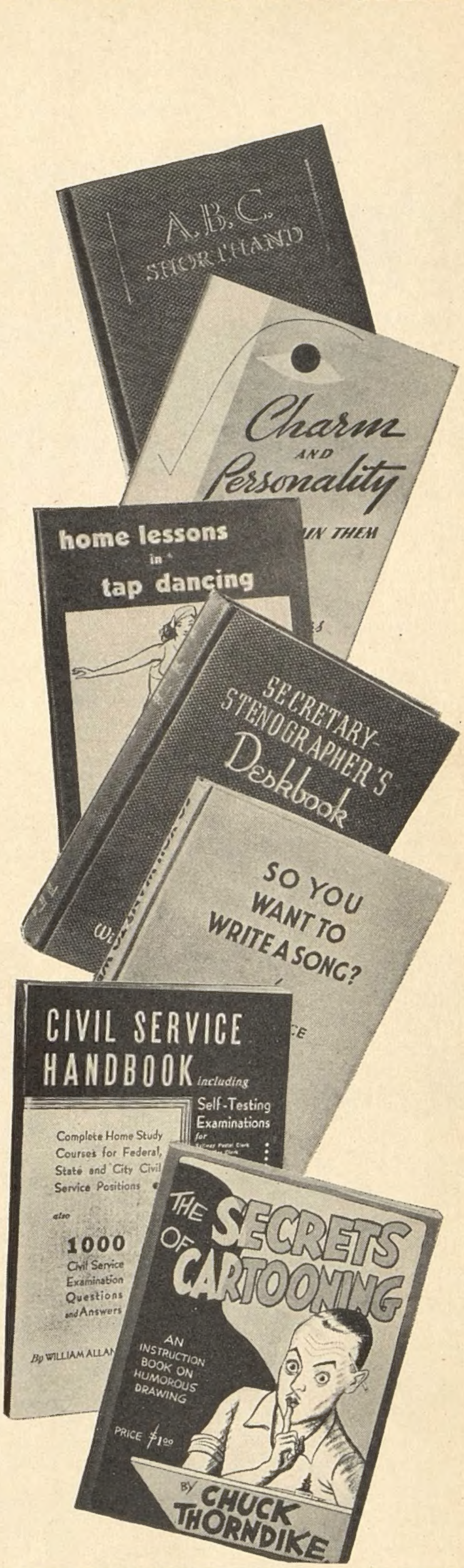
Secretary-Stenographer's Desk Book—For those who want better paying jobs, who would like to work side by side with important executives and officials, this book is just the thing. It quickly solves hundreds of questions of correct business practice. It shows you how to be ready for a real opportunity—here are personality hints, efficiency pointers, vocabulary building, short cuts, letter writing, special tips on advertising and business procedure. A fine, big, helpful book. Postpaid. $1.

A B C Shorthand—Complete in Twelve Easy Lessons. By all means investigate the A B C Shorthand system especially developed for students, writers, lecturers, etc. It is so simple, so easy to learn that you will find yourself actually beginning to write shorthand after a few hours of study—no tedious months of practice—no puzzling signs nor symbols. Just twelve easy lessons that you can put to immediate use one at a time as learned. Substantially bound in cloth—send for it today—$1.00. *Because of copyright reasons we cannot accept Canadian orders for A B C Shorthand.*

Charm and Personality—This book shows you how to develop a charming personality—how to gain and keep personal magnetism, the richest possession in the world! Personality is what counts—in business, on the stage, in love and marriage, in radio work, in politics, in whatever is your business or profession. Deep inside you know you have a winning personality; why not make it "click" for you? Get this book by Dr. E. F. Bowers and see how it can be done! Reduced to $1, postpaid.

Home Lessons in Tap Dancing—Good times, good exercise, good pay on the stage—tap dancing has many rewards for talented young men and women. Here is a clear and simple system that you can learn at home. Indeed, with these simplified lessons you can begin dancing many steps after only a few hours' practice! (P. S. Tap dancing helps the stout reduce and keeps those of normal weight in buoyant energy.) $1, postpaid.

So You Want to Write a Song—Essential information regarding the art and business of writing songs by Robert Bruce, Music Publishers Protective Association. The first book of its kind ever written. Indispensable to every person ambitious to be a successful song writer. Contains necessary technical and trade information. Over 1,000 important facts—construction of lyrics and melody—form in which a song should be submitted—how to attract the attention of a publisher—classified lists of publishers' names and addresses—song standards and patterns—song publishing procedure—how the song writer teams up with lyricist and vice versa—royalties—contracts—copyright procedure—beware of song sharks. Cloth bound—$1.00.



A.B.C. SHORTHAND
Charm and Personality
home lessons in tap dancing
SECRETARY-STENOGRAPHER'S Deskbook
SO YOU WANT TO WRITE A SONG?
CIVIL SERVICE HANDBOOK including Self-Testing Examinations
Complete Home Study Courses for Federal, State and City Civil Service Positions
also 1000 Civil Service Examination Questions and Answers
By WILLIAM ALLAN
THE SECRETS OF CARTOONING
AN INSTRUCTION BOOK ON HUMOROUS DRAWING
PRICE $1.00
BY CHUCK THORNDIKE

Use coupon today. Money back if not satisfied.

ACE FEATURE SYNDICATE, Inc.
Dept. L3-27
205 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK

ACE FEATURE SYNDICATE, INC. L3-27
205 East 42nd Street, New York City, N. Y.

I enclose $...... for which kindly send me the book or books checked below. I understand my money will be refunded provided any book does not prove satisfactory.

☐ Civil Service Handbook
☐ Secretary-Stengrapher's Desk Book
☐ So You Want to Write a Song
☐ Secrets of Cartooning
☐ Charm and Personality
☐ Home Lessons in Tap Dancing
☐ ABC Shorthand

Name..

Street..

City.......................... *State*....................

NEWS BREAKS! HE FILMS IT...

HISTORY'S in the making. And the newsreel cameraman is on the job—heedless of danger and discomfort. Behind the camera is *Al Mingalone.* "I count on healthy nerves and good digestion to see me through," he says. "So I smoke Camels. They don't jangle my nerves. And they give me a feeling of well-being at mealtimes." Yes, with mild, fine-tasting Camels, digestion gets off to a smooth start! The flow of digestive fluids speeds up—alkalinity increases. Camels set you right!

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

CHAMPION PISTOL SHOT. *Miss Arlayne Brown,* of St. Louis, can split a card-edge. "Camels ease tension," she says. "My digestion seems to go along more smoothly and I get a lot more enjoyment out of life."

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS . . . Turkish and Domestic . . . than any other popular brand.

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND
CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

TUNE IN—Hear "Jack Oakie's College"—a full-hour show with Jack Oakie in person! Benny Goodman's "Swing" Band! Hollywood comedians and singing stars! Special college amateur talent! Tuesdays—9:30 pm E.S.T., 8:30 pm C.S.T., 7:30 pm M.S.T., 6:30 pm P.S.T., over WABC-CBS Network.

BOXING COACH, *Johnny Behr,* gives the modern coach's attitude when he says: "Smoking Camels is a good way to ease off tension. Besides, I put emphasis on good digestion—another reason to choose Camels."

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE... SMOKE CAMELS